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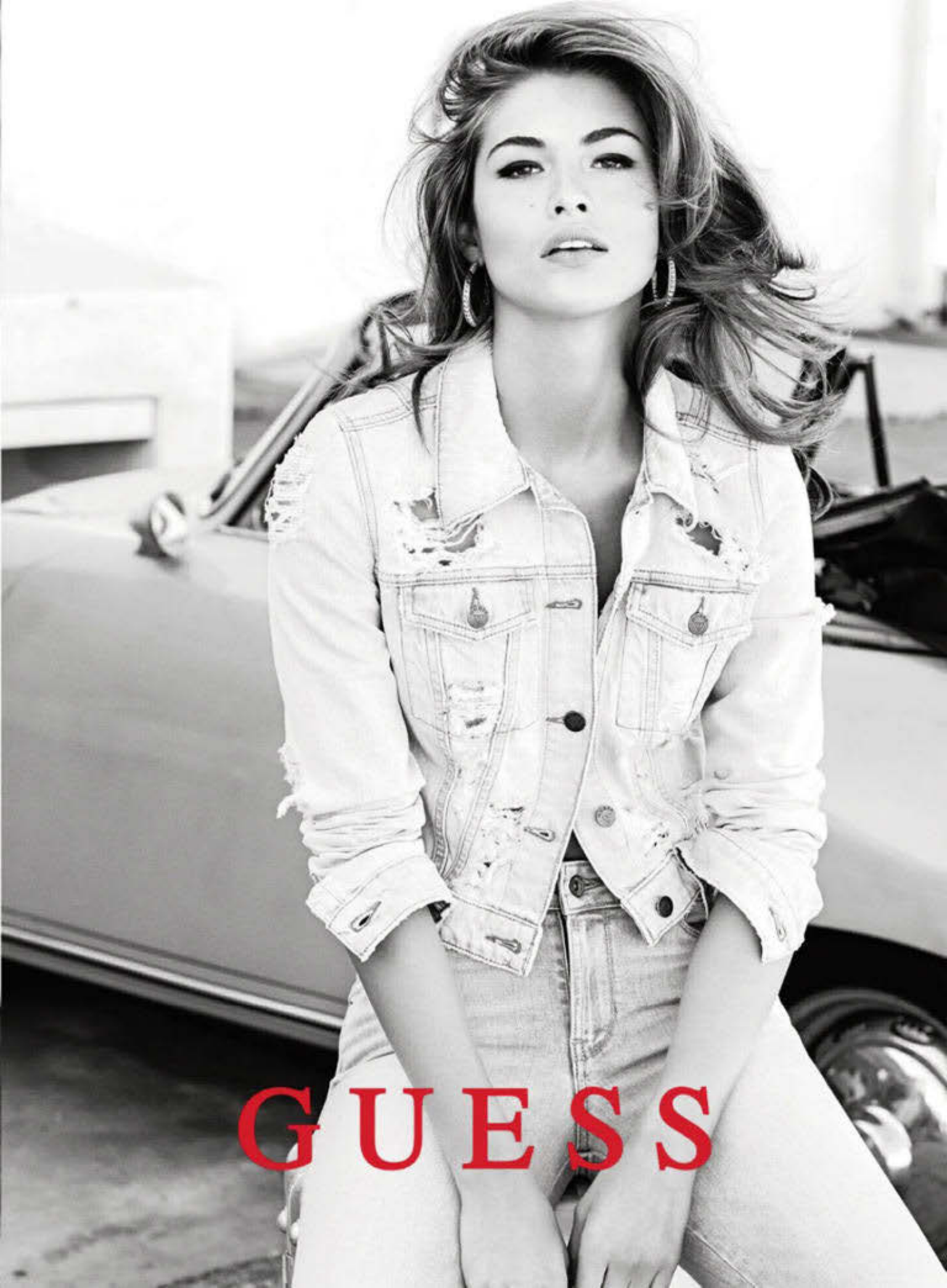


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MAY

THE MONTH IN CULTURE!

The unstoppable force that is Taylor Swift launches her four-continent, eight-month *1989* World Tour in Tokyo, then heads stateside, where she's joined intermittently by the sisters Haim. *Tuesday, May 5*



May 1 All five members of O.G. boy band New Kids on the Block kick off their summer reunion tour in Las Vegas, aiming to prove they've still got...the right stuff.

May 1 The Whitney Museum inaugurates its new, cruise-ship-size headquarters in downtown New York with a show featuring the work of almost 400 artists.



May 4 HBO's *Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck*, the first fully authorized documentary about Nirvana's front man, plumbs unprecedented access to personal archives (Frances Bean Cobain executive produced) to offer a candid look at the tortured star.

May 8 Hollywood legends Lily Tomlin and Jane Fonda show Tinseltown how it's done in the Netflix comedy *Grace and Frankie*, playing longtime rivals forced to contend with each other after their husbands fall in love.

May 14 Spooky, twisted, and clearly *Twin Peaks*–inspired: *Wayward Pines*, a 10-part series from M. Night Shyamalan starring Matt Dillon and Juliette Lewis, premieres on FOX.



May 15 The Bellas get the band together again! Anna Kendrick and Rebel Wilson return as Beca and Fat Amy in *Pitch Perfect 2*.



May 16 Frida Kahlo's creative power is in full bloom at the New York Botanical Garden, where her artwork hangs amidst a re-creation of the garden of her Mexico City home.

May 17 *Yoko Ono: One Woman Show* opens at MoMA, the museum's first exhibit exclusively devoted to the pioneering icon's art.

May 19 Brit pop band Hot Chip releases its sixth studio album, the Talking Heads–inspired (parody?) *Why Make Sense?*

May 23 Video artist Mary Reid Kelley, whose works blend slapstick and Greek myth, unveils *The Thong of Dionysus*—yes, really—at L.A.'s Hammer Museum.



May 26 Bawdy YouTube star Mamrie Hart unleashes her memoir, *You Deserve a Drink*; from Sarai Walker comes novel *Dietland*, a revenge fantasy about beauty standards...and a feminist guerrilla group.

May 29 In the rom-com *Aloha*, Bradley Cooper plays a defense contractor who may or may not (odds on may) fall for an Air Force pilot (Emma Stone).





Swift: Chelsea Lauren/Getty Images; Fonda and Tomlin: George Pimentel/Getty Images; *You Deserve a Drink*: courtesy of Plume; *Dietland*: courtesy of Houghton Mifflin; Ono: Ron Galella, Ltd./Getty Images; Cooper: Jason Merritt/Getty Images; Stone: Jeff Vespa/Getty Images; *Hot Pursuit*: Sam Emerson; Whitney Museum: Tim Schenck; Cobain: Frank Micelotta/Getty Images

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THE NEW FRAGRANCE

THE MONTH IN FASHION!

MAY



1

Friday, May 1
Somewhere in Los Angeles, Katy Perry is turning cartwheels. Moschino's first flagship store—all 3,500 square feet of it—is now open on Beverly Boulevard. The white modernist structure, designed by the brand's creative director, Jeremy Scott, will serve as the perfect backdrop for the designer's absurdist work. Life-size pink plastic "Barbie" shoes, anyone?

12



Tuesday, May 12
Fashion journalist and Francophile Kate Betts recounts her formative years in the City of Light as a young reporter in *My Paris Dream*, out today from HarperCollins. The multitasking Ms. Betts also whips up a mean chicken curry in this spring's *The Bergdorf Goodman Cookbook* (Harper Design), alongside such fashion luminaries as Joseph Altuzarra (nutty granola) and Charlotte Olympia Dellal (Persian celery stew). Also included: favorite recipes from the iconic department store's restaurant, BG, where the dishes are as chic as the Kelly Wearstler–designed surroundings.



4



Monday, May 4
Dallas' new international music and arts festival, Soluna, debuts today. Keep your eyes (and ears) peeled for special video installations by artists including Alex Prager and Pipilotti Rist (above, a still from Rist's video for Miklos Rozsa's *Andante for Strings, Op. 22a*), all set to the sounds of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra; through May 24.

14

Thursday, May 14
Just in time for the kickoff of Frieze New York, pop portraitist Mark Boomershine has partnered with the Upper East Side's Surrey Hotel to present "Revealed: Faces of Our Time." The exhibition will crystallize the zeitgeist through portraits of notables ranging from Cara Delevingne to Eddie Redmayne; through June 5.

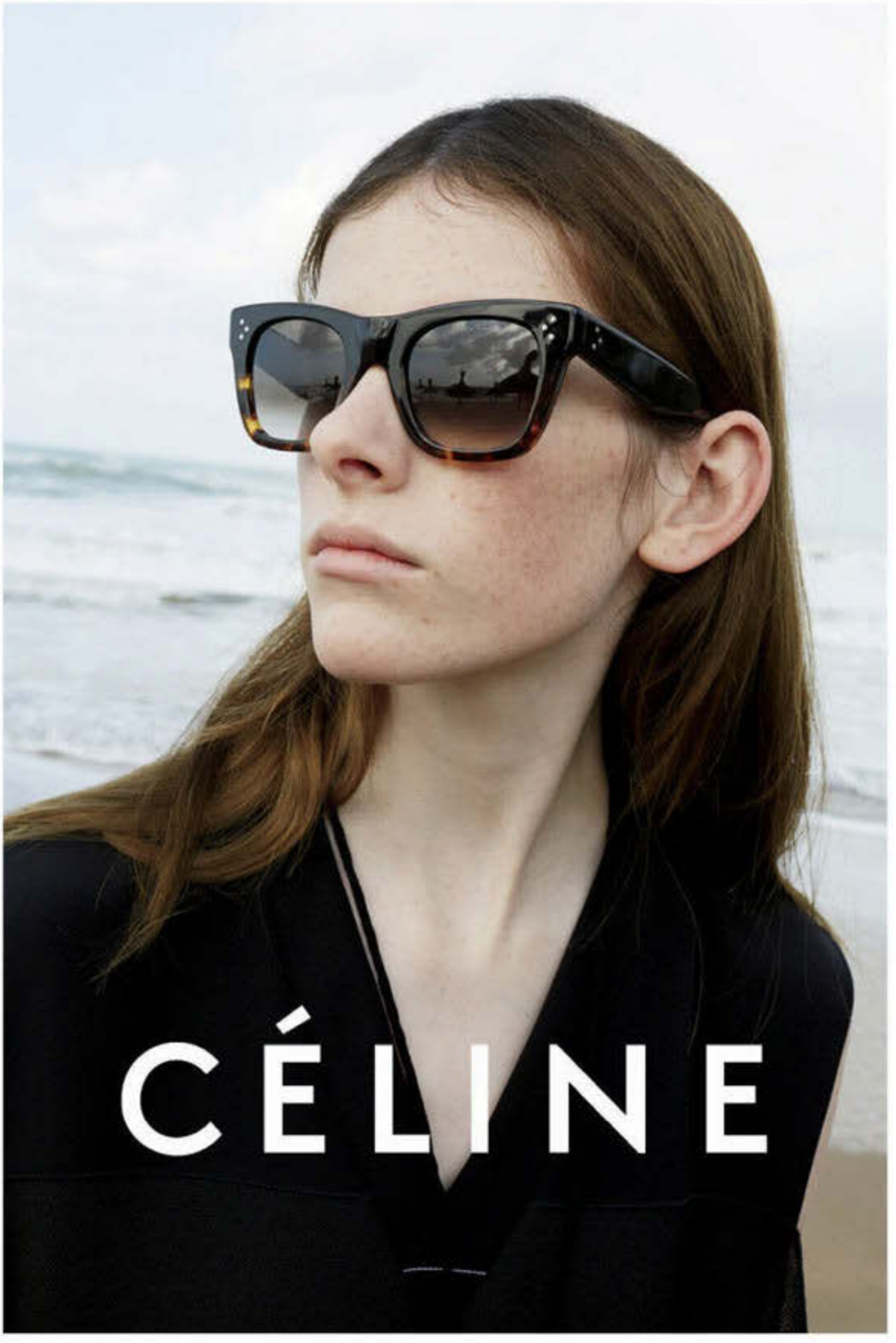


10



Sunday, May 10
The ever-enviable Inès de la Fressange—in particular, her far-flung travels—inspires Roger Vivier's latest Miss Viv bag. This pink cherry-blossom-embroidered number, which made its debut during couture week, has Happy Mother's Day written all over it.

Pipilotti Rist: Video for Miklos Rozsa's *Andante for Strings, Op. 22a*, by Pipilotti Rist, 2015. Video still courtesy of the artist, Luhring Augustine and Hauser & Wirth; Mark Boomershine: Voltz Clarke; Dellal: Pascal Le Segretain/Getty Images; Altuzarra: Nellson Barnard/Getty Images for Target; remaining images: courtesy of the subjects



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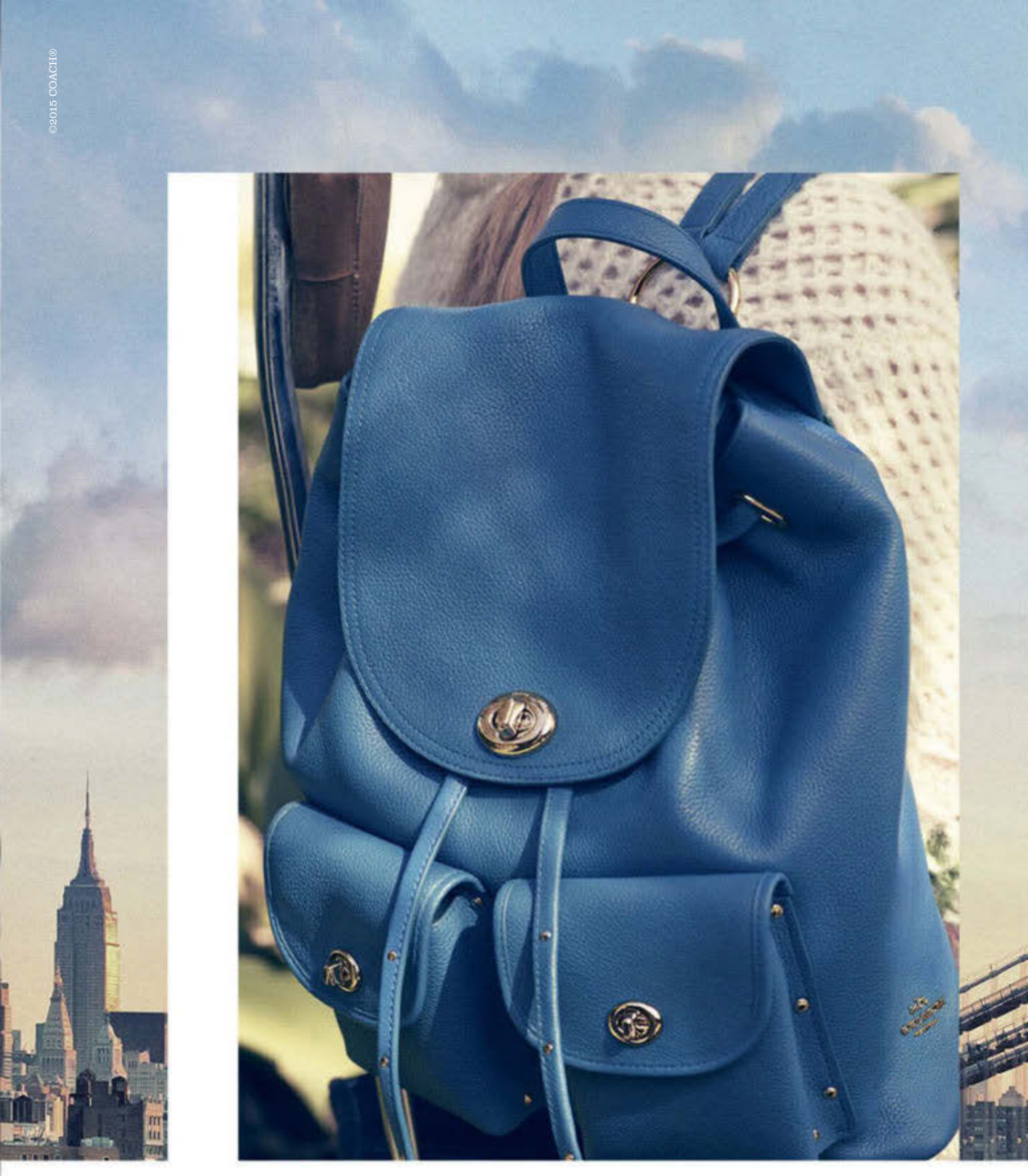
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Clockwise from top left: Nagi Sakai; Liz Collins; Max Vadukul; David Bellemere

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with Delfina and Nacho Figueras

THE WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

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Chelsea Clinton wears a belted stretch-viscose, crepe, and jersey dress from Gucci, a gold and onyx bracelet from Mateo New York, a gold bracelet from Cartier, a rose gold and diamond signet ring from Garland Collection, and a gold and diamond ring from Halleh. To get Clinton's look, try Le Volume de Chanel Mascara in Noir, Les 4 Ombres Quadra Eye Shadow in Mystère, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Rose Bronze, and Rouge Coco Ultra Hydrating Lip Colour in Adrienne. All, Chanel. Photographed by Paola Kudacki; styled by Samira Nasr; hair by Kevin Ryan at Art + Commerce; makeup by Lisa Houghton at Tim Howard Management; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc.; prop styling by Nick Des Jardins for Mary Howard Studio; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons

Clockwise from top left: Gorunway; Chloe Fairweather; Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Instagram; Lianna Tarantin

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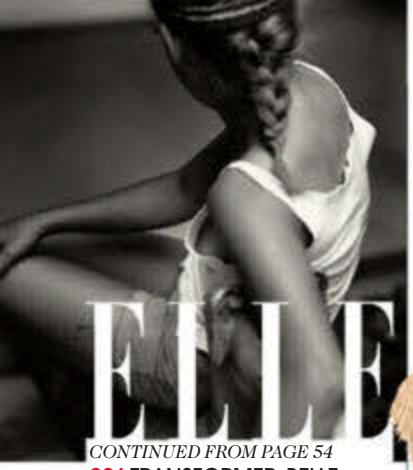
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ELLE

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BORN TO RUN



The globe-trotting, free-spirit ideal that author Julia Chaplin has written about extensively in her *Gypset* book series manifests itself in the form of a full clothing line this season. Inspired by the far-flung destinations she and her nomadic cohort call home, the collection serves as a travel collage, with each piece representing a culture, from Mali to North Africa, paired with American style references, such as disco-era shapes and mod '60s-inspired tunics.



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MERCAT

ELLE'S TOP SHOP: Mercat, 27 The Promenade, Edgewater, NJ 07020; 201-313-2100
WHAT'S THERE: A mix of the minimalist (Helmut Lang, Theory) and the maximalist (Kenzo, Markus Lupfer) for high-fashion-obsessed Bergen County customers. Anchoring Mercat's stock of European designers is a steady stream of Americana denim from J Brand, Siwy, and Current/Elliott.

VIBE: With their shop's stark white walls and thoughtfully spotlit, recessed shelves, owners Jenny and John Hwang treat Mercat's extensive accessory offerings like modern art. The back room is devoted to a dizzying array of men's and women's shoes, bags, and sunglasses.
PROJECTED WAIT-LIST ITEMS: Helen Kaminski hats, Jungle slip-ons from Ash, and Rebecca Minkoff's Love Crossbody bags

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MODERN ELEGANCE

Modern staples are elevated with refined prints and embellishments



Crystal earrings, PRADA, *$520, at select Prada boutiques nationwide*

Brocade coat, VALENTINO, *$4,490, at Valentino boutiques nationwide*

Wool and polyamide dress, ALEXANDER WANG, *$1,195, visit alexanderwang.com*

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THE GOOD DOCTOR

Dr. Oliver Sacks, the famed neurologist and writer (*The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*; *Awakenings*) and both a Hells Angel and a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, is full of surprises in his forthcoming autobiography, *On the Move: A Life*. Dr. Sacks remembers everything: He relives victories, like winning a famed Oxford science prize after answering only one question (while drunk) and earning the record for squats on Muscle Beach in the '60s, as well as regrets, with both lost love and misplaced manuscripts among their number.

The now 81-year-old Sacks announced in February that he has terminal cancer and only a few months to live. His autobiography serves as a unique sort of self-eulogy, a celebration of the best and worst exploits of an unquenchable curiosity at work in the world. Sacks has lived a full and surprising life—but reading this still won't soften his loss. —*Cotton Codinha*



Clockwise from top left: Sally Mann; Kevin Sweeney/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); courtesy of Mercat; courtesy of the publisher; Jeff Harris/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); courtesy of the designer; Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande)


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FOR THOSE WHO WANDER

Your foolproof packing list for that perfect long-weekend getaway, curated by the editors of ELLE.com

THE BAG
A perforated Loeffler Randall bucket fits all of your beachtime essentials. *Loeffler Randall Industry Bag, $295, loefflerrandall.com*

THE SUIT
This is the summer of clean lines and pop art hues à la this colorblock Zimmermann bikini. *Zimmermann Essence Tri Bikini, $230, zimmermannwear.com*

THE BOOK
Soak up the rays and a dose of workplace wisdom at once, courtesy of the original social branding guru, Aliza Licht, aka @dknyprgirl. For a candid interview with the *Leave Your Mark* author, visit ELLE.com/Aliza.

THE SANDAL
Invest in a pair of sophisticated Ellery slides to seamlessly transition from Summer Fridays to Surf Lodge Saturdays. *ASKA Ellery Sandal, $150, askacollection.com*

THE GUY
No jaunt is complete without the perfect companion. Toss back a round of drinks with 50 Cent at ELLE.com/50Cent.

THE PRODUCTS
Your down-to-basics beauty arsenal: Orlane Paris Vitality Micellar Water (to cleanse and tone), Reese Witherspoon-on-Oscar-night-approved St. Tropez Instant Glow (to fake a base), and Origins KissZing (to build the perfect sunrise-to-sunset lip). *Orlane Paris Vitality Radiance Micellar Cleansing Water, $45, orlane.com. St. Tropez One Night Only Instant Glow Body Lotion, $30, beautybar.com. Origins KissZing, $17, origins.com*







Mimi Antolovic; 50 Cent: Allen Berezovsky/WireImage/Getty Images; book: courtesy of Grand Central Publishing


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YOUR COACHES OF THE MONTH:

DEBBIE PAPPYN AND DAVID DE VLEESCHAUWER

Our May experts spend their lives staking out the most beautiful and uncharted destinations—tune in to ELLE.com this month for their insider's guide to seeing the world

Ask Debbie Pappyn, one half of the writer-photographer duo behind the beautiful blog Classe Touriste, to define her travel proclivities, and she'll likely explain that "we do things a little bit off the beaten path."

More like a whole new path altogether. The Antwerp, Belgium–based Pappyn and her longtime partner, David De Vleeschauwer, have spent the last 17 years taking such eclectic trips as an expedition to Rwanda's Volcanoes National Park to see mountain gorillas, a luxury hotel getaway in Utah's desert, and a cruise through the Gulf of Asia that led to an unexpected (and ultimately nonviolent) encounter with some local pirates.

Pappyn and De Vleeschauwer—journalist and photographer, respectively—are a pair ripe for romantic comedy. The daughter of a hobbyist deep-sea diver, Pappyn fell in love with travel "in the '70s, when people could still smoke on planes." She met De Vleeschauwer while studying journalism in Kortrijk, Belgium; he was at the nearby Design Academy in the Netherlands. "He was bragging about going on foot through the Sahara," Pappyn says. "I was quite impressed." The two began collaborating on freelance travel pieces, and in 2008 they launched Classe Touriste as a more personal way to catalog their adventures. Now they spend 80 percent of the year on the road, and their first book, *Remote: Places to Stay* (Lannoo)—a compendium of breathtaking photographs and unusual recommendations—was published late last year.

It goes without saying that their travel routine is now second nature. The vitals? Pack antibiotics for digestive inconveniences and other bugs, plus electrolyte packages, painkillers, and decongestants. Befriend your hotel's concierge or owner, Pappyn advises, and she'll become your go-to for insider connections. While, pleasantly, Pappyn's learned that a language barrier rarely derails two people earnestly trying to communicate, she suggests picking up a few phrases in the native tongue—*thank you*, most importantly, and *cheers*. "A couple of bad words, too." Pappyn laughs. "If they call you a name, then at least you'll understand!"

On deck for the pair this spring: Austria, Italy, and a "nice long trip to Africa." Plus, this month they'll be moonlighting as ELLE.com's resident jet-set gurus, serving up vacation ideas that will take you down roads less traveled. Bon voyage!
–Keziah Weir

INTO THE WOODS (AND BEYOND...)

Here's what's in store from our dynamic duo



MAY 4
EXTRA BAGGAGE
Our travel team troubleshoots your packing woes for weekend getaways and extended OOFs. Learn what to bring and how to bring it.



MAY 11
BY THE SEASHORE
Explore three beach vacations where you won't have to battle for towel space—Greek islands, anyone?



MAY 18
URBAN PLANNER
An insider's guide to spectacular city trips for every budget. You'll never hit a tourist trap again.



MAY 25
LAND UNCHARTED
Pappyn and De Vleeschauwer curate the It Trips of tomorrow. Go off the grid to these remote next-big-thing destinations.

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30 YEARS OF... SEX!

Like you, we at ELLE love to talk about sex, and we've been doing it for 30 years. Here, a taste of the thoughtful, sensual, and sometimes downright dirty stories we've run in the magazine over the past three decades—all of which are now available in full at ELLE.com/bestsexwriting



MARY GAITSKILL
"'Giving your virginity to somebody is like giving your soul...I think that you should be in love, or at least married.'"
from: "Swearing off Sex," 1994

ERICA JONG
"Europeans know better than ever to ask that question. It is just assumed that monogamy is rare, if not impossible, among lively people, and the question never comes up."
from: "Are You Faithful, Darling?" 1988

SUSANNA SONNENBERG
"To my mother, sex was the world's only effective currency, and as a grown woman I believed that every restaurant dinner, every conversation, was a pulse beating toward a single, inevitable outcome." from: "Dangerous Liaisons," 2005

ANONYMOUS
"I buzzed the apartments of men I'd met only electronically who were skilled in orgasmic meditation." from: "The Joy of Tinder," 2014

LIZZY GOODMAN
"It seems like every time you turn around these days, you hear about another woman who is leaving her man for a woman."
from "Girl-on-Girl Power," 2013

DAPHNE MERKIN
"Who can forget a summer swimming in sex?"
from: "Between Love and Madness," 2011

MIRANDA PURVES
"I'd amassed all the troublesome details of the natural-tear-versus-incision debate so that I would have ammunition should any Sweeney Todd doctor get too close. But somehow, I didn't think about the actual implications of what would happen to my insides as the baby passed through."
from: "The Ring of Fire," 2008

TRACY CLARK-FLORY
"Although we never explicitly linked my mother's condition to my appetite for pain, he must have known it played a role, yet he'd make confident proclamations like 'Girls love to be roughed up.'"
from: "Sexual Healing," 2013

LAURIE ABRAHAM
"Kinsey was the first to announce loudly and authoritatively...that U.S. men and, yes, women were having sex, and lots of it: with themselves, before marriage, extramarital, oral, with animals occasionally, and so on."
from: "Kinsey and Me," 2005

SUSIE BRIGHT
"As in most sexual encounters, you begin this one by slipping into something more comfortable—a diaphanous body stocking, say."
from: "Sex in the Computer Age," 1992

Eduard Bonnin/Stocksy


Katie Holmes
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HAVING IT ALL

The first time I heard Chelsea Clinton speak publicly, at the Lower Eastside Girls' Club in Manhattan, I saw a glimpse of the same thing that impressed me the first time I heard her mother speak to a small gathering: a big brain so deeply engaged in the subject that she could answer questions in full paragraphs, seemingly effortlessly flipping through the files in her cerebral cortex to find the perfect report or statistic to make her complex, nuanced point. Her mother was beside her, answering questions too, posed by select press, a handful of guests, and the staff and the teenage members of the girls' club. The second time I saw Chelsea speak, her mother was also beside her, at a conference announcing Data 2X, an initiative to improve the lot of women and girls worldwide.

Both rooms were filled mostly with women, and Hillary was electrifying, even as she swatted away inquiries about when/whether she'd announce her run for the presidency (something she hadn't done at press time), but it was Chelsea who sparkled. Part of it was definitely the depth of knowledge on display, but it was also her refined poise. There is something innately regal about Chelsea—a kind of grace that doesn't seem practiced, or trotted out just for public consumption. She's a person of substance for sure, a young woman who, while measured in her manner, has a fierceness of conviction, and a calling to make the world a better place.

Chelsea has been in the public eye since she was a little girl, and I've often wondered what it might be like to have had a security detail for practically her entire life, to be the "daughter of" in all introductions—which are formalities, anyway, since everyone in the world knows who she is. The upshot, of course, is that everyone in the world has an opinion, suggestion, or idea about who she is and what she should be doing, even as she remains one of the most private figures in what is in fact a very public life. But it seems like that is coming to an end, as appearing on the cover of the largest fashion magazine in the world might attest. She's still a daughter of, for sure, but she's also a mother and a wife—and an activist—with a presence that's all her own.

We're thrilled that Chelsea agreed to sit down with editor-at-large Rachael Combe, who interviewed Hillary Clinton three years ago for us (elle.com/hillary-clinton-2012), and to be shot by photographer Paola Kudacki—who teamed with ELLE Fashion Director Samira Nasr and brought out Chelsea's sleek sophistication and winsome beauty in portraits that show a side of her that hasn't really been captured before.

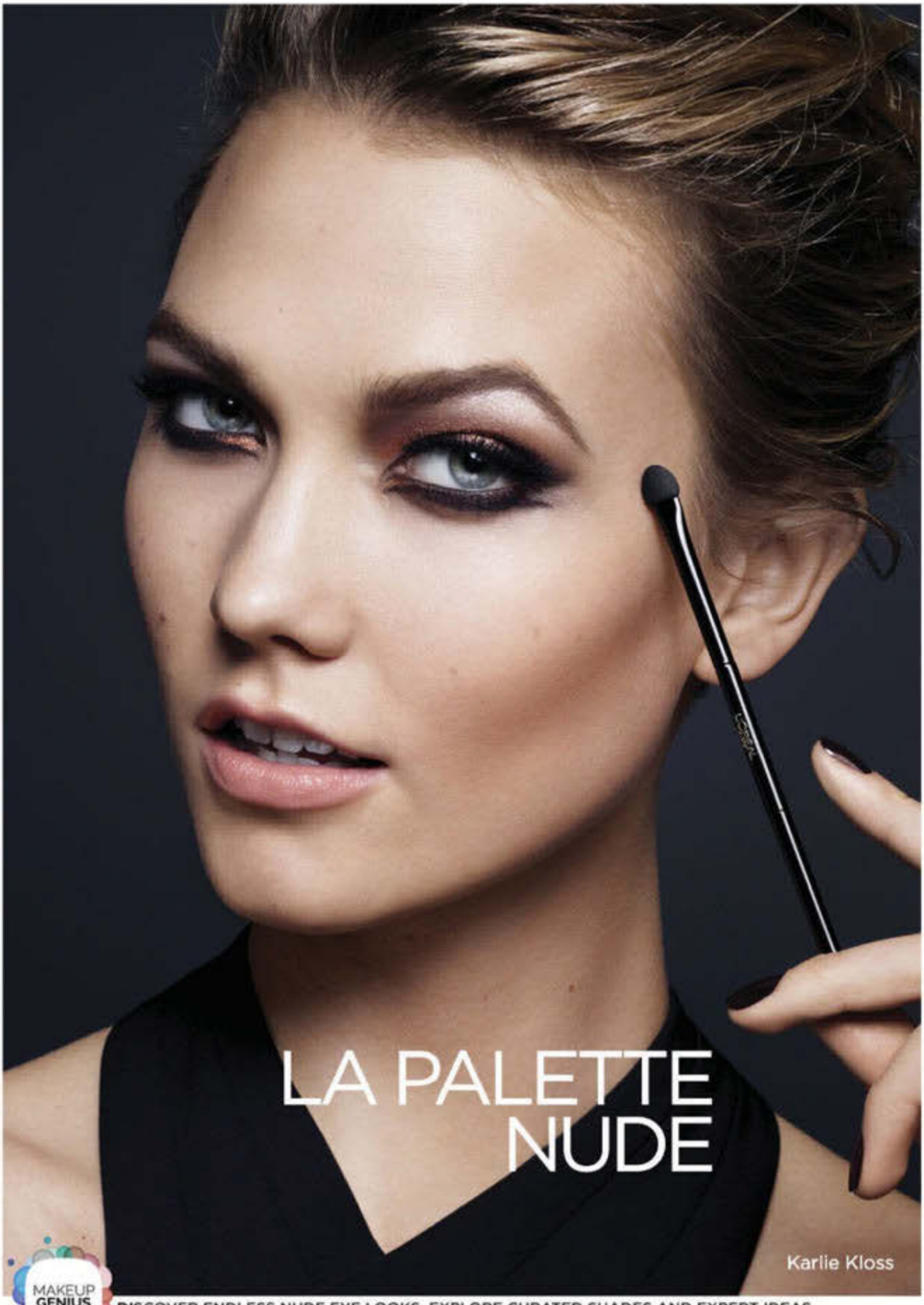
Elsewhere in the issue, we cover a woman whose work—and incredible bravery—Chelsea would surely admire. Syrian Kholoud Waleed, 29, was forced to flee her hometown three years ago when it was routed by President Bashar al-Assad's forces. From her exile in Turkey, she continues to edit a newspaper whose reporters work inside the country, providing some of the only on-the-ground news about what life is actually like—particularly for women and children—in perhaps the world's worst crisis zone.

I have to say, there is no easy transition from writing about a woman risking her life to tell the truth about a regime that murders its own people to cheerleading for our biggest beauty section this year, but I'm actually proud that as a magazine for smart, chic, and occasionally subversive women, our mission is broad enough to encompass all manner of content: In this month alone, we talk with the splendid and controversial photographer Sally Mann about her latest book (and her life); we team up with the lads at *Esquire* to try to divine (and quantify) the nature of sexual compatibility; we interview one of my favorite designers, Tomas Maier, who not only makes beautiful, discreet, soulful clothes for Bottega Veneta and his own line but is a wickedly funny pop culture critic; we go on the record with our Agenda members about the wage gap and one very surprising statistic about high-achieving women; and we got so excited about New York City's temperatures breaking double digits that we built a fun and comprehensive Swimsuit Guide—dreaming of warm days and, I don't know, tequila nights? And, yes, we get down with some of the best beauty advice in the country, after partnering with Google to find out what women really want to know, and setting the most-awarded beauty editor in the business, ELLE Beauty Director Emily Dougherty, in search of the real answers: the science behind the hype. And we know a lot can change between press time and real time, so log on to elle.com for the latest breaking news on just about everything, including, say, how hot it's getting in Washington, DC...



There's a lot more to learn about our May issue, and I can tell you about it—on video. Download the free Blippar app and "blipp" this page to watch it come to life.

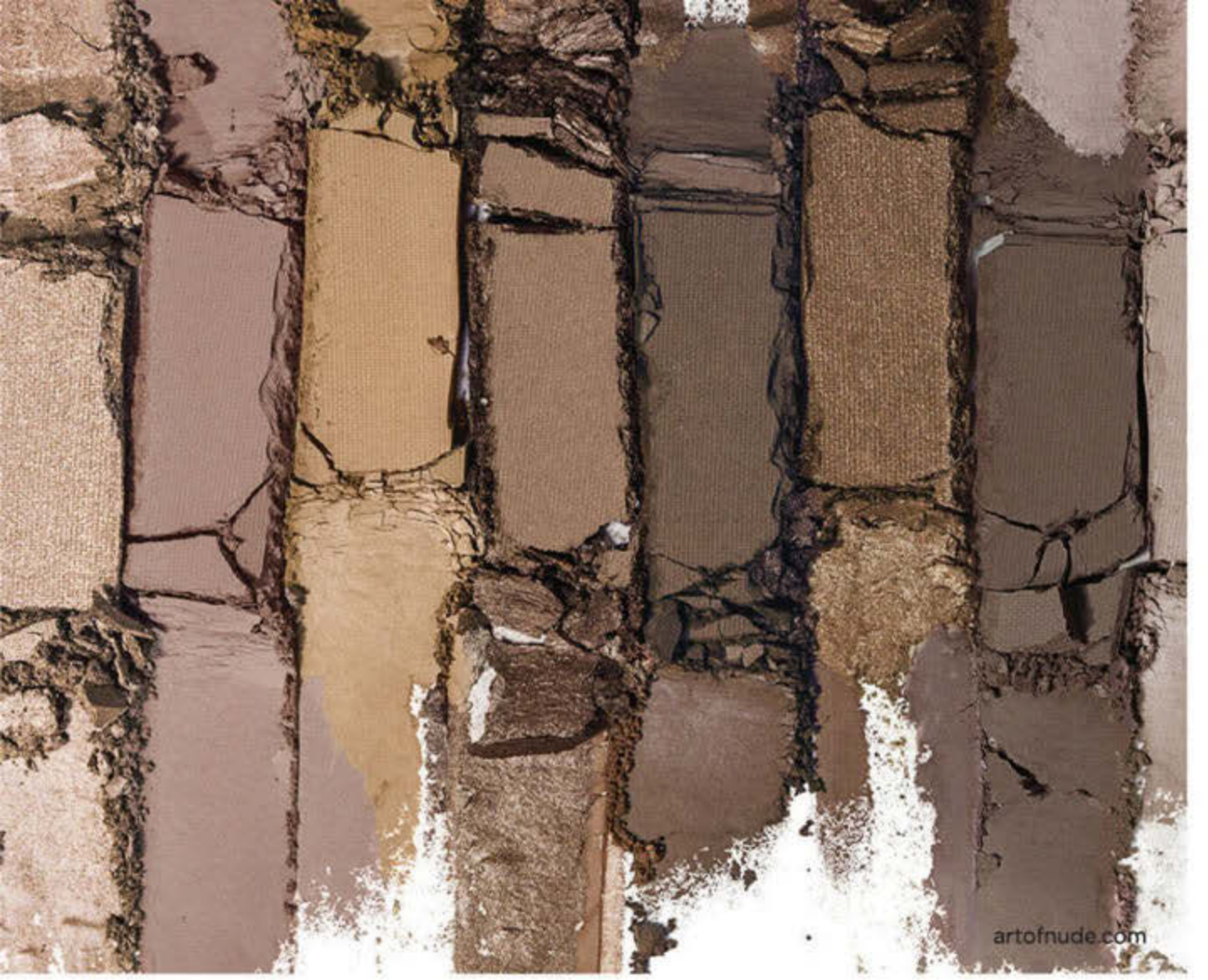

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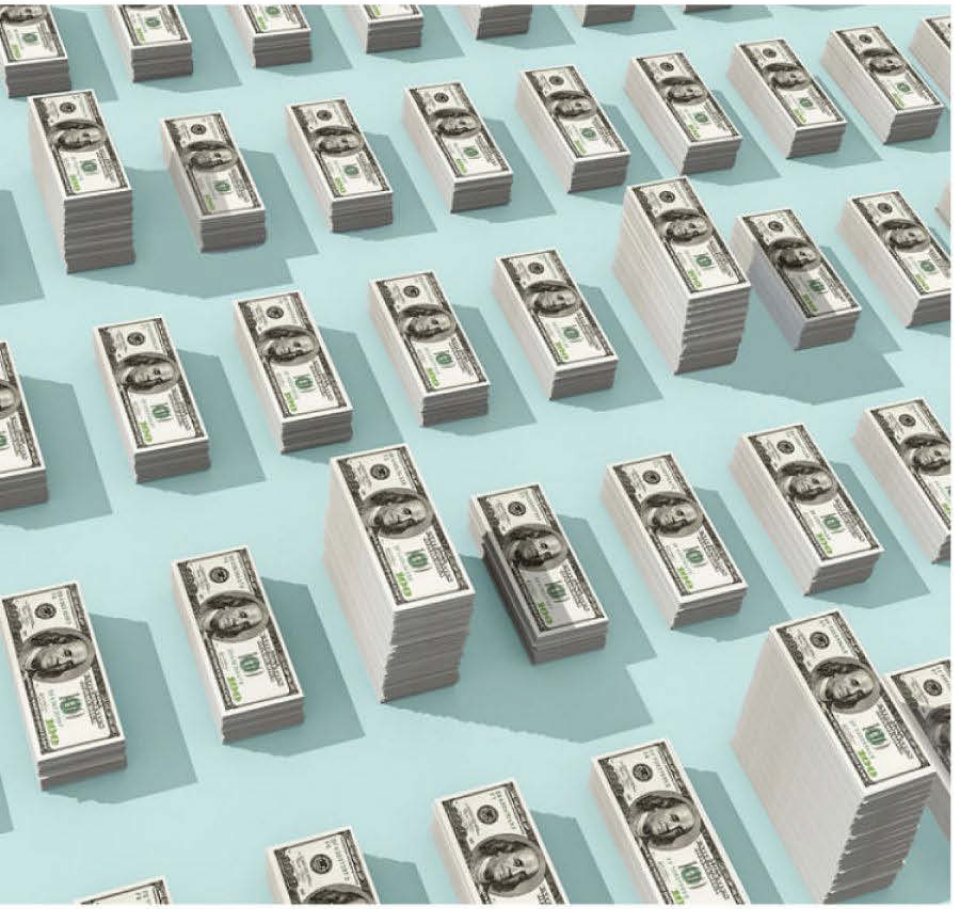
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BABY BONUS?

It's been proven that women's earnings fall with each child they have, but Judith Warner found one group that defies expectations

You've undoubtedly heard of the wage gap—that, more than 50 years after the passage of the Equal Pay Act, U.S. women still, on average, earn 82 cents to every man's dollar. And you may have heard, too, of the "motherhood penalty"—that moms not only earn less than dads (who actually get a "fatherhood bonus" of more than 6 percent when they procreate) but earn less than nonmothers as well.

But what you probably *haven't* heard about is that for a small subpopulation of American women—well-off women—the motherhood penalty simply doesn't exist. And for the very best-off women there's actually a pay *premium* for becoming a mom. Just as there is for dads.

Multiple studies show it. Most recently, Michelle J. Budig, PhD, a sociologist at the University of Massachusetts Amherst, looked at data from the National Longitudinal Survey of Youth between 1979 and 2004: She found that the average woman lost 4 percent of her wages per child, and that this difference couldn't be attributed to things like mothers being less educated than nonmothers, or spending more time out of the workforce. Those who suffered most were mothers who could least afford it: low-wage women, who saw a 6 percent earnings deduction for each child. But here's the twist: There was no wage penalty for mothers at the ninetieth percentile of earnings: $70,109 (adjusted to 2015 dollars). And mothers at the ninety-fifth percentile—$89,496 in 2015—received a 4 percent to 5 percent bonus compared to demographically matched childless women. So what's going on?

"It's a mystery," Budig told me on a cold, windy day in February when she'd blown in to Washington, DC, for a policy meeting held by the Washington Center for Equitable Growth. A youthful 44, with a loose ponytail and a finger broken by the snapping leash of a car-crazy 120-pound dog, she's no newcomer to the ins and outs of statistical analysis, nor to the pressures and pleasures of having a life while building a high-powered career.

She married at 22, but, as a graduate student in a department of mostly childless female faculty at the University of Arizona, she decided not to have children. After she received tenure from UMass, however, and watched the women around her use the family supports on offer (such as a full semester of paid parental leave and on-site child care) without harming their careers, Budig adopted a daughter, at age 39.

Had the other highly successful women in the NLSY79 survey—a database of 12,686 Americans born between 1957 and 1964—made similar choices? "Are women at that level more strategic?" she mused.

That seems far too simple an explanation for such a large and diverse sample of women. In fact, the findings don't, on the surface, make sense to Budig at all. The most remunerative professions in the U.S., among them finance and law, are also known to be the most demanding in terms of hours and round-the-clock availability, as well as the ones in which women who choose family-friendly schedules are punished the most in pay and advancement. All the prevailing theories as to why mothers earn less—that they interrupt or downscale their careers to be with their kids, are more distracted and less productive, or are docked by employers who just assume they're less committed to their work—would predict that women in high-powered jobs would take the biggest hits when they became mothers.

Budig's results are fascinating because they complicate what has long been a pretty clear story line: While our culture seems to value working dads a lot, rewarding breadwinning "family men" with fatter salaries and more promotions, they're ambivalent, to say the least, about their female counterparts. Workplace attitude studies regularly show that mothers are viewed as less competent and devoted to the office than women without children (and men) and are held to higher

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performance standards. At the same time, mothers who live to work—thereby overcoming the slacker-mom image—are seen as selfish, arrogant, domineering, colder.

Given the "stickiness" of this prejudice, why would high-earning women be the exception? Budig's "fixed effects" model (researchers examine changes in an individual woman's wages over time, comparing her to herself, rather than engaging in the potential apples-and-oranges game of comparing her to other women) allowed her to eliminate some prime explanatory suspects. The earnings pattern couldn't be accounted for by differences in education or ambition, the age at which women had children, whether they'd chosen to work in lower-paid "family-friendly" jobs or marry men who were likely doing more housework. "We just can't find anything in the data that tell us why," Budig says, clearly delighted by the novelty of wading into all-but-uncharted territory in an otherwise well-mined field of study. "It's something we talk about over drinks."

She will offer a few educated guesses, however: Perhaps "women with such high earnings can afford nannies or live-in help, which makes a huge difference in their home. Or they can afford really good child care. Order more meals in. Their ability to pay lets them stay at work." Or maybe they earn more in order to *afford* those services.

Such outsourcing may also lead employers to view them differently: not like "moms," who might threaten to stay home at the first sign of a kid's sniffle, but more like, well, dads, who, the assumption is, have a wife to handle the homefront. "Maybe at that level, motherhood doesn't carry that burden [of perceived care] because everyone knows they have a nanny," she says.

On the flip side, Budig speculates that motherhood, "especially if it doesn't interrupt work," may humanize high-achieving women in the eyes of their bosses and coworkers, soften the perceived hard edges that accompany female talent and drive. Such a "corrective to negative stereotypes," she says, could push up pay.

And, of course, there's just the bottom line: Employers are always competing for top talent—and the women who make the most money tend to fall into that category. They're also the ones who, disproportionately, have access to family-friendly policies, which are offered as perks to keep them at work and away from income-reducing job hiatuses (read: "opting out," which is expensive, in terms of turnover costs, for employers as well). "Maybe these women are just valuable. Employers really want to retain them."

Relatively affluent, successful women don't merit much attention in academia. "That's a bias in the field: We don't study elites," Budig says. And as a result, we're not likely to get data to solve this riddle anytime soon. But it may be shortsighted to write off the experiences of the most fortunate women.

For one thing, a deeper understanding of what keeps high-earning mothers on par with men could suggest policy changes. If outsourcing is truly the secret, is it so inconceivable that we'd find a way to help middle-class and even low-income women gain access to at-home child care and maybe even housekeeping help?

This is less crazy than it sounds. A number of countries—including France, Belgium, and Sweden—subsidize services to lighten the load of domestic tasks that still usually fall to women. In France, as long as you declare an at-home employee, pay them at least minimum wage, and fund their social security coverage, you get a tax break worth up to half the annual cost of such work as child care, gardening, housecleaning, even homework help (up to a cap of about $15,000).

More basically, it's worth finding out what the highest-earning women have going for them—whether it's how they work, how they live, or merely that they have a healthy enough sense of entitlement to demand the pay they deserve. Armed with that information, maybe the rest of us can get in on the game. ●

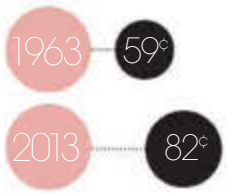
THE ELLE AGENDA BOARD SOUNDS OFF

Michelle Freeman, president, Carl M. Freeman Companies, Freeman Foundations
"I grew up in real estate, where commissioned sales positions are transparent: 6 percent is 6 percent. It wasn't until I took the CEO position and had my daughter that this issue came into my consciousness. That Juliana works as hard as my boys but would potentially make less than her brothers doesn't work for me. It is going to take more people in leadership roles standing up for women and pay equity to right this ship. "

Stephanie Cutter, partner, Precision Strategies
"The most important first step is ensuring transparency in pay. The burden shouldn't be on female employees to determine whether they are getting paid the same as men for the same work. The burden should be on the employer to prove that they are. Most women have run into the problem of unequal pay, and many of them aren't even aware of it. It's important to understand that pay inequality doesn't impact just women but the economics of whole families."

Courtney Kemp Agboh, executive producer, Starz's *Power*
"I recently had a negotiation, and my worth to the company was based on the performance of my show. I don't think it had anything to do with my gender; I think I did well, and they wanted to compensate me for it. The word *compensation* is very important. I pay my nanny well because she is good at her job. I'm compensated for my time away from my kid, and this woman is compensated for her time, because that's how our system has to work."

WHAT THE WAGE GAP LOOKS LIKE



When the Equal Pay Act was passed in 1963, women earned 59 cents on the male dollar. A half-century later, that number is still only 82 cents.



Latina women earn 61 cents for every dollar earned by a white man.



Black women earn 69 cents for every dollar earned by a white man.



At 93 percent of white men's salaries, Asian-American women's wages show the smallest gap.


Until we turn 35, women earn roughly 90 percent of what men make; after that, the number drops to 75 percent to 80 percent.

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AND MY HEART AND KNOW

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EVERYTHING WITH AS OUR LOVE GETS STRONGER

AND DEEPER THROUGH TIME?

WILL YOU?



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POP QUEEN

For our March cover story, the gloriously unfiltered Katy Perry was every inch the bombshell in Giambattista Valli and Chanel; her striking shoot and candid interview thrilled ELLE readers:

"I like Katy's honesty. So many celebrities don't tell the truth, but Katy says what she knows is the truth."
–Lynda Richmond Fuller, Popcrush.com

"In love with what she's wearing. Not to mention the sexy nose pin."
–Anonymous, Theffjournal.com

"The struggle of there being two different ELLE magazine covers ugh I want both"
–@thinkin_of_katy, Twitter

"The unstoppable Miss Perry proves that she can both master commercial looks and transition to sophisticated high fashion all in one breath. Golf claps all round."
–Lisa Hamilton of MTV.com.au

"Not sold on the chosen fashion, but those are some pretty great earrings. Her makeup is flawless! Finally, one mag interview I could read without cringing. Thankful!"
–decormaven, Tomandlorenzo.com



I love it. It's her "more is more" aesthetic filtered through the lens of fashion and ELLE.
—In_Stitches, Tomandlorenzo.com



HANDSOME ANSEL

"Why go around dating random girls and having terrible sex when you can be with someone you really like?" posed 21-year-old Ansel Elgort to ELLE writer Mickey Rapkin ("Boy Wonderful," March 2015) during a conversation that ranged from losing his virginity to being "a total goof":

"It's surprising to hear a Hollywood actor praise women's strength as something sexy. All too often in that industry we see thinness as the standard of beauty over someone who may be athletic. That in itself is encouraging to hear."
–Martha Sorren, Bustle.com

"He sounds like a typical young guy in his early 20s—still figuring out how the world works, speaking his mind but not very eloquently."
–Sofie Novak, Buzzfeed

"As boy crazy and tarty as I am, I believe that one should wait as long as possible to lose their virginity. You can always do it tomorrow, so why get antsy and jump the gun?"
–Gossip Girl, Alloyentertainment.com

Perry: Michael Thompson; Elgort: Frazer Harrison/AMA 2014/Getty Images for DCP

ELLE readers, sound off! Send your letters to ELLE, Letters to the Editor, 300 West 57th Street, NY, NY 10019, or e-mail us at elleletters@hearst.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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MAD MATT

Readers were thrilled with ELLE contributing editor Amanda Fortini's profile of Matthew Weiner ("The [Mad] Man Who Loves Women," March 2015):

"The final season of *Mad Men* is coming to AMC...and the first set of photos and *Mad Men*–related interviews are starting to trickle out.... The best, which isn't online yet, is Amanda Fortini's excellent long-form Matthew Weiner interview about *Mad Men* and its relationship with feminism in the March 2015 ELLE."
–Elisabeth Donnelly of Flavorwire.com

Note: It's online now! Read it at ELLE.com/matt-weiner



CRITICS' CHOICE

A critical review of a book exploring female hormones ("The Bitch Is Back") blew up the Twittersphere:

"Very interesting Miranda Purves review of *Moody Bitches*"
–@HannaRosin, Twitter

"Don't miss @mirandapurv great review in @ELLEmagazine March issue!"
–@AnneLaurette1, Twitter

"this review [...] deserves a standing ovation"
–@nextthingiknew, Twitter

DIRTY JOBS

When a young woman wrote in with a work-related woe—"Recently a man in upper management [...] began contacting me frequently, at inappropriate hours, and asked questions that were definitely not career related. He is a good person who did a dumb thing, but I reported him to HR." ("Ask E. Jean," February 2015)—one reader took umbrage at the advice of longtime ELLE columnist E. Jean Carroll:

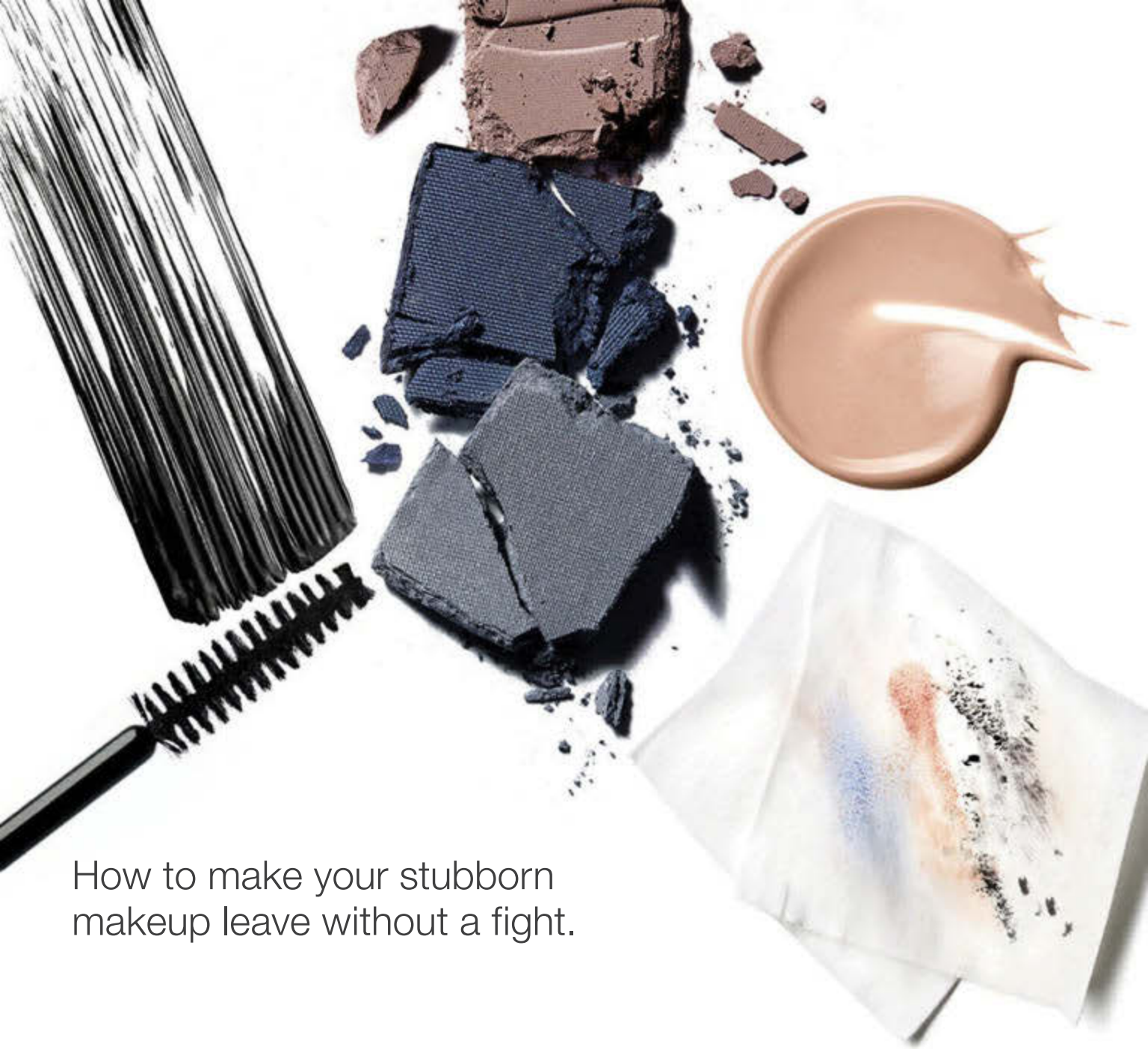
"Dear E. Jean,

I think you should be ashamed of yourself. How can it possibly be okay that this man continues to contact her at late hours and about things that are not related to work? I am 25, and my boss was recently fired for creating a hostile and inappropriate work environment. He contacted me at all hours, called me stupid to my face, and made comments about the way we dressed and our personal lives. Here is the deal: Most jobs, like mine, are paid hourly. During off hours, I don't check my work e-mail and I don't handle work-related issues. As women, we are already not paid enough for what we do; why should we work for free? Why didn't you offer any advice on how to address the problem with this girl's boss? Perhaps asking for a job description or discussing the hours one should be available for work-related contact? Human Resources is available for any employee who has a concern or wants to start a dialogue on an issue they might be having. Most mid- to large-size companies have hotlines and handbooks available to help employees who might be having trouble or need guidance. Directing someone toward these resources is far more helpful than telling this girl that everyone will think she is weak. I understand that running to HR to file a formal complaint is not always the smartest or correct choice, but as someone who gives advice for a living, you should do some research. These issues are real problems in the workplace. I have been an ELLE subscriber for many years, and I am always delighted to see the pieces on successful and well-educated women. I was incredibly disappointed in the column. I am hoping that you will put more thought into your advice in the future."
–Kim Pluth, Los Angeles

Thank you for your smart insights, Miss Kim!

Yes, I will follow your advice and put more "thought" into my next column!
Ravishing regards,
E. Jean

Mad Men: Michael Yarish/AMC



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Christina Asquith

PROVENANCE: New York City
NOW: Istanbul
PROFESSION: Journalist
BONA FIDES: BA, political science, Boston University; MS, public policy, London School of Economics; work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Economist*, and *The Guardian*; author of *The Emergency Teacher* and *Sisters in War: A Story of Love, Family, and Survival in the New Iraq*
THIS MONTH: "The Newsroom" (page 244). "From covering the Iraq war, I knew that women's voices are usually lost amid violence. I wanted to tell their stories in the Syrian war, not as victims but as a nonviolent army standing up against the dictatorship of Bashar al-Assad."
DREAM PROJECT: "I would love to have my own production company where I have a team of reporters and videographers and photographers, a small team, all committed to reporting on women around the world."
SEARCH HISTORY: "I was on Google for, like, 20 minutes today trying to find a report that integrating women into police departments is an effective strategy for reducing domestic violence."



Lisa Shea

PROVENANCE: Northern Virginia
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: ELLE contributing editor
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *O, The Oprah Magazine*, *Interview*, and *Bookforum*; author of *Hula*, 1993 winner of the Whiting Award for fiction
THIS MONTH: "The Book of Mann" (page 92). "The camp I attended one summer—on the banks of the James River, where I flunked my swimming test—was just up the road from where Sally Mann and her husband lived."
DREAM PROJECT: "I'd like to work underground at the Large Hadron Collider, using my electromagnetic broom to sweep up all the rogue subatomic particulates. Or else above ground at the International Space Station, where I'd use a damp gravity-cloth to gather all the errant stardust. I enjoy doing yeoman's work."
ZEN MOMENT: "I enjoy walking familiar routes and seeing things I haven't noticed before."
SEARCH HISTORY: "The last things I googled were two Brooklyn bands I recently saw live that blew my mind: the Gradients and Bluffing."



Max Vadukul

PROVENANCE: "I was born in Nairobi and, after the first nine years, raised in the UK."
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: Photographer
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Rolling Stone*, *W Magazine*, and *T: The New York Times Style Magazine*
THIS MONTH: "Wings of Desire" (page 304). "Alex González [ELLE's creative director] and I decided that we would go for a certain powerful look in shooting these women. The idea was to have those coats completely blown out, get a big wind machine and just throw it around. However, this is not what happened, because the new Whitney Museum wouldn't allow even a hair dryer in or a wind machine of any sort, because they claimed that it would contaminate their air-conditioning system and maybe destroy art. I ended up getting an effect that was very much like a wind machine by using a certain photographic technique called 'ghosting.'"
ZEN MOMENT: "I'm up at 4:30 A.M. every day, whether I'm in Europe or in America. And usually it's just with my beagle; I sit and have ginger tea. And I watch cricket."



Jean François Campos

PROVENANCE: Aix-en-Provence, France
NOW: New York City
PROFESSION: Photographer
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *V Magazine*, and *The Observer*
THIS MONTH: "Midas Touch" (page 310)
READING: *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, by Jules Verne. "I started reading Verne when I was very young. He's basically the only author I have read throughout my whole life; his work is timeless. I read him about once a year. He makes me dream."
SCREENING: *Day for Night*. "Being on set every day is like falling in love every day, and at the end of a shoot, when everyone leaves, it's like the end of a love story."
INSPIRATION: "The actresses from the '60s and '70s, like Jacqueline Bisset—she's not French but is very *nouvelle vague*. They are glamorous and beautiful, but there is something very modest and sophisticated about them."
ZEN MOMENT: "I lie down, and I look at the sky. Once a day, I take a moment and I look at the sky."

Asquith: Özge Sebzeci; Shea: Nancy Wieling

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Sarah Hepola

PROVENANCE: Dallas
NOW: Dallas
PROFESSION: Personal essays editor at Salon.com
BONA FIDES: Work has appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *The Guardian*, *The New Republic*, *Marie Claire*, and *The New York Times*; author of the memoir *Blackout: Remembering the Things I Drank to Forget* (Grand Central), available on June 23
THIS MONTH: "Like a Virgin" (page 248)
SCREENING: *Magnolia*. "It's a big, operatic mess of a movie. It is so beautiful and so cathartic."
READING: "Someone in publishing called my book the real-life *Girl on the Train*, so I picked it up. It's a fictional story in which the main character has blackouts, and the crime centers around a giant blackout she has. This is obviously not my story, it's a sensational crime thriller, but I loved it. I would get really excited during the day knowing that at night I would get to read it."
ZEN MOMENT: "I taught myself to play guitar in sobriety. It's an incredible source of comfort and relaxation. I only know, like, six songs, but I sing 'Total Eclipse of the Heart' just over and over again."



Rachael Combe

PROVENANCE: Holliston, MA
NOW: Larchmont, NY
PROFESSION: ELLE editor-at-large
THIS MONTH: Chelsea Clinton cover story (page 266)
LATEST SPLURGE: "We got a new minivan when we had our fourth child. It's such a luxury now to be able to fit all my family in my car."
WATCHING: "I have a hard time sitting through television. I start to feel anxious about what I'm not getting done. I like things like *Broad City*. I can sit down, it's 20 minutes, it makes me laugh, puts me in a good mood, and I can get on with my life."
READING: *The Better Angels of Our Nature*, by Steven Pinker. "Chelsea recommended it. I had asked her about how her family has remained so optimistic about humanity in the face of so much negativity in the news. She said this book would cheer me up and show me we have made progress."
SEARCH HISTORY: "Images of tiny eyebrow windows. We are renovating our house, and I was thinking of trying to make a loft in my son's room, with a little window in the roof."



Owen Bruce

PROVENANCE: Penticton, BC. "It's spectacular. I spent years traveling when I was assisting, and we'd end up in Croatia or Argentina or some remote location, and every time I would arrive, I'd think, This looks a lot like home. I come from paradise."
NOW: Brooklyn
PROFESSION: Photographer
THIS MONTH: "First Look" (page 109); "Boulevard of Dreams" (page 140)
FIRST GIG: "I was an intern at Art + Commerce, an artists agency. I was in the photo department, working in the archives and portfolio trafficking. They kept us downstairs, and the agents and production were all upstairs, so they literally faxed instructions down to us. We would get book orders by fax, and we would dig through the archives, pull out tear sheets, and put everything in portfolios to send upstairs. It was an amazing education."
SCREENING: *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*. "The locked-in perspective of the narrator is absolutely claustrophobic and really stuck with me. It's a film that moves me time after time."
SEARCH HISTORY: "Current time in Paris."



Naj Jamai

PROVENANCE: Paris
NOW: Los Angeles
PROFESSION: Photographer
THIS MONTH: "Mad Woman" (page 181)
ON REPEAT: *The 400 Blows*. "For me, it's about the visuals. I can shift away from a movie very quickly if I just don't like the way it was filmed."
WHEELS UP: "I think it's just a way of life when you grow up skateboarding. You hang with people from different backgrounds. It teaches respect. You look at things differently too. Like, we don't use the streets the same way as normal people."
ZEN MOMENT: "I get in my car, and I just drive. Sometimes I drive to Malibu, stay there 10 minutes, and then turn around and drive back. It relaxes me. If I'm in New York, I just walk. I stop everything and then start walking, down any random street."
UPCOMING: "I'm adopting a child. That is the biggest project in my life right now."
SEARCH HISTORY: "I googled my friend Atiba Jefferson, who's a photographer."
—*Cotton Codinha*

Hepola: Zan Keith; Combe: Theadore Knauss; Jamai: Olivier Mastey


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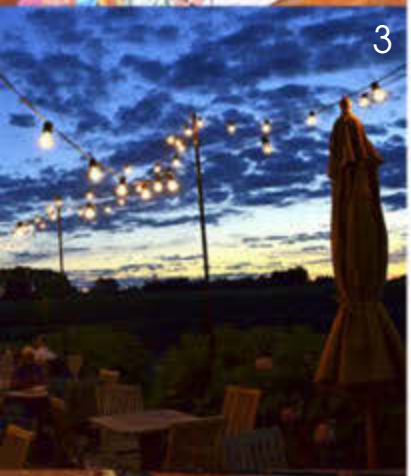


1

GRAPES NUT

Fashion entrepreneur and vintner (and longtime Long Island local) **Joey Wölffer** shows off a low-key side of the Hamptons





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5

The Hamptons that Joey Wölffer, 33, knew growing up was far removed from the Bacchanalian carnival the area can be today. Wölffer spent her time show-jumping horses and exploring the bucolic 175 acres of her family's Wölffer Estate Vineyard and Stables, coming home to find guests like Bianca Jagger stopping by in riding clothes for lunch. Currently a co-owner of the winery and equestrian center, she divides her time between Sag Harbor and Manhattan with her husband, Max Rohn, the winery's general manager. Her other projects include The Styleliner, a mobile boutique run out of a refurbished potato delivery truck (it's stationed at the winery for the summer); a line of handbags; and a baby—she's due in July. Calling from Paris, where she was stocking up on Styleliner goods, she shares a few of the local spots that retain the bohemian flavor she remembers from her youth.

—Molly Langmuir

BASK:

Wölffer is partial to oceanside picnics, particularly on mellow Sagaponack's Gibson Beach, which tends to be less crowded than nearby stretches of sand. For supplies, she stops at Serene Green, a farm stand that sells everything from locally grown berries to seafood, along with specialty goods like fresh mozzarella from Red Horse Market in East Hampton.

EAT:

Wölffer heads to Sen in Sag Harbor for sushi and "good vibes." Another favorite is the atmospheric Italian spot Tutto il Giorno in Southampton (entrees from $33), where diners can opt to sit outside on a tree-lined terrace. Afterward, Wölffer recommends dessert at BuddhaBerry, a frozen-yogurt shop with a toppings bar featuring not just candy but superfoods like chia seeds and hemp hearts. "This summer, you'll find me with my belly and my BuddhaBerry in the pool," she says.

SHOP:

Collette's locations in Sag Harbor and Southampton offer consignment clothes culled from the predictable bounty of glamorous local closets. (An opalescent sequined sweatshirt Wölffer bought there a few years ago remains a dependable mood-changer.) Wölffer also loves Matta in Sag Harbor, where jewelry starts at about $45 and the hippie-chic selection includes handmade sarongs and scarves. For home decor, Black Swan Antiques has an eclectic mix that ranges from midcentury-modern lamps and ornate Victorian woodwork to perfectly worn Americana.

STAY:

Wölffer's go-to is The Maidstone in East Hampton, where the Scandinavian-inflected decor tends toward brightly hued rugs and playful wallpaper. An added bonus: The hotel will prepare guests a picnic lunch they can take to the beach. ●

1. Wölffer's father, Christian, bought the land for Wölffer Estate Vineyard in 1978. 2. Wölffer helped design the floral packaging for the dry rosé cider. 3. The winery hosts live music every Friday and Saturday during the summer. "It's the best sunset in the Hamptons," says Wölffer. 4. Lunch on the winery's terrace. 5. A few of the vineyard's 250 rows of vines.

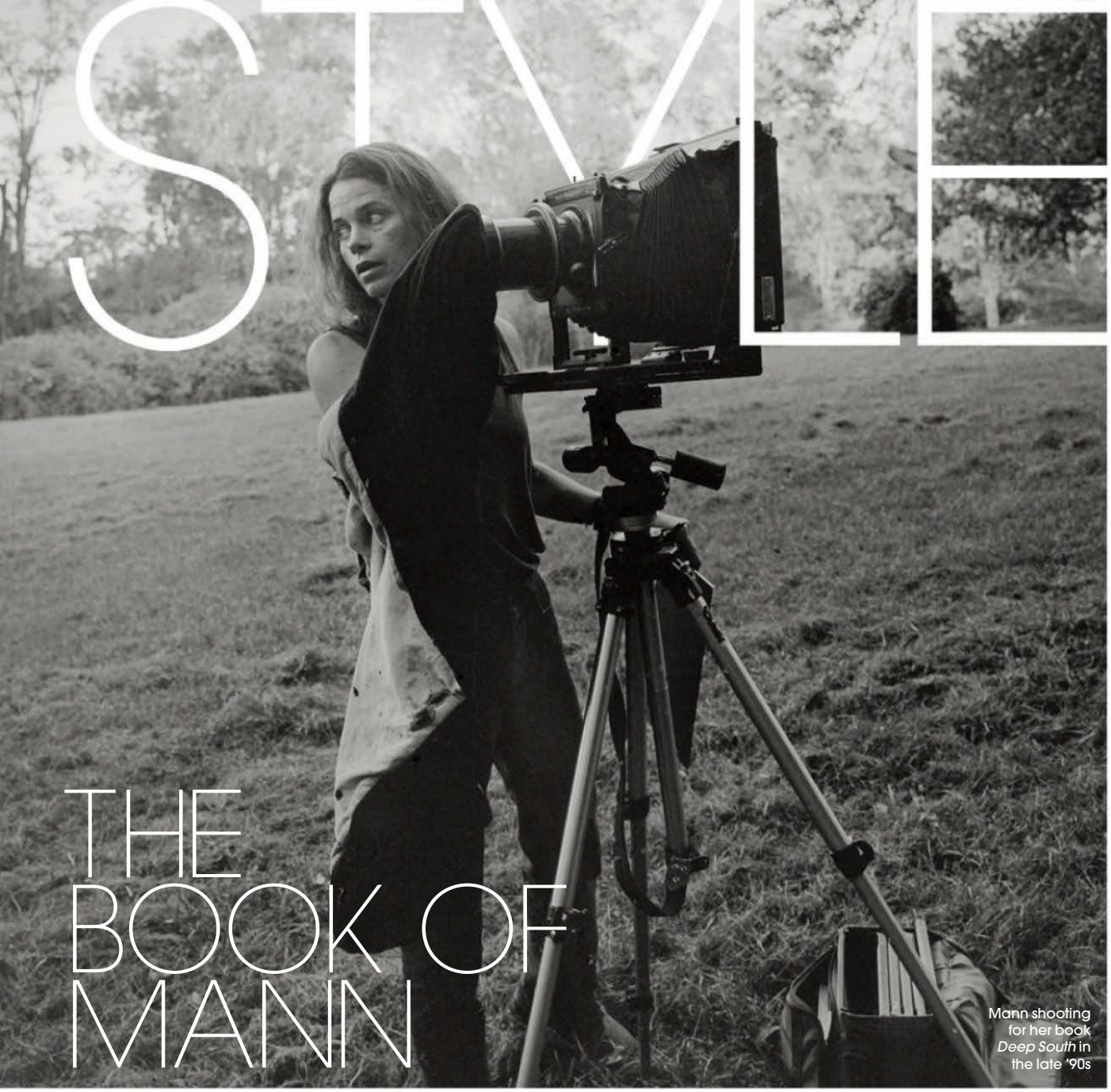
Wölffer: Rima Brindamour; all others: courtesy of Wölffer Estate Vineyard



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THE BOOK OF MANN

Mann shooting for her book *Deep South* in the late '90s

Kim Rushing

In a sweeping memoir, photographer Sally Mann exposes the personal histories behind some of the twentieth century's most indelible—and controversial—images. By Lisa Shea

"The fundamental thing about my personality is that I think I'm an imposter," renowned photographer and newly minted memoirist Sally Mann confides from her remote Rockbridge County, Virginia, farmstead, her phone reception straining against the thick walls of her old, wood-stove-heated studio. She's talking about art that pushes the envelope, family life, marriage, mortality, and *Hold Still: A Memoir With Photographs* (Little, Brown)—and trying to factor being the genius creator of a bold autobiography with the everyday reality of abiding self-doubt. "I'm not a good photographer, not a good writer," Mann says. "I'm a pretty regular person whose insecurity is so pervasive that it makes me always feel vulnerable. I'm so open that I live like a recluse. I couldn't deal with a normal life."

Mann's belief that she's an insecure fraudster seems to have served her provocative, decades-long artistic endeavors to a fare-thee-well. She has published some 15 volumes (10 are currently in print) of her signature large-format black-and-white photos. Repped by the prestigious Gagosian Gallery in New York, her work resides in the permanent collections of more than three dozen institutions, including New York's Metropolitan Museum and London's Victoria and Albert. In 1988, she emerged as one of America's most original and controversial photographers with the publication of *At Twelve*, with its languid trove of local girls captured on the cusp of adolescence. Four years later, *Immediate Family* appeared: 60 photos of her three mostly buck-naked children—Emmett, Jessie, and Virginia—in poses that were redolent, insolent, insouciant, and frank. It was hard to argue with the formal power and lapidary beauty of the work, but something uncensored—as if flushed from Eden—about the photos in both books ignited a cultural and moral firestorm about the nature of

For a slide show of Sally Mann's work, visit ELLE.com/SallyMann starting May 11.

WATCH THE FILM AT JIMMYCHOO.COM



JIMMY CHOO







Clockwise from left: An untitled still from *At Twelve* (1988); Mann's father, Dr. Robert S. Munger (1980); family and friends gathered for her father's memorial in 1988; Mann reviews prints, circa 1992

photography, motherhood, pornography, and childhood. In a debate that lasted a decade, *The New York Times* called the photos "disturbing"; *The Wall Street Journal* used the word *degenerate*. Mann says the controversy continues to haunt her family. With uncanny prehension, in her autobiography she asks back, "How can a sentient person of the modern age mistake photography for reality?"

Now in their thirties, Mann's adult offspring are noticeably absent from *Hold Still*, their presence limited to a scattering of the photos that earned their mother overnight infamy. Says Mann matter-of-factly, "Everyone is going to wonder what happened to those poor art-abused children. They all turned out fine, thank you very much. I didn't feel it was right to write about them at this time. I was trying to broaden the book away from just the family pictures." She continues, "When I was immersed in motherhood and saw my children running naked every day, I found nothing unusual or unsettling about it, but can now, decades away from that time, understand how someone not so immersed might. Without the context of our very private farm and the protection of the cliffs and the river, the pictures would never have been taken, I'm sure of that. And that is why it was so understandably hard for some viewers to understand the work—they had to know about the context."

Reflecting on the family photos and the many that have come after—among them the rural Southern landscapes; the portraits of young black men; and the "Body Farm" series of corpses under study as they decompose above ground, as nature would have it, at the University of Tennessee Forensic Anthropology Center—Mann, still incandescent at 64, remarks, "I often find that the way I feel about work has subtly, and sometimes not so subtly, shifted." About the landscapes, she comments, "I am not sure I would make such romantic pictures of the South if I were to travel down there again, but I was in the middle of trying to buy our farm from my brothers, and it was almost like a new romance with the farm. The halcyon, golden flush of first love overlay many of the resultant pictures."

The seeds of her autobiography were sown in 2010 when Mann was invited to deliver the prestigious Massey Lectures at Harvard. "I spent an entire year writing those three lectures, the monkey at the typewriter," she says. "I took it completely seriously. I knew they were good." She developed the book to its near-500 pages by "following the photographs"—her own and her extended family's, along with letters, drawings, journals, report cards, and the like—that she found in boxes in the attic. These serve as visual guy wires to the multiple, intersecting narratives of her "unsentimental" Boston-born, *Mayflower*-descended mother; her intellectually "expansive" Texas-born father, a country doctor from a wealthy entrepreneurial family; her own rural, horseback-riding, "less than [parentally] diligent" Virginia childhood—the African-American housekeeper, Gee-Gee, figures prominently—and the scandal-scarred, upper-middle-class parents of her New England–born husband, Larry Mann, whom she met when she was 18 years old. It was crucial to Mann that she understand her heritage, "how those family stories factor in to who I am," she says. "Some 60 years on, and I didn't really know. It was a revelation to see those people in me now."

Even with such a rich archive at her disposal, Mann, who has a master's in creative writing from Hollins College, fretted about how different writing is from photography. "If I take enough pictures, I'm going to get a good one, and I know not to stop at a bad one," she says. "With writing, you don't have that element of serendipity. I'd just sit there day after day eating chocolate-covered almonds and drinking cups of tea, wondering: Can I really manhole this stuff out of myself? It's a triumph of endurance."

Mann has been photographing her husband of 44 years since they met. She describes "Marital Trust," one ongoing body of work begun in the 1990s, as "a lot of intimate pictures, a lot of nudity, a portrait of a marriage." In recent years, the 6'4" lawyer, who practices in nearby Lexington, has developed a form of muscular dystrophy. Even so, he has allowed his wife to photograph him—one series, "Proud Flesh," appeared in 2009.

In this endeavor, once again, Mann is both a self-effacing seeker and a renegade visionary. The wife in her writes me, "A lot of my concern is for Larry. He's so kind. He'd do anything for me." But the photographer in her writes, "I can think of numberless male artists...who have photographed their lovers and spouses, but I am having trouble finding parallel examples among my sister photographers. The act of looking appraisingly at a man, studying his body and asking to photograph him, is a brazen venture for a woman." ●



Clockwise from top left: Sally Mann; Ted Orland; Sally Mann; Courtesy of Sally Mann


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HAILEY'S COMET

Hailey Baldwin shows us how to succeed in the business of Instagram without really trying (or seeming to, anyway). By Alison S. Cohn

Being a Baldwin—her father is *The Usual Suspects* actor Stephen, part of the Hollywood clan that also includes uncle Alec and fellow models cousin Ireland and sister Alaia—and, conveniently, a pouty-lipped blond, Hailey Baldwin was born to play the fame game. But the new face of Topshop Denim, who made her runway debut in the Topshop Unique show during London Fashion Week this past September and who crossed the elite one-million-Instagram-followers benchmark in February—on the same day she announced her campaign on the social media site—is taking a more twenty-first-century route to stardom than mere nepotism. "I was walking around Times Square recently, and this guy was like, 'Hey, Hailey!'" the 18-year-old model recalls. "He was a full-on grown-up—in a suit! I thought he was going to be like, 'I know your dad,' but instead he was like, 'I'm a fan of yours from Instagram; can I get a picture?' I was like, '*Whaaat*?'"

Baldwin takes such questionable overtures in stride. After all, she is a newly minted Famous Person, with



Baldwin in Topshop Unique

Photographed by PATRIC SHAW

Styled by Emily Barnes (Hair by Adam Markarian for René Furterer; makeup by Viktorija Bowers at Ray Brown Pro for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Dida at Ray Brown Pro for Chanel Le Vernis). Nylon jacket, $250, cotton shorts, $140, both, Topshop Unique, visit topshop.com. Cotton shirt, $40, turtleneck, $40, socks, $6, patent leather ankle boots, $140, all, Topshop, at Topshop stores nationwide


ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: PÜLMANNS GUESS©2015
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(From left) Hadid and Baldwin; a girls' night out with Jenner, Hadid, Delevingne, and Gabby Westbrook







(From left) With the Jenners, dressed to kill on her eighteenth birthday; with Jenner at a Drake concert

(From left) Wishing the Biebs a happy twenty-first; Baldwin and Jenner

a Klout Score—a rating of social media power (Jennifer Lawrence is a 63, Barack Obama a 99)—of 78.

Not so long ago, she was a classically trained ballerina who was homeschooled by her Brazilian graphic-designer mother and spent summers at the prestigious American Ballet Theatre school. After finishing high school, she had the choice of either commuting the 90 minutes daily from her childhood home in suburban Rockland County, New York, to castings, or couch surfing. "One of my friends from L.A. comes to the city all the time for work, and she stays in her sister's apartment," Baldwin says. "I would basically pack a suitcase from home and just come live with her for a week." What Baldwin is saying without saying—and what you already might know if you are among the 21 million followers of her BFF, Models.com top-ranked social model Kendall Jenner (Klout Score: 85)—is that Baldwin was enjoying social media–documented sleepovers at the SoHo crib of the first lady of selfie culture, Kim Kardashian (followers: 27.8 million; Klout Score: 89).

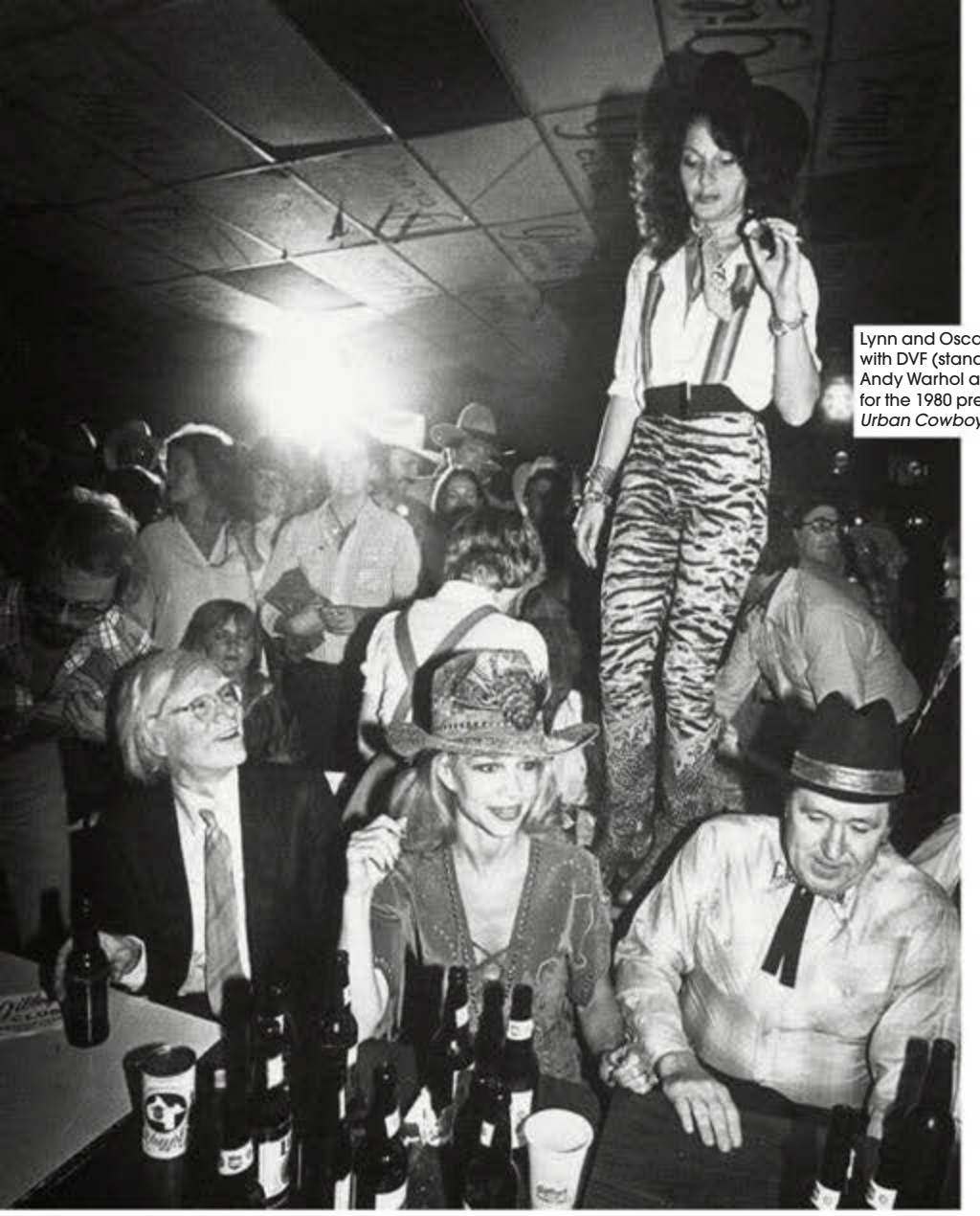
Scroll back through Baldwin's feed and you'll find snapshots from daily life with a Rolodex of Instagram's queen bees. Here are Baldwin and Jenner—the newest face of Estée Lauder—sunbathing in matching leopard-print bikinis; flaunting toned abs backstage at a Drake concert; having a girls' night out with the ubiquitous Cara Delevingne (followers: 10.1 million; Klout Score: 79) and fellow reality-TV progeny turned Guess star Gigi Hadid (followers: 2.3 million; Klout Score: 79). This past November, when Jenner and her younger sister, Kylie (followers: 18.7 million; Klout Score: 84), posted photos of Baldwin partying with millennial heartthrob Justin Bieber (followers: 23.6 million; Klout Score: 93), Baldwin's Insta-stock shot up exponentially. At press time, Baldwin and the Biebs continue to insist they're "just friends," while scattering photo ops like so many bread crumbs: the duo wearing matching jerseys to an L.A. Clippers game, having a Nerf-gun war with Jenner. By the time Baldwin added the ne plus ultra—a snap showing her arms entwined around the singer on his twenty-first birthday in March, uploaded from the private Caribbean island he rented out for the occasion—her following, which was at a respectable 600,000 pre-#Jaylie, nearly doubled.

Cue the brand "partnerships." "The first time I met Hailey was at Chiltern Firehouse," Topshop creative director Kate Phelan says of bumping into the teen at *the* London hot spot. "She was just there, having a drink with her dad, and we got chatting. I thought she was amazing." Word traveled fast. "The next morning I said to my 16-year-old daughter, 'Guess who I met last night!' She just looked at me and went, '*Mum*. Hailey Baldwin?'" Turns out Phelan's daughter had already seen the model's post about it. "I was like, 'Oh my God, you old lady: *This* is how it happens!'"

Phelan's epiphany was a timely one. The British high-street retailer, which currently has more than 300 stores across the UK, including its Oxford Street mecca, and is valued at over $3 billion, is undergoing a period of rapid global expansion. Having opened its second biggest flagship to date, on New York's Fifth Avenue, this past November, Topshop will double its stores in the U.S. this year. "Whether you're sort of that girly-girl or that tomboy girl or that glamazon girl, it's about allowing you to go in and just play around and find your own style," Phelan says. "I think having lots of girls circulating around Topshop is a true reflection of what Topshop is." The company has a reputation for spotting talent: Such It Brits as Jourdan Dunn, Lily Donaldson, and, of course, Delevingne—who fronts Topshop's other current campaigns—all walked in the Topshop Unique show early in their careers and continue to serve as ambassadors for the brand.

Now, strategically, Baldwin is the first American to join their ranks. "She's got that twinkle in her eye, and that's something that's like Cara," Phelan says. "They've got a great personality, they've got a voice, and I think there's a smartness about them that girls really love—it's almost like they are the return of the supermodel."

Hadid and Baldwin: Monica Schipper/Getty Images; Baldwin and Jenner: Alo Ceballos/GC Images; remaining images: Instagram (5)



Lynn and Oscar Wyatt with DVF (standing) and Andy Warhol at Gilley's for the 1980 premiere of *Urban Cowboy*

TEXAS FOREVER

A winding trip through the Lone Star State proves that cowboy boots, shiny belt buckles, and 10-gallon hats will always be in style. By Naomi Rougeau

Country music legend Mickey Gilley is planning to reopen his namesake Texas honky-tonk 25 years after it burned down, and so I had to visit the man.

"When *Urban Cowboy* hit real big, I was up in Canada, and I had on my boots, hat, and designer jeans, and they wouldn't let me in the club because I had jeans on!" recalls Gilley, now 79. "And an ole boy that had gabardine pants, they let *him* in."

From Margiela's fringed suede chaps and bandana-embossed leather bandeaus to Isabel Marant's affinity for pearl-snap shirts, everyone seems to want a piece of the Lone Star State look. And in cowboy couture there's no element more essential than the boot; no greater name than Lucchese (that's *luke-kay-zay*). No, not the storied organized crime family, but the storied boot-maker family. (Its godfather, Italian-born cobbler Salvatore "Sam" Lucchese Sr., founded the business in San Antonio in 1883.) So I packed my bags and headed home to Texas to try to discern why the style of this larger-than-life place transcends borders geographic and social.

In the 130-plus years since Lucchese opened its doors, the firm has outfitted cowboys, LBJ (who said, "Sam, I can't wear any of the boots I've been given except those you made for me"), John Wayne, and Gregory Peck, and has defined a kind of American luxury in a perfect marriage of form and function. The firm's 100,000-square-foot El Paso factory lies in the middle of ranch country, where the brutal terrain and vaquero tradition require the toughest footwear. El Paso, on the far west fringe of the state, lies just across the border from Mexico, where many of Lucchese's employees come from. There, the Spanish tradition of leatherwork has given birth to highly skilled artisans. Their creations—truly wearable art—rival any footwear coming out of Europe.

I arrive one unseasonably cool day last fall and am escorted into an area guarded by chain-link fencing that houses every hide imaginable, from American alligator to sturgeon. The smell (think the world's largest tack room) is intoxicating. To say I'm overwhelmed by the prospect of designing my own boots from scratch is an understatement, but I'm quickly besotted with a swatch of rich brown baby buffalo. The sounds of the machinery compete with the Tejano music: a lot of accordion and stringed *bajo sexto*, blending traditional Mexican folk music with the German waltzes and Czech polkas imported to Texas by settlers. Each workstation is a chapter in the life of a boot. I learn the tricks that contribute to Lucchese's superiority: 40–45 lemon-wood pegs to bind the insole and outsole, a steel shank to maintain the curve of the arch, and a solid leather heel counter—all steps that culminate in 24 hours in a 110 degree drying room. It's not unlike a West Texas summer day. From start to finish, each pair is touched by human hands more than 150 times during the 18-day (at minimum) construction process. The result is the best-fitting boot money can buy ($499–$12,995).

After combing through the company's archives and getting up close and personal with Johnny's, June's, and the

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The author on a morning ride in Little Elm, Texas, and (below) mapping out her statewide journey





Duke's lasts (the hand-carved wooden molds of their feet that ensure a perfect-fitting boot), I've got plenty of inspiration. With the guidance of Vice President of Product Design Guy Marshall, among a dizzying array of toe and heel options, I decide on a white shooting star inlay to frame my initials in a western font—a throwback to the 1950s. I realize not everyone in my age group shares my love of archival designs, but Lucchese does more than boots: Over the past two seasons, the brand has quietly rolled out shoes, handbags, and accessories. While I was there, the team was trying to figure out how to outfit a pair of boots with flashing LED lights for alt-country superstar and Mineola, Texas, native Kacey Musgraves, who is collaborating with the brand on a capsule collection.

"I grew up singing western swing and have been wearing cowboy boots for as long as I can remember," Musgraves says. "But Texas style is for anyone who isn't afraid of making a statement; the bigger, the sparklier, the better."

From El Paso I fly to Dallas, where the resurgence in Lone Star State fashion began about a year ago when Karl Lagerfeld paid homage to Coco Chanel's famous 1957 meeting with retailer Stanley Marcus, of Neiman Marcus fame. Lagerfeld sent out a parade of haute couture–clad western archetypes for the house's Métiers d'Art presentation. In attendance was longtime Chanel customer, Texas socialite Lynn Wyatt: "Karl has been a friend, and he said, 'I'm dedicating this show to you.' I could not believe when he told me that. I mean, I just—I said, 'Baloney!' And he said, 'No, no, no, in every sketch I had you in mind.' I was blown away!"

It's been said that Mademoiselle Chanel was less than pleased with the cuisine at the barbecue Marcus held in her honor and she tossed her dinner under the table, only to have it land on Elizabeth Arden's red satin pumps. But that meeting was less about introducing Chanel to Dallas than introducing Texas to the world. With the fashion industry's gaze once again upon the city, Lagerfeld's recent ode to the West was perhaps the biggest nod to Texas style since, well, the *Dallas* and *Urban Cowboy* eras.

None of the ladies who lunch batted an eyelash when I walked into the restaurant at the Mansion on Turtle Creek in my dusty jeans, mud-caked cowboy boots, and black Stetson, straight from an early morning horseback ride just outside town. "The Mansion," as it's known, is where actor Larry Hagman and company held court offset during their *Dallas* heyday. It's also where custom-boot-clad celebrity chef Dean Fearing (who says a man can't wear yellow roses on his feet?) made his name, thanks to the best tortilla soup this side of the Rio Grande. It was the '80s: The Reagans were in the White House, oil topped out at more than $100 per barrel in today's dollars, and a sizable proportion of the country—and certainly a lot of Texas—was living large. Millions tuned in every Friday night to follow the incestuous antics of the feuding Barnes and Ewing clans, including five-year-old me, in Beaumont, Texas.



Clockwise from left: The author's custom Lucchese boots; Lucchese's bustling El Paso factory; rhinestone cowgirls parade through downtown Bandera. Bottom right: model Wasson





While *Dallas* (1978–1991) defined the modern-day cowboy notion, where freedom and power went from being measured in acres and head of cattle to dollars and number of barrels, the old standards—boots, hats, and shiny belt buckles—remained the same. Further fueling the Texas mania was *Urban Cowboy* (1980), the cult classic starring John Travolta and Debra Winger that made riding a mechanical bull at the famed Gilley's the sexiest game around.

"This is going to be a big year

Katy Shayne (4); Wasson: Clint Spaulding/Patrick McMullan/Sipa USA; courtesy of the designer

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for Gilley's, I tell you, we've really got the bull by the horns," Gilley tells me over lunch, and if the Pasadena, Texas, city council approves the project, it will be. Gilley's was Texas' Studio 54, although a helluva lot bigger. The 70,000-square-foot space (there was a rodeo arena in there somewhere) was where pretty young things, my parents among them, mingled with roughnecks and cowboys real and imagined. One of my prize possessions is my mother's vintage T-shirt that proudly proclaims I RODE THE BULL AT GILLEY'S, and I couldn't resist the opportunity for a signature. "Hell, you can see straight through it. We gotta get you a new one," Gilley says when I pull the artifact from my bag.

Lynn Wyatt rode the bull too, when she and her husband, oilman Oscar Wyatt, introduced Diane von Furstenberg and Andy Warhol to the joys of Lone Star Beer and two-stepping at *Urban Cowboy*'s 1980 premiere party at Gilley's. "They absolutely loved it! They all dressed fabulously that night, and we were dancing on the tables and everything," she says. Although Wyatt has a legendary wardrobe brimming with couture, when she and her husband head to their ranch, Tasajillo, outside Laredo in South Texas, it's a pair of classic black Luccheses she reaches for. "Western clothes are very sexy on a woman, and they're very sexy on men," Wyatt says. "But to me, it's as much about a state of mind. I think a Texas girl grows up thinking that she can do anything."

Such mythology fuels other myths, like that of the girl in the calico dress who walked into Neiman Marcus barefoot after striking oil, ready for a makeover and pulling a wad of bills from her bosom. It's the confidence that one can look just as chic in the right pair of boots and jeans as in a cocktail number and stilettos. Bold, no pretense.

BOOTS ON THE GROUND

After a heaping bowl of the aforementioned tortilla soup, and with Wyatt's wisdom in mind, I set out in my Jeep Grand Cherokee on a winding road trip through the beautiful Hill Country to explore the many facets of Texas style.

Friday night here means only one thing. I pull into Hico (burial place of Billy the Kid) just in time to catch the halftime show. I don't even need to know the game's location; I simply look for the floodlights illuminating the $3 million high school football stadium, which serves a town with a population of fewer than 1,500. The San Saba Armadillos may be down by 28, but all eyes are on the school's drill team, the Dilloettes, whose perfectly synchronized high kicks are accented by snow-white cowgirl boots, a look pioneered by the Kilgore Rangerettes and the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders (the Cheerleaders' boots are made by Lucchese, natch). How *do* they keep them so pristine? After swinging by the concession stand for a Frito pie (a single-serving bag of Fritos mixed with cheese and beef chili, beloved by Texans universally), I head southwest to my next destination: Bandera (pop. 861).

Befitting the Cowboy Capital of the World, nearly every bar in Bandera features hitching posts, including Brian Black's Longhorn Saloon, where Big Tex, a 1,500-pound longhorn steer, can often be found holding court near the pool table. Wear a pair of Luccheses just about anywhere in this great state and pant legs start rising, and before you know it, everyone's staring at their feet, swapping stories. "See that dent in the toe?" says one cowboy, propping his left foot proudly on a barstool. "Steer done gone and stepped right on it!"

Bright and early the next day I'm off to Fredericksburg, founded in 1846 by German immigrants who brought with them their accordions, cuisine, and a language that still survives. I grab a Danish the size of my head at the first bakery I see and meet up with Lester Meier of Lester Meier Rodeo Company (which, in addition to running professional rodeos statewide, orchestrates authentic western-style events for foreigners and *Fortune* 500 companies) to catch two-time world champion steer roper Scott Snedecor's morning practice. Even though this cowboy's wearing a fleece pullover and a baseball cap—"Sorry we didn't dress up for you"—his choice in footwear is pure Texas, the aptly named roper. The boot features a short, flat heel for a quick and easy dismount (as opposed to a stacked "riding" heel, the better to keep one's feet firmly in the stirrups on long rides). When I tell Snedecor's father about my trip, he grins and lifts his jeans just enough to give me a flash of his spur-accented Luccheses.

I pull into Austin, the state capital, as the sun is setting, leaving the pink granite dome of the capitol aglow. Here at the Cloak Room, the preferred watering hole of lawmakers and lobbyists, suits with boots are de rigueur. During her four decades in public service, former U.S. senator Kay Bailey Hutchison amassed quite the collection. But it's a bold red-and-gold pair that perhaps made the biggest impression. Hutchison was standing onstage at the Black Tie & Boots Ball in 2001 to celebrate then president George W. Bush's victory, alongside then governor Rick Perry and U.S. senator Phil Gramm, when the quartet realized they shared the same boot maker, Houston's Rocky Carroll, and he just happened to be sitting front row. "We all lifted up our hems at the same time to show them off," Hutchison says, "and the next morning, we're in *Paris Match*!"

The style flip side of the capital city has a historically hippie influence, perhaps best embodied by the model Erin Wasson, who considers Austin a home away from her Irving, Texas, hometown. "I've always worn boots," Wasson says. "But I don't like them high, so I buy vintage and cut the tops off with scissors." If you're looking to re-create Wasson's trademark style, head to Big Bertha's Paradise, where owner Henry Tarin will have you outfitted in your own vintage boots in no time; the bedhead is up to you. (You can get that at Austin's Birds Barbershop.)

Despite having called London home for more than two decades, no one better proves the notion that you can take the girl out of Texas but never Texas out of the girl than supermodel Jerry Hall. "I spent every Friday and Saturday night at the rodeo admiring the bull riders testing their courage like ancient Greeks," Hall says. When British Airways recently launched a direct route from London to Austin, the campaign featured the 6' former Mrs. Jagger epitomizing the long, tall Texan in a curve-hugging platinum evening gown and red, white, and blue cowboy boots. Whatever look of the moment is parading down the runway, one thing is certain: True Texas style isn't a fad. The right pair of boots change the way you walk, make you stand a little taller, and imbue you with a little of that cowboy freedom. Who wouldn't want a piece of that?

"WESTERN CLOTHES ARE VERY SEXY ON A WOMAN," WYATT SAYS. "A TEXAS GIRL GROWS UP THINKING SHE CAN DO ANYTHING."



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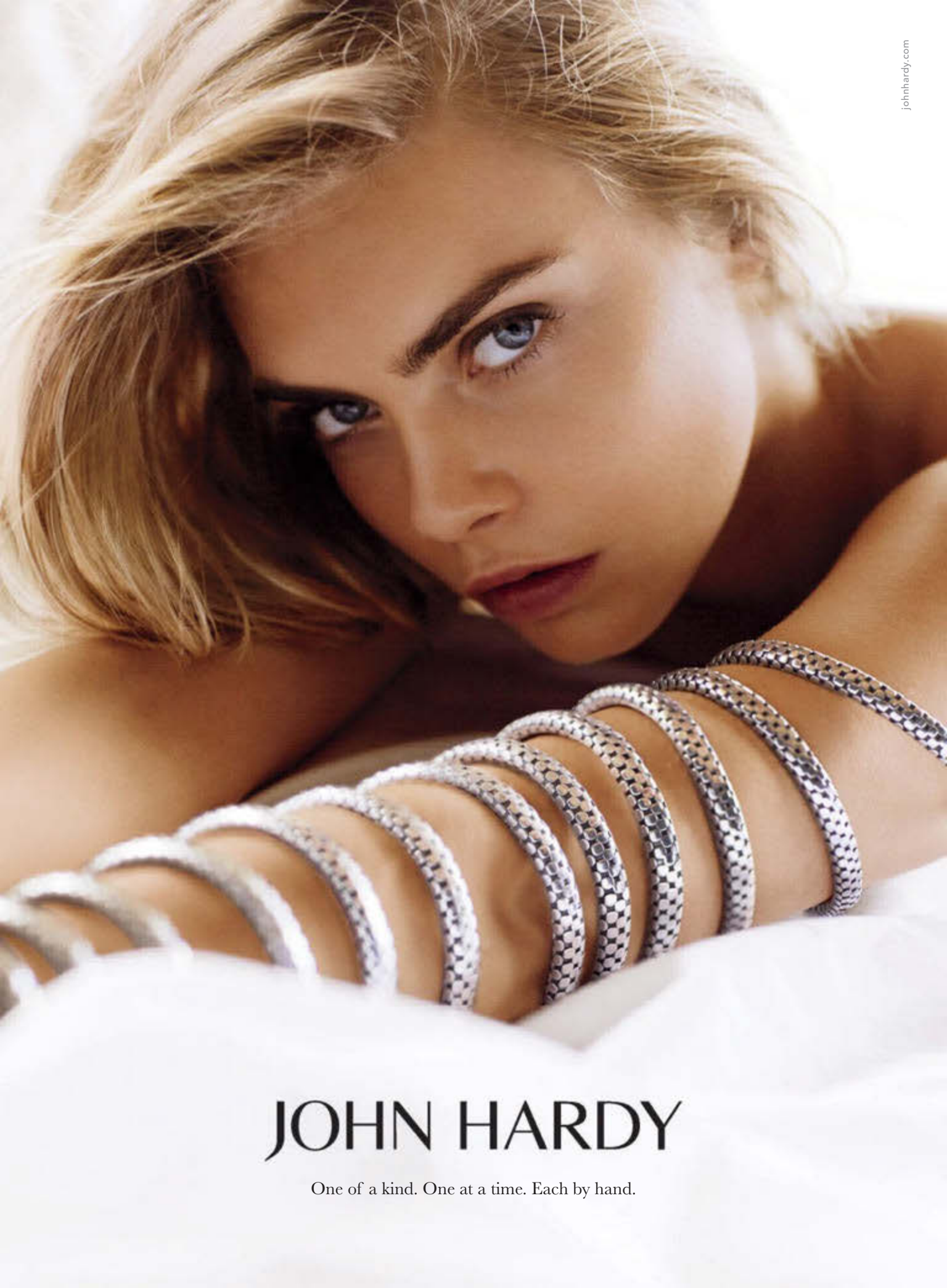
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FIRST LOOK

New York sleek meets London street in Burberry Prorsum's downtown-cool pre-fall 2015 collection

Photographed by OWEN BRUCE

Leather jacket with shearling collar, price on request, lace dress, $2,995, both, BURBERRY PRORSUM, *visit burberry.com.* ***Suede and velour boots,* CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.***

Styled by Yashua Simmons (Hair by Tamas Tuzes at L'Atelier NYC for Tigi; makeup by Justine Purdue at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Rieko Okusa for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; model: Agata Danilova at Elite New York)

BIKER GANG

Today's model corps has adopted the perfecto as its off-duty uniform—and made it chicer than ever



Embellished leather jacket, COACH, *$1,995, at select Coach stores nationwide*



Embroidered leather jacket, CHRISTOPHER KANE, *$4,140, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide*



Leather jacket, McQ ALEXANDER McQUEEN, *$1,250, visit mcq.com*

Maartje Verhoef

Jourdan Dunn

Kendall Jenner

Mica Arganaraz

Joan Smalls

Gigi Hadid

Alexandra Elizabeth Ljadov

DIESEL BLACK GOLD

Ljadov: Jason Lloyd-Evans; Hadid: Kristina Bumphrey/Startraksphoto.com; Smalls, Arganaraz, and Verhoef: Getty Images; Jenner: mp67/MediaPunch; Dunn: Runway Manhattan/PA Images; Coach jacket: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Gwen Lawrence for Mark Edward Inc.); Christopher Kane jacket and McQ Alexander McQueen jacket: Jeff Harris/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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Organza skirt, ASOS, *$140, visit asos.com*



Embroidered satin clutch, **VALENTINO GARAVANI,** ***$4,395, visit valentino.com***

Valentino Garavani clutch. Thakoon Addition top, and Sybarite ring: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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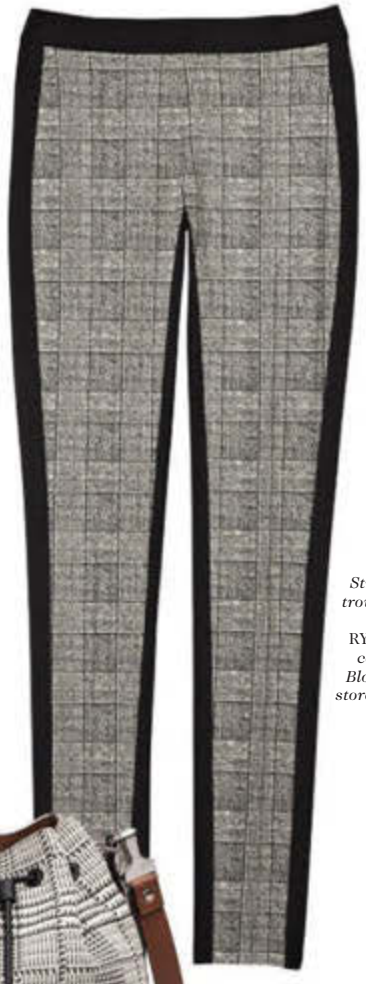
How to wear the new Prince of Wales plaid? Mix English heritage with a hint of hipster slouch



Stretch-cotton blazer, SONIA BY SONIA RYKIEL, *$580, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*



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Stretch-cotton trousers, SONIA BY SONIA RYKIEL, *$360, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*



ALEXANDER WANG

Printed canvas and leather bucket bag, PROENZA SCHOULER, *$1,890, visit proenzaschouler.com*



CARVEN



Patent leather flat, STUART WEITZMAN, *$425, visit stuartweitzman.com*



Sonia Rykiel blazer and trousers: Jeff Harris/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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TIME TO REFLECT

Jewels add sparkle head to toe, from the tip of a collar to the point of a stiletto



Crystal-embellished satin ankle boot, ROGER VIVIER, *$3,195, at Roger Vivier, NYC*



DOLCE & GABBANA



Crystal-embellished bomber jacket, MONCLER, *$1,995, visit moncler.com*



N°21

RALPH LAUREN



Crystal-adorned necklace, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$3,720, at Givenchy, Las Vegas*

PRADA

Cotton and raffia handbag, CA&LOU, *$815, collection at Ikram, Chicago*



Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Peter Michael Dills/Getty Images (Ralph Lauren); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide





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PRADA

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Sapphire, ruby, and gold earrings, GENEVIEVE JONES, *$2,200, collection at The Webster, Miami Beach*

Plaid and leather boot, GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,495, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com*

Mohair coat, SONIA BY SONIA RYKIEL, *$710, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*

MOTHER OF PEARL

DSQUARED²

Sonia Rykiel coat and Giuseppe Zanotti boot: Jeff Harris/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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ACCESSORIES



Crystal-adorned leather sandal, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$1,095, visit ysl.com*

STEP IT UP

Who says the last days of disco are behind us?

Metallic leather sandal, TOM FORD, *$1,690, at Tom Ford, Beverly Hills*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide



Patchwork denim and lambskin handbag, CHANEL, *price on request, at select Chanel boutiques nationwide*

Denim sunglasses, RAY-BAN, *$200, collection at sunglasshut.com*

Denim sandal, TABITHA SIMMONS, *$675, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*

Patchwork denim boot, LOUIS VUITTON, *price on request, call 866-VUITTON*

BLUE NOTE

Denim lends its laid-back vibe to hot heels, classic bags, and even a pair of shades

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

Don't miss our guide to rocking head-to-toe denim at ELLE.com/bluejeanbaby.



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CARDINAL DIRECTION

With its whispers of passion—and politics—red packs a powerful punch

Leather and snakeskin sandal, DOLCE & GABBANA, *$1,195, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide*

Python handbag, CHLOÉ, *$1,950, at Chloé boutiques nationwide*

Crocodile cross-body bag, MICHAEL KORS, *price on request, similar styles at select Michael Kors stores nationwide. Rose gold and diamond watch on embossed leather strap,* CARTIER, *price on request, call 800-CARTIER*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

Centuries before Christian Louboutin rebranded *rouge*, Chinese artisans were using the mineral cinnabar to color their shocking-red lacquerware.



Calfskin sandals, VALENTINO GARAVANI, *$1,195, at Valentino boutiques nationwide*

GARDEN OF WONDER

Cheeky bloom-bedecked accessories put some spring in your step

Printed leather handbag, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$1,850, at Saint Laurent, NYC*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

Every arrangement should look this chic: Find our guide to making perfectly undone floral bouquets in three easy steps at ELLE.com/cool-girl-flowers.



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SWEET TART

Delicate chain straps lend ever-so-subtle edge to prim pastel bags



Pearl-detail leather handbag, LANVIN, *$2,490, at Lanvin, NYC*

Leather handbag, MULBERRY, *$590, at Mulberry, NYC*

Patent leather handbag, ROGER VIVIER, *$2,395, at Roger Vivier, NYC*

Leather, patent leather, and elaphe handbag, JIMMY CHOO, *$1,795, at select Jimmy Choo boutiques nationwide*

Svend Lindbaek (Prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide

Craving more? We've got a bevy of sherbet-hued accessories at ELLE.com/sweet-pastels.


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EXTRA! EXTRA!

OLÉ!

For Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana, *la famiglia* is everything (as evidenced by their fave hashtag, #dgfamily). So it's only fitting that their Spanish-inspired spring collection—*milagros* and boleros galore!—includes a pair of red jacquard, carnation-embroidered Maryjanes, one of many pieces that will be rendered in miniature for fashion's tiniest followers. Just like mamma's!

Embroidered jacquard pump, handbag, childrens flat, all, DOLCE & GABBANA, *prices on request, at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide*



TIME WARP

After a wild night in 1967, one swinging Londoner mangled the face of his beloved Cartier watch. The Dalí-esque result inspired the fine jeweler's Crash timepiece. Look closely: Its latest iteration, the Crash Skeleton, features skeletonized bridges that form Roman numerals on its dial.

Diamond watch on alligator strap, CARTIER, *price on request, call 800-CARTIER*



HIGH AND MIGHTY

Admirers of Salvatore Ferragamo's iconic rainbow suede platform (created in 1938 for *The Wizard of Oz* star Judy Garland) can channel the look with the firm's towering spring 2015 canvas-wrapped sandal.

Museum archive leather and suede sandal, $2,600, lizard and canvas platform sandal, $1,690, SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, *at Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC*

Clockwise from top: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Gwen Lawrence for Mark Edward Inc.); courtesy of the designers (2); Laziz Hamani © Cartier; for details, see Shopping Guide


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Studded lambskin jacket, DIESEL BLACK GOLD, *$1,995, at Diesel Black Gold, NYC. Silk tank,* ALEXANDER WANG, *$895, at Alexander Wang, NYC. Gold and diamond choker, price on request, triple rectangle gold and diamond stud, $650, mini arrow gold and diamond stud, $1,050, all,* JENNIFER FISHER, *visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

BOULEVARD OF DREAMS

As a Southern California native, Jennifer Fisher has spent a fair amount of time stuck in traffic. Proving that even gridlock can inspire creativity, it was the center stripes of the city's freeways that paved the way for the designer's Highway choker, which was created exclusively for ELLE. Set in 14 karat yellow gold, the double rows of pavé diamonds mark a new direction for Fisher, who is aiming to add larger stones to her line of minimalist gold jewelry as well as a more affordable—yet equally glam—version of this Highway choker. The look is sure to stop traffic.

Photographed by Owen Bruce

Styled by Yashua Simmons (Hair by Kayla Michele at Streeters for Wella Professionals; makeup by Asami Matsuda at ArtList for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Yuko Tsuchihashi for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Stefanie Koenig for Zan Casting; model: Amanda Norgaard at IMG)

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FASHION NEWS



LONDON
Jewelry renegade Delfina Delettrez—maker of rings with enamel eyes and Dalí-esque lips—brings her unorthodox spirit to London's Mount Street shopping mecca with a new malachite-lined store (below) as surreal as her creations.
delfinadelettrez.com

NEW YORK
Coming soon to a music festival near you: unisex shades inspired by rock icons Jefferson Airplane and Iggy Pop, created by designers David Shabtai and Roi Ironi for their debut eyewear collection, Smoke x Mirrors.
smokexmirrors.com



LONDON
Awon Golding's whimsical headpieces—like this spiked visor—earned her a spot in 2015's "Headonism," the Stephen Jones–curated British Fashion Council showcase for up-and-coming millinery talent.
awongolding.com



ANTWERP
Annelies De Rouck, designer of print-loving swimwear brand Seilenna, revisited fond childhood memories of her mother's wooden-sole pool shoes to inspire a new iteration, dubbed the Claquette for the sound it makes when worn.
seilenna.com

NEW YORK
The documentary-filmmaking Maysles brothers certainly knew their way around a superannuated eccentric; this month, catch the late Albert Maysles' look at 93-year-old über-maximalist Iris Apfel—a subject whose style is matched only by her wit.
mayslesfilms.com





TOKYO
Japan's conceptual-fashion-loving power couple, Chitose and Junichi Abe, have two labels between them—hers, Sacai, and his, Kolor (above). This month, Chitose offers an in-depth look at her out-of-the-box approach to garment construction in *Sacai: A to Z* (Rizzoli).
sacai.jp; kolor.jp

Delettrez: Kristy Sparow/WireImage/Getty Images; Apfel: Bruce Weber; interior: Mark Cocksedge (architect: Rafael de Cárdenas); remaining images: courtesy of the designers



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GLEAMING THE CUBE

A new grad spins her dislikes into a sold-out debut—and it all started with a Rubik's Cube. By Noah Silverstein



Li



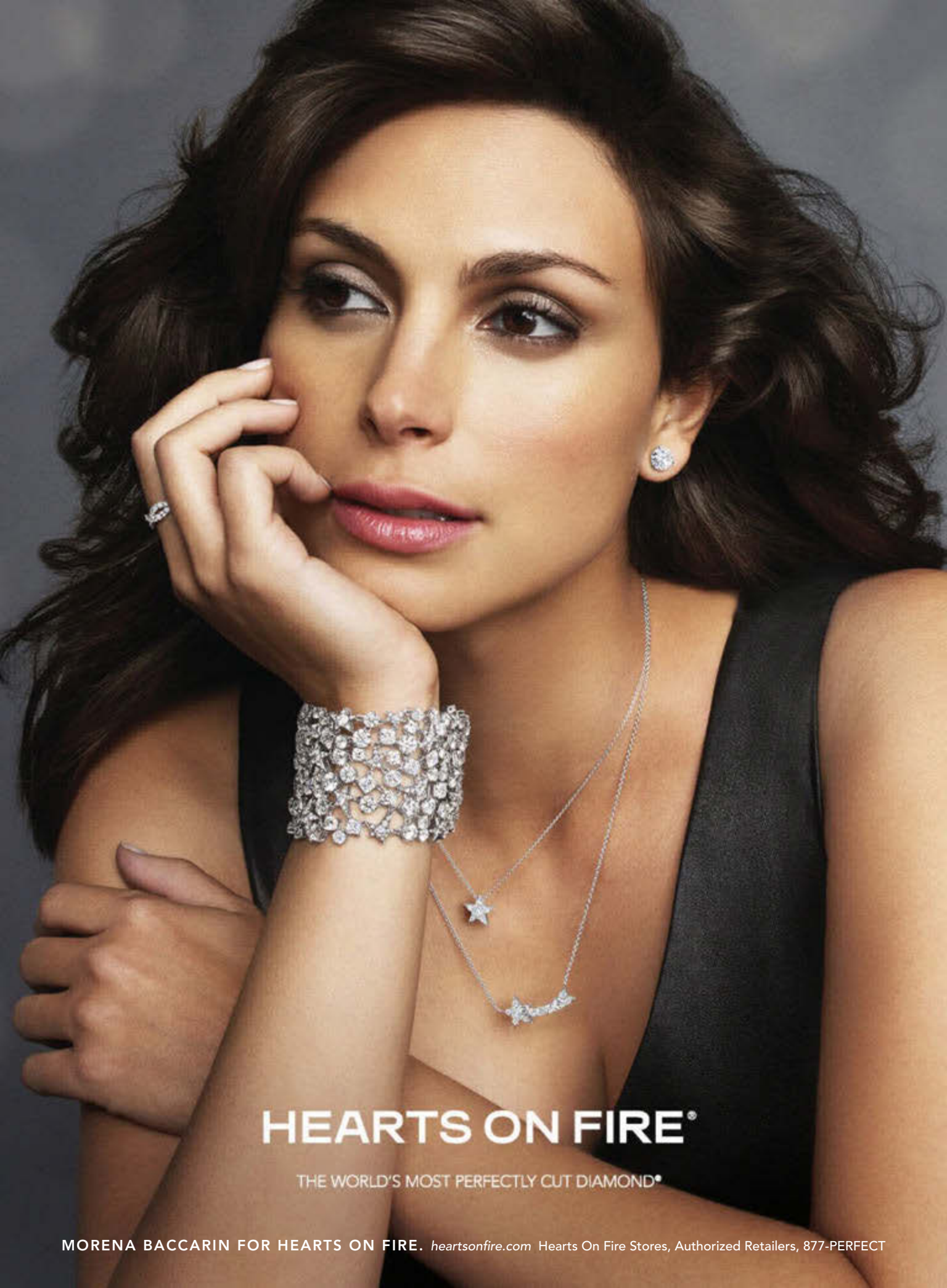
Looks from Li's graduate collection

its repetitive curves, to giant bows. She then pasted these in small squares on a Rubik's Cube that she scrambled to get random combinations.

NAME: Andrea Jiapei Li
AGE: 25
PROVENANCE: Beijing, China
CURRICULUM VITAE: After a fortuitous meeting with a dean from Parsons The New School for Design—who was in Beijing serving as a judge on the Chinese answer to *Project Runway*, in which Li participated—Li traveled around the world to pursue her MFA in New York City. While in school, she also honed her design technique interning for Edun and 3.1 Phillip Lim.

ANDREA IN WONDERLAND: Li favors clean, minimalist designs, but her professors suggested channeling the antithesis of that aesthetic to jump-start her graduate collection. "The faculty had always told us to find our identity," recalls Li. "For my final project they said, 'You can use another way to define yourself: the person you are not.'"
CUT AND PASTE: The designer sourced images and design elements that repelled her—from Zaha Hadid's parametric architecture, with Li emblazoned several of her finished pieces with such phrases as "You Find What I Am" and "I Try To Find Myself" and reworked '60s-inspired full-skirted dresses and wide-legged trousers—retro silhouettes she also found displeasing—in hypermodern fabrics such as cushionlike space mesh and neoprene. The juxtaposition resulted in sporty, supersize women's wear staples with eccentric twists.
NEW GUARD: Following Parsons' MFA graduate show during New York Fashion Week last September, Li got an e-mail from Dover Street Market New York. The conceptual retail outlet, founded by Comme des Garçons designer Rei Kawakubo and renowned as a hotbed for up-and-coming talent, requested to buy her entire collection—a rare coup for student designers, which puts Li in an elite club with the likes of Parsons alums Marc Jacobs and Proenza Schouler's Lazaro Hernandez and Jack McCollough. "When I see the pieces on hangers, I think maybe it's not so crazy," says the designer. Customers seem to agree: Her backless macramé halter top fashioned from strips of space mesh quickly sold out.
PRICES: From $720 for a mesh crewneck top to $1,455 for a space mesh tunic
WHERE TO BUY: Dover Street Market in New York City ●

Portrait: Weishi Li; remaining images: courtesy of the designer


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INJEANUITY

A new generation of designers are taking denim to hypercrafted heights. By Alison S. Cohn



A look from the fall/winter 2015 69 collection

When former Net-a-Porter buyer Katie Green decided to launch her denim line, Kéji, she knew she'd be entering a crowded market space dominated by powerhouses like Frame, J Brand, and Acne. Still, she saw an opportunity. "Denim has been really pigeonholed as the stretch skinny jean," Green says. Instead, the Hong Kong native—who apprenticed in bespoke tailoring on Savile Row—took this everyday material back to its heritage, looking to 1800s workwear and the WWII-era American sportswear designs of Claire McCardell. Green also drew inspiration from the sharp lines of *shunga*, Japanese erotic woodblock prints that have been produced for centuries, to create an 11-piece capsule collection of crisp cigarette pants, A-line dresses, and round-shoulder jackets in heavyweight Japanese denim, which she debuted during the fall/winter 2015 collections at London Fashion Week in February. "It was a really interesting challenge to see how far I could push the fabric," Green says, "and take it back to where it was before it became this ubiquitous thing."

Green certainly isn't alone in her desire to bring a spirit of craftsmanship and hyper-refined process to standby denim pieces; not one but two of this year's 26 short-listed designers for the LVMH Young Fashion Designer Prize work all but exclusively with the sturdy stuff. "Denim is something you own for ages, and it transforms with you and changes and gets a bit frayed," says Marta Marques, one half—along with partner Paulo Almeida—of the London-based Portuguese design duo Marques' Almeida, which has built a covetable uniform of studiously hand-frayed denim T-shirts, collarless jean jackets, and boyfriend jeans inspired by the grunge attitude of Corinne Day's '90s shoots with Kate Moss for *i-D* and *The Face*.

Fellow Central Saint Martins alumna Faustine Steinmetz uses artisanal techniques to replicate mass-produced garments. The Paris-born designer hand-dyes yarn using natural indigo, then weaves it on large wooden floor looms in her East London studio. She uses traditional Japanese pleating techniques, hand-knotting the fabric into intricate shapes, before finally steaming it.



A look from the fall/winter 2015 Kéji collection

Back in Manhattan during February's New York Fashion Week, the anonymous mystery designer behind 69, the Los Angeles–based "nondemographic" denim brand, staged a happening at the art gallery Gavin Brown's Enterprise in which 45 friends from the worlds of art, fashion, and music wore such pieces as a 20-foot-long knit denim scarf that stretched traditional definitions of clothing. "We didn't have enough pants, but it was fine," the designer reports via e-mail. "A lot of the models ended up wearing their own—and everyone wore jeans."



A look from the spring/summer 2015 Faustine Steinmetz collection



Looks from the spring/summer 2015 Marques' Almeida collection

Clockwise from top left: Christine Hahn; James Naylor; Rory Van Millingen (3); Ruth Hogben



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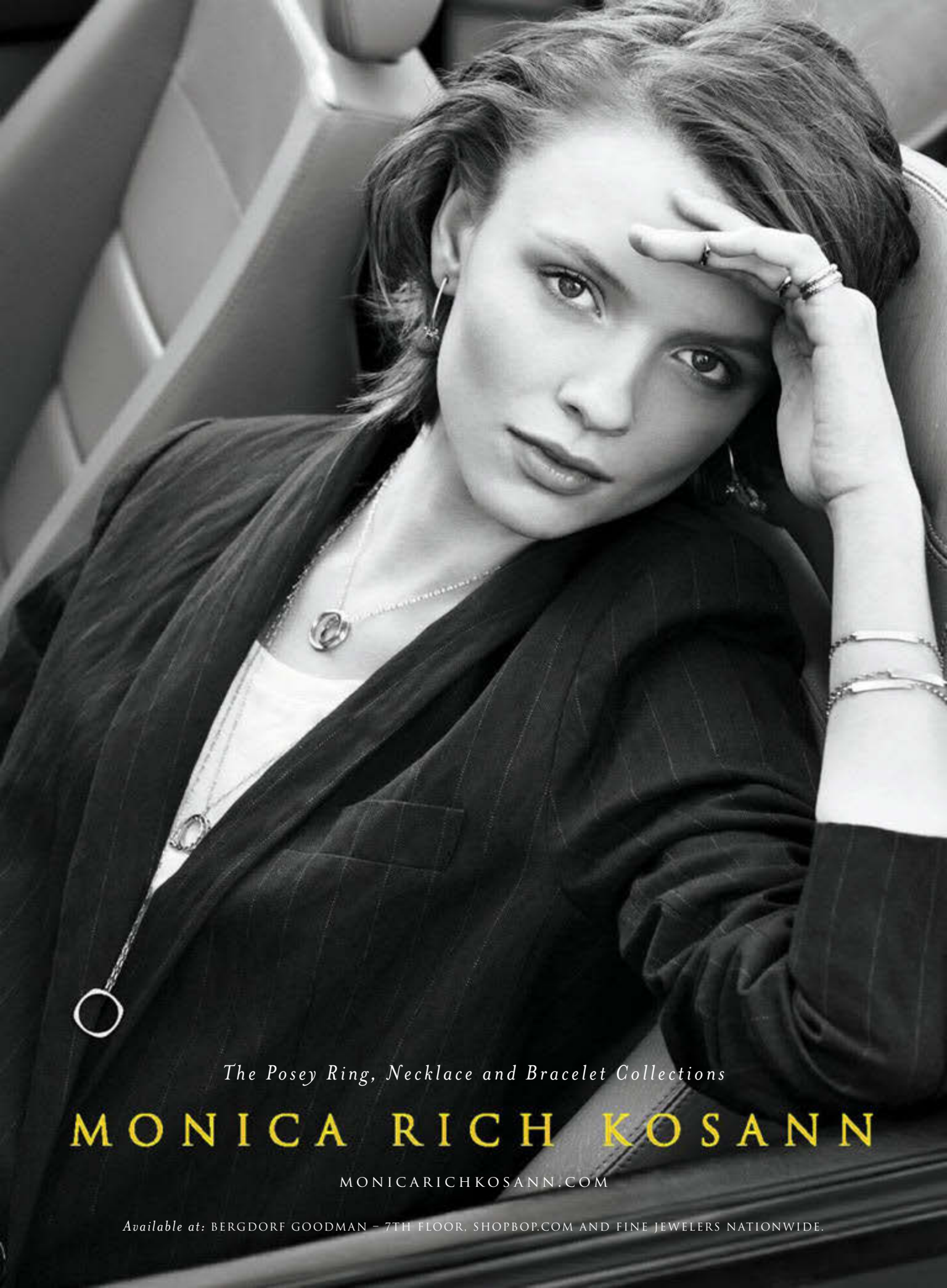
Is there a secret to mastering the gym-to-office transition? Payal Kadakia, co-founder and CEO of fitness start-up ClassPass, assures us that staying chic post-workout is no sweat.
By Noah Silverstein

Noticing a distinct monotony in her workout routine, Payal Kadakia, 32, launched New York–based ClassPass, which allows members to sign up online for a variety of classes at local studios and gyms, including Barry's Bootcamp and cycling favorite Flywheel, for a bargain flat rate ($79–$99, depending on location). "It's a commitment to wanting to change your life and actually get to classes," says the New Jersey–born Kadakia, who received her bachelor's in economics from MIT and worked for Warner Music Group and consulting firm Bain & Company before decamping to become an entrepreneur. Now, only two years after it launched, ClassPass has expanded to 28 cities across the country and internationally to London, with plans to hit Berlin later this year.

An avid dancer since age three, Kadakia describes her personal style as "flexible," opting for easy yet chic separates, like a long, flowing black-and-white Rag & Bone blouse that allows her to transition from trial classes at prospective studios to investor meetings. "I've figured out a way to make my own fitness style business-savvy. I think it works."

Silk twill shirt, ALTUZARRA, *$995. Cotton and elastane jeans,* AMO DENIM, *$251. Gold and diamond cuff,* MATEO NEW YORK, *$2,500. Gold and emerald bracelet,* FINN, *$3,250. Gold signet ring,* ARIEL GORDON, *$995. Suede pumps,* GIANVITO ROSSI, *$750. Stylist's own belt.*

Dustin Aksland (Styled by Yoshua Simmons; hair by Helen Reavey for Bryan Bantry Agency for Oribe Hair Care; makeup by Dillon Peña for Charlotte Tilbury Beauty); for details, see Shopping Guide


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Kadakia at ClassPass Manhattan headquarters

As ClassPass prepares to launch its very own social network where members can share class schedules—"I think it's helpful to [work out] with other people. People want to connect"—Kadakia is constantly on the go and glued to her devices. "I always carry a makeup bag full of chargers and a portable hotspot. I also use my Fitbit to track my daily activity," she adds, citing Instagram as her favorite sharing app. "It celebrates life. One of our social campaigns is 'Pass the Happy.'"

Denim shirt, AG, *$158. Cotton and elastane jeans,* AMO DENIM, *$251. Calfskin belt,* MAISON BOINET, *$150. Gold and emerald earrings, $1,220, bracelet, $3,250, all,* FINN. *Gold and diamond bangle, $1,835, gold and pavé diamond bangle, price on request, both,* JEMMA WYNNE. *Gold vermeil bangle,* JENNIFER ZEUNER JEWELRY, *$198. Gold signet ring,* ARIEL GORDON, *$995. Gold-plated brass and pavé crystal ring,* VITA FEDE, *$325. Suede pumps,* JIMMY CHOO, *$595. Her own ring.*



Kadakia stepping out for the evening

After running to meetings all day, Kadakia dresses up her über-functional uniform with a peplum leather jacket from New York boutique Pinkyotto. "I throw it over my workout clothes and look like I'm ready to go out," she says. Standing at just 5'1", she relies on crop tops to help balance her small stature. "I also tend to wear my leggings over my heels, like a barre [ballet] dancer. It makes my legs look longer, and then I don't have to get the leggings hemmed."

Calfskin jacket, MAIYET, *$2,395. Silk blouse,* RED VALENTINO, *$495. Cotton-blend pants,* 7 FOR ALL MANKIND, *$178. Leather belt,* MICHAEL KORS, *price on request. Rose gold–plated brass, pavé crystal, and black pearl earrings, $775, gold-plated brass and pavé crystal ring, $325, all,* VITA FEDE. *White gold, green tourmaline, morganite, and pavé diamond necklace,* SUZANNE FELSEN, *$3,100. Suede handbag,* ROGER VIVIER, *$3,350. Suede pumps,* GIANVITO ROSSI, *$750. Her own ring.*



At Exhale Mind Body Spa, one of Kadakia's favorite ClassPass studios

When freshening up post-workout, Kadakia swears by two beauty essentials: first, Perk Up dry shampoo from Amika. "It's been completely transformational. People are like, 'Wait, you worked out?'" Second, makeup wipes. "They make me feel fresh after a class." Kadakia favors Lululemon sports bras and separates from emerging British brand Sweaty Betty.

Neoprene top, JONATHAN SIMKHAI, *$375. Stretch-cotton leggings,* LULULEMON, *$88. Gold and emerald earrings,* FINN, *$1,220. Gold and diamond cuff,* MATEO NEW YORK, *$2,500.*

Dustin Aksland (Right: location courtesy of exhale Flatiron); for details, see Shopping Guide


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READY OR NOT!

After seemingly endless days of coats and boots, there's nothing quite like slipping into a couple of ounces of Lycra, strapping on some sandals, and calling yourself dressed. In anticipation of those hot, heady summer days, we've combed the swimwear seas in search of suits that satisfy every type—aesthetic and body—from bold-hued bikinis and über-sexy maillots to beachy tropical prints and sleek monochrome basics. Whether your vacation destination necessitates East Coast prep or West Coast cool, we've got you (somewhat) covered. All you need now is SPF!

Polyamide and spandex bandeau top, $220, bottom, $205, both, ERES, *call 888-656-ERES*

David Burton

BACK TO CALI

Punchy boardwalk extras and edgy urban suits keep the Best Coast forever cool



Sunglasses, THIERRY LASRY, *$450, visit thierrylasry.com*





Neoprene bikini, MIKOH, *$275, visit mikoh.com*



Polyamide, elastane, and mesh rash guard, BETH RICHARDS, *$160, visit bethrichards.com*



Leather fringe clutch, PROENZA SCHOULER, *$1,990, visit proenzaschouler.com*



Rose gold, diamond, pink sapphire, and tsavorite necklace, MARLO LAZ, *$1,914, visit marlolaz.com*



Printed swimsuit, PROENZA SCHOULER, *$410, at Proenza Schouler, NYC*



TOMMY HILFIGER



Leather backpack, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, *$580, at Zadig & Voltaire boutiques nationwide*



Nylon and spandex bikini top, $80, bottom, $82, both, MANDALYNN, *visit mandalynnswim.com*



Runway: Imaxtree.com; Venice Beach, CA: Rob Atkins/Getty Images; Beth Richards rash guard, Proenza Schouler swimsuit, and Mikoh bikini: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Mandalynn top and bottom: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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1 SPORTY



Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, FLAGPOLE SWIM, *$378, visit flagpoleswim.com*



Nylon and spandex swimsuit, KORE SWIM, *$246, visit korewear.com*



Lycra swimsuit, BAJA EAST, *$495, collection at maxfieldla.com*



Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, ARAKS, *$350, visit araks.com*



BAJA EAST

2 SEXY



Nylon and spandex swimsuit, MARA HOFFMAN, *$210, visit marahoffman.com*



VERSUS VERSACE



Nylon and Lycra swimsuit, TORY BURCH, *$195, visit toryburch.com*



Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, JO DE MER, *$275, collection at nancymeyer.com*



Nylon and elastane swimsuit, LA PERLA, *$768, at La Perla boutiques nationwide*

3 SWEET



Embroidered eyelet swimsuit, MICHAEL KORS, *$358, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide*



Nylon and spandex swimsuit, DAR BE DAR BY TALA RAASSI, *$154, visit darbedar.net*



Elastane-blend swimsuit, WILDFOX, *$143, visit wildfox.com*



ZIMMERMANN



Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, M MISSONI, *$295, at M Missoni, NYC*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Flagpole Swim swimsuit, Kore Swim swimsuit, Baja East swimsuit, Araks swimsuit, Mara Hoffman swimsuit, Tory Burch swimsuit, Jo De Mer swimsuit, La Perla swimsuit, and Michael Kors swimsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Dar Be Dar By Tala Raassi swimsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); Wildfox swimsuit: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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TAKE TWO

Summer's best bikinis play it sexy and chic in hot-off-the-runway prints and happy hues

1 GRAPHIC



Nylon-and-spandex-blend bandeau top, $95, bottom, $75, both, BEACH RIOT, *visit beachriot.com*



Nylon and spandex bikini top, $135, bottom, $135, both, MADE BY DAWN, *collection at needsupply.com*



Nylon and spandex bikini top, $33, bottom, $23, both, VICTORIA'S SECRET, *visit victoriassecret.com*



Nylon and spandex bikini top, $43, bottom, $43, both, CYNTHIA ROWLEY, *at Cynthia Rowley, NYC*



CUSHNIE ET OCHS

2 COLOR MIX



Polyamide and elastane bikini top, $95, bottom, $85, both, MI OLA, *visit mi-ola.com*



Nylon and spandex bikini top, $50, bottom, $48, both, LUCKY BRAND, *collection at everythingbutwater.com*



DSQUARED²



Polyamide and elastane bikini top, $178, bottom, $170, both, FLAGPOLE SWIM, *visit flagpoleswim.com*



Spandex-blend bikini top, $50, nylon and elastane bottom, $40, both, NASTY GAL, *similar styles at nastygal.com*

3 RETRO FLORAL



Nylon and elastane bandeau top, $46, bottom, $50, both, VOLCOM, *visit volcom.com*



MICHAEL KORS



Nylon and spandex bikini, ACACIA, *$234, collection at ishine365.com*



Printed-mesh bandeau top, $130, bottom, $75, both, ZIMMERMANN, *visit zimmermannwear.com*



Spandex-blend bandeau top, $96, bottom, $92, both, ZINKE, *visit shopzinke.com*

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Beach Riot top and bottom, Made by Dawn top and bottom, Victoria's Secret top and bottom, Mi Ola top and bottom, Lucky Brand top and bottom, Flagpole Swim top and bottom, Nasty Gal top and bottom, Acacia bikini, and Zimmermann top and bottom: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Volcom top and bottom: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); Zinke top and bottom: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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Cotton top, MICHAEL STARS, *$128, visit michaelstars.com*



Sunglasses, CRAP EYEWEAR, *$56, visit crapeyewear.com*



Printed bikini top, $18, bottom, $10, both, H&M, *visit hm.com*





Hyannis, MA



Nylon and spandex swimsuit, DKNY, *$114, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide*

Rattan and calfskin handbag, MARK CROSS, *$2,495, collection at matchesfashion.com*





LISA MARIE FERNANDEZ



Nylon and spandex swimsuit, CALVIN KLEIN, *$118, collection at Lord & Taylor stores nationwide*

Leather espadrille, COLE HAAN, *$128, at Cole Haan stores nationwide*





Cotton tote, H&M STUDIO, *$99, at select H&M stores nationwide*



Polyamide and elastane bandeau top, $49, bottom, $49, both, GUESS, *visit guess.com*



Hyannis, MA: Jerry Moorman/Getty Images; H&M top and bottom, Calvin Klein swimsuit, and DKNY swimsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Guess top and bottom: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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ALIA AHMED-YAHIA, Style Correspondent for ELLE, is our go-to girl for the latest in warm-weather fashion, beauty, and festive activities. She also knows the importance of taking care of her skin – especially her face. Therefore, she is never without her must-have summer essential, **Hawaiian Tropic® Silk Hydration SPF 30 Face Lotion Sunscreen**.

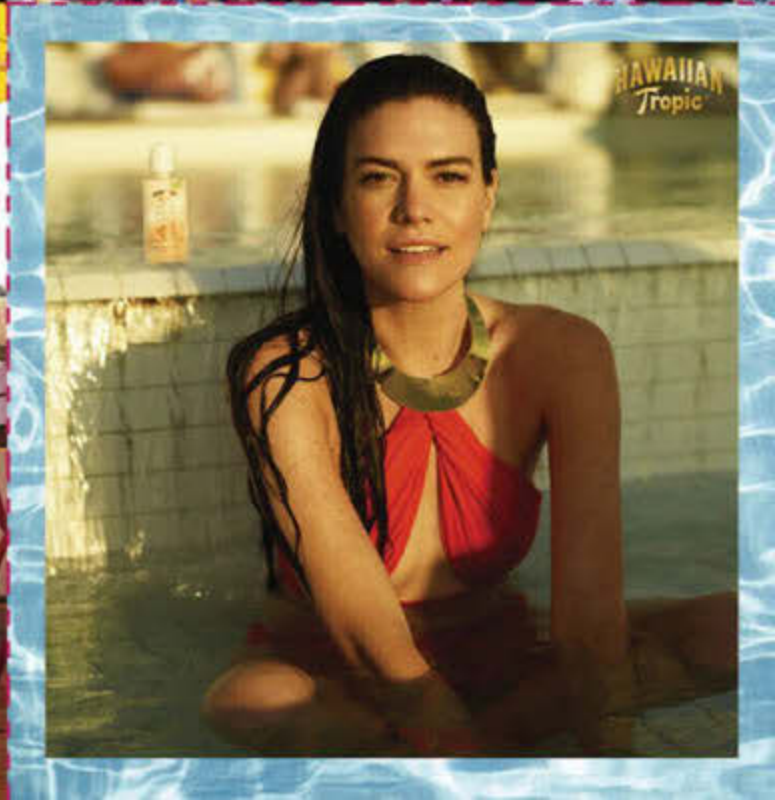
See below and turn the page to see four of Alia's favorite summer escapes and her must-have style and beauty regimen suited for each occasion.











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STATS: Style Correspondent for ELLE
PERSONAL STYLE: Chic and classic

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The Escape:
PICTURE PERFECT

Seeing the world from behind the camera is one of the best views around. Taking photos of everyday life, special vacations, or just snapping a great selfie make me feel fabulous.

FASHION I am lucky that I get to spend a lot of my life in front of the camera trying out different looks for my lifestyle blog, The Style Scout. But my style remains constant: always full of bright colors and exotic finds.

BEAUTY When I turn the camera on myself, I want to make sure I look my absolute best, and **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SILK HYDRATION SPF 30 FACE LOTION SUNSCREEN** helps me do that in more ways than one. It protects and moisturizes, and its light, oil-free formula doesn't clog my pores, keeping me feeling fresh-faced.



LIFESTYLE Taking a great selfie is not only a great skill to have, but it's really fun! The best selfies are the ones that don't take themselves too seriously.

The Escape:
PAMPER YOURSELF

When the weather turns warm, there is nothing that can keep me indoors, not even getting a good mani & pedi. Plus, the sun is the perfect polish dryer.

FASHION A colorful jumpsuit is my favorite fashion secret weapon. They are ultra comfortable, yet stylish at the same time. Plus, I can dress it up or down to fit my mood.

BEAUTY Nothing makes me feel more feminine than having a fresh coat of deep-red shine on my fingers and toes. And when I want some added indulgence, I apply a second layer of **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SILK HYDRATION SPF 30 FACE LOTION SUNSCREEN** – its tropical scent and exotic island botanicals makes me feel like I've been to the spa.



LIFESTYLE The moral of this stylish story is that being outside makes everything better.

The Escape:
POOL-PROOF STYLE

It's not really summer until I've been in the water. I could swim all day – but unfortunately, I can't scout all of my shoots from a pool.

FASHION A bathing suit and choker in one is a fashion-packed look because you can easily take it from beach to street just by adding shorts for a chic lunch date.

BEAUTY When you're in the water, your face is even more exposed to the sun. My protective partner is always **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SILK HYDRATION SPF 30 FACE LOTION SUNSCREEN**.



LIFESTYLE Being pool-side is not always an option; try stashing an inspirational vacation pic on your phone that will instantly transport you to a sunnier place.

The Escape:
HOSTING AN AL FRESCO LUNCH

During the warmer months, I crave eating outside. Dining in the fresh air is the perfect way to start the season, and to take a little break from my busy everyday life.

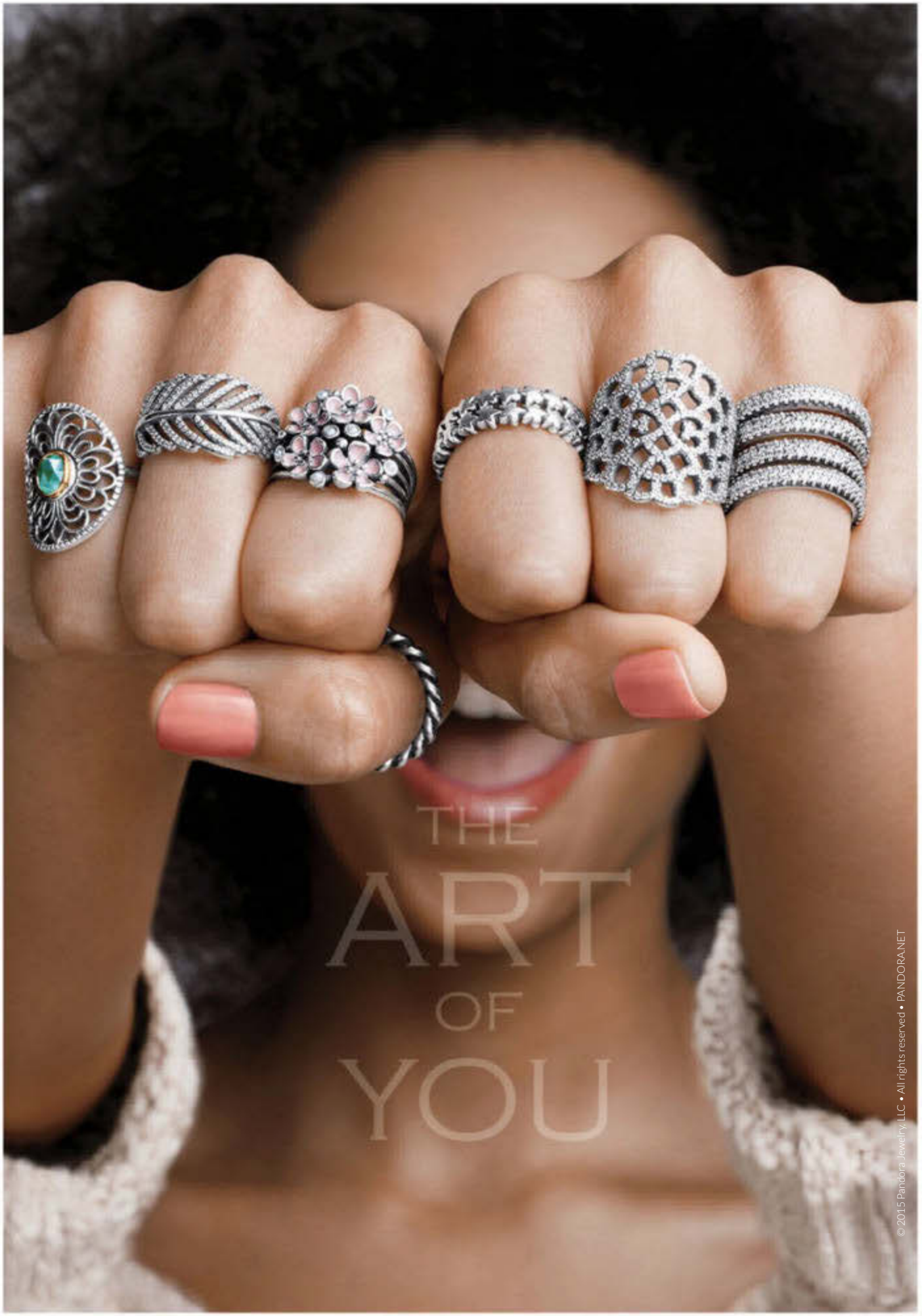
FASHION After a long winter of wearing heavy jackets and lots of layers, I can't wait to break out my resort wear. Bold print and patterned rompers complement beach-ready skin.

BEAUTY I always make sure my face is protected from damaging UV rays with **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SILK HYDRATION SPF 30 FACE LOTION SUNSCREEN**. Not only does it protect my skin from harmful rays, but its hydrating feel keeps my face moisturized for up to twelve hours.



LIFESTYLE My main tip for creating a really special al fresco lunch is to pull in seasonal elements in both the food and the décor, plus dining outside makes any meal truly momentous.


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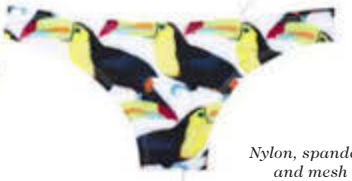




Sisal tote, J.CREW, $115, visit jcrew.com



Spandex-blend bikini top, $82, bottom, $65, both, VELVET SPHYNX, visit velvetsphynx.com





Leather and rubber sandal, MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS, $125, similar styles at select Michael Kors stores nationwide





Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, JO DE MER, $370, collection at shopbop.com

Spandex-blend bikini top, $160, bottom, $115, both, KIINI, collection at everythingbutwater.com



Sunglasses, DITA, $445, visit dita.com



Sunglasses, ADAM SELMAN x LE SPECS, $119, collection at Opening Ceremony, NYC





Nylon, spandex, and mesh swimsuit, KORE SWIM, $262, visit korewear.com



Polyamide and elastane bikini top, $195, bottom, $110, both, ARAKS, visit araks.com



Canvas and leather sandal, JASON WU, $795, visit jasonwustudio.com





Apple watch with sport band, APPLE, starting at $349, visit apple.com



Elastane-blend bikini top, $70, bottom, $60, both, ADIDAS BY STELLA McCARTNEY, visit adidas.com





Cocos Island, Seychelles: Getty Images/Moment RF; swimsuits (6): Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Solemo for BJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; The Sarojin Resort, Khao Lak, Thailand: Philip Koscher/courtesy Sarojin Hotel; for details, see Shopping Guide



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Love,

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MAKING A SPLASH

Three emerging swimwear labels take their innovative designs to the deep end

1

ROCHELLE SARA

A Florida-reared former competitive swimmer and fashion publicist, Rochelle Sara launched her eponymous brand for pre-fall 2015, utilizing her background in the pool and the industry to source high-tech water-repellent woven fabrics normally used in the competitive swimming world.



Woven bikini top, $198, bottom, $118, both, ROCHELLE SARA, *visit rochellesara.com*



Seersucker bikini top, $198, bottom, $118, both, ROCHELLE SARA, *visit rochellesara.com*





Woven bikini top, $190, bottom, $118, both, ROCHELLE SARA, *visit rochellesara.com*

2

BANTU WAX

Inspired by the youth surf culture along West Africa's coast, Dakar-based Yodit Eklund introduced swim brand Bantu Wax in 2009. Featuring local artisan techniques and indigenous prints, it's perfect beachwear for the globe-hopping gypset.



Polyamide-and-elastane-blend swimsuit, BANTU WAX, *$185, visit bantuwax.com*





Polyamide and elastane bandeau bikini, BANTU WAX, *$165, visit bantuwax.com*





Polyamide and elastane bikini, BANTU WAX, *$165, visit bantuwax.com*

3

WARD WHILLAS

New York–based Aussies Rosie Ward Densen and Alicia Whillas pooled their collective design experience at Marc Jacobs and The Row to launch made-in-the-USA suits that are both seamless and reversible for sleeker, more versatile wear.



Nylon and elastane reversible swimsuit, WARDWHILLAS, *$295, collection at net-a-porter.com*



Nylon and elastane reversible swimsuit, WARDWHILLAS, *$325, visit wardwhillas.com*





Nylon and elastane reversible bikini top, $220, bottom, $150, both, WARDWHILLAS, *visit wardwhillas.com*

Bantu Wax swimsuits (2) and Wardwhillas swimsuits (2): Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Rochelle Sara swimsuits (2) and Wardwhillas swimsuit (1): Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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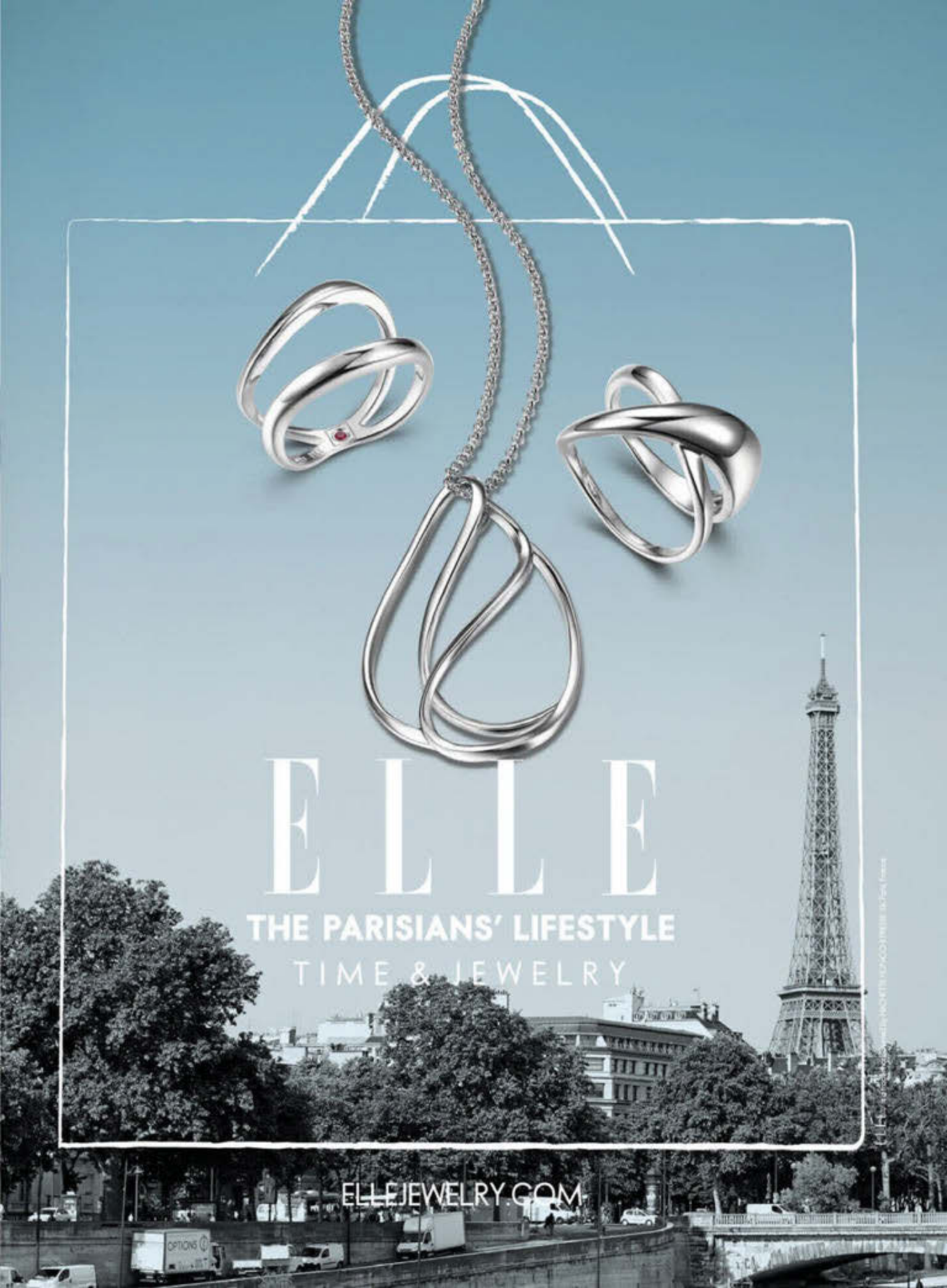
BUSY BEE
The almond-oil-infused **Head & Shoulders 2-in-1 Shampoo + Conditioner** is clinically proven to help restore scalp's natural moisture.



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1 BOHEMIAN



Puka-shell-embellished leather sandal, ISABEL MARANT, *$1,165, at Isabel Marant, L.A.*



Cotton-blend tunic, LEMLEM, *$198, visit lemlem.com*



Gold, amber tourmaline, diamond, black and white pearl, emerald, sapphire, ruby, stone, and turquoise earrings, INEZ AND VINOODH, *price on request, collection at prettymucheverything.com*



Handwoven straw tote, $230, SENSI STUDIO, *to special order at Greg Mills Ltd., NYC*

2 MINIMALIST



Like the LBD, this sexy yet sophisticated one-piece provides the ideal canvas to make your style statement heard.

Lycra swimsuit, TOMAS MAIER, *$235, at Tomas Maier, NYC*



Cotton canvas handbag, CÉLINE, *$1,450, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide*



Embellished sunglasses, CHANEL, *$800, at Chanel boutiques nationwide*



Straw hat, MAISON MICHEL, *$508, visit michel-paris.com*



Aluminum bicycle, PURE CITY, *$399, visit purecitycycles.com*

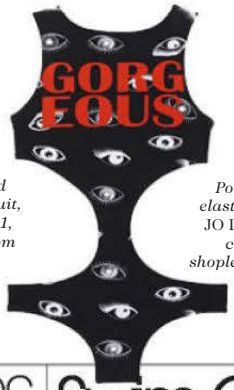


Leather sandal, NEWBARK, *$355, visit newbark.com*

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Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, WILDFOX, *$121, visit wildfox.com*



Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, JO DE MER, *$370, collection at shoplesnouvelles.com*



Nylon and Lycra swimsuit, KARLA COLLETTO x DESIGN ARMY, *$202, collection at everythingbutwater.com*



Crystal-embellished polyamide and elastane swimsuit, FILLES À PAPA, *$295, visit fillesapapa.com*

Thomas Maier swimsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Barbara Eisen for RJ Bennett Represents); Filles à Papa swimsuit: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Wildfox swimsuit, Jo De Mer swimsuit, and Karla Colletto x Design Army swimsuit: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



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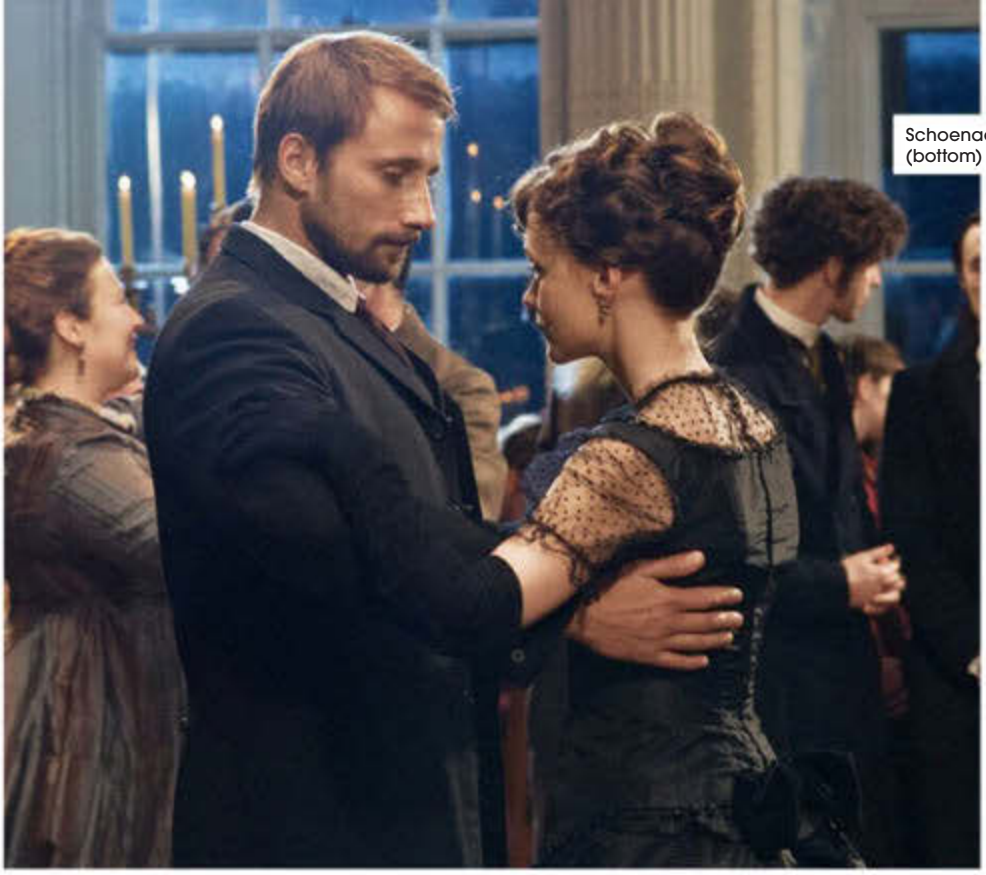
MAD WOMAN

It may have taken 30 years for the next *Mad Max*, but watch *Fury Road* and you'll fall for Courtney Eaton instantly. By Julie Vadnal

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAJ JAMAI

When the first *Mad Max* hit theaters in 1979 and turned Mel Gibson into an international sex symbol, Courtney Eaton was negative 17 years old. But in this month's *Mad Max: Fury Road* (the fourth in the franchise, now Max-ed by Tom Hardy), the Australian model turned actress will be a positive 19 years old, playing the youngest of five rag-clad wives under the protection of a buzz-cut, badass Charlize Theron in the postapocalyptic desert. "We have to escape a warlord so he can't produce an heir," says Eaton of the rich, visually stunning *Fury Road*. "It's a harsh world. But it was so realistic [on set] that we all naturally fell into it." Though the sister-wives harem includes famous faces like Abbey Lee, Zoë Kravitz, Riley Keough, and Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, it was the unknown Eaton's youthful willingness to try anything—coupled with those Teigen-like cheekbones—that caught original *Max* director George Miller's attention during casting—and has held it. "I'd say, 'Action!' and it was an instant switch into the performance," says Miller. "Then I'd say, 'Cut!' and she'd be smiling and laughing with the other actors. It's a way to stay relaxed in arduous circumstances. I first noticed it back with Mel, and now with Charlize. Courtney's got that, and it's quite freakish."

Styled by Sarah Schussheim (Hair by Christian Wood at The Wall Group for Toni & Guy Hair Meet Wardrobe; makeup by Fiona Stiles at The Wall Group for Lancôme; manicure by Stephanie Stone at Nailing Hollywood for Chanel Le Vernis). Eaton wears: Jonathan Simkhai jumpsuit and Hirotaka earrings. For details, see Shopping Guide



Schoenaerts and Mulligan; (bottom) Mulligan and Sheen

MIND OVER MANNERS

British national treasure Carey Mulligan has a ball doing right by a cinematically neglected compatriot—Thomas Hardy. By Ben Dickinson

Jane Austen's six novels have given rise to endless film adaptations, but the works of Thomas Hardy, that other great bard of the collision of female passions with the Victorian social order, have yielded few cinematic takes indeed. In fact, only Roman Polanski's 1979 film starring Nastassja Kinski, *Tess* (she *of the D'Urbervilles*), has really held up. The sole previous major effort—a 1967 version of Hardy's 1874 triumph, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, by director John Schlesinger—mired a cast that included Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates in a meandering, now-forgotten spectacle.

This month Hardy's legacy is redeemed, and then some, by a thrilling, energized new take on *Far from the Madding Crowd* starring Carey Mulligan. Hardy's Wessex (a thinly fictionalized southwest England encompassing his native Dorsetshire) is a preindustrial, rural idyll not much changed, perhaps, since the Elizabethan era—a timeless emerald-green world of sheep and cows, rolling hills, small villages, and circumscribed lives. It's in this insular milieu that Mulligan's Bathsheba Everdene—a free-spirited orphan who, thanks to the last bequest of a benevolent uncle, suddenly becomes the young proprietress of a large farm—is wooed by three very different suitors, with comic-to-tragic results.

Mulligan, who turns only 30 this month, has amassed a stellar, and impressively eclectic, body of work since debuting as sister Kitty to Keira Knightley's Elizabeth Bennet a decade ago in (what else?) *Pride & Prejudice*—but she has mainly appeared in small movies or supporting roles. Her first award-winner was her complex and fascinating portrayal of a teenager preyed upon by a philandering older man in *An Education* (2009). Subsequently, she carried the central narrative role in *Never Let Me Go* and impressed as Gordon Gekko's daughter in *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps* (both 2010), and contributed a touching supporting part in the neo-noir tour de force *Drive*, then turned a lot of heads as the raw, vulnerable sister to Michael Fassbender's tortured leading man in Steve McQueen's daring *Shame* (both 2011).

Mulligan's banner year was supposed to be 2013, when she was tapped for the role of Daisy Buchanan in Baz Luhrmann's *The Great Gatsby*—but Daisy's stereotypically passive and dithering character in that glitzy, cartoony melodrama gave Mulligan too little amplitude with which to do much. That same year she lent considerable brightness, however, to the Coen brothers' wry '60s-folkie cautionary tale *Inside Llewyn Davis*, particularly in her memorable duets with Justin Timberlake.

Mulligan's theatrical career has been at least as lauded as her film work, with critical triumphs on Broadway in new adaptations of both *The Seagull* and *Through a Glass Darkly*—which prompted the judicious *New York Times* critic Ben Brantley to credit her with "acting of the highest order" and "more than confirm[ing] her promise as one of the finest actresses of her generation."

Far from the Madding Crowd



Alex Bailey

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Mulligan on the move

puts Mulligan front and center in a juicy big-screen role for the first time in several years. Also welcome is the arrival of Belgium's Matthias Schoenaerts into wide release in America. This charismatic actor, previously familiar to U.S. audiences, if at all, for his role in the award-winning art-house film *Rust and Bone* (opposite Marion Cotillard), delivers a smoldering portrayal of star-crossed sheepman Gabriel Oak, the dark horse in the new film's romantic competition. (Michael Sheen and Tom Sturridge ably and pungently depict Everdene's other earnest pursuers.) The film marks an American breakthrough for veteran Danish director Thomas Vinterberg as well, who has given us a nimbly constructed labyrinth of a drama set in a gorgeous but earthy and naturalistic Wessex that will leave a vivid afterglow in moviegoers' minds.

But the absolute best thing about *Far from the Madding Crowd* is Carey Mulligan's Everdene. In what could reasonably be termed a protofeminist narrative, the plot pivots on how a woman of substance in nineteenth-century England, by making an improvident commitment of the heart, might all too easily deliver her fate over to a scoundrel who can arrogate to himself the legal wherewithal to exploit her wealth and essentially enslave her. The saga of how Everdene contends with this possibility of catastrophe is riveting and gives Mulligan her most broadly accessible film role yet. ●

(DIRECTOR'S SPOTLIGHT)

LADIES' MAN

Paul Feig invents a very different kind of Bond girl

The action comedy *Spy*, out next month, is the first feature film Paul Feig (*Freaks and Geeks*, *Bridesmaids*, *The Heat*) has both written and directed. A spoof on the 007 franchise, with some Jason Bourne and Jackie Chan mixed in, it's an homage that bids fair to out-excel its love object. The conceit: When a spook (Jude Law) goes missing in Europe, his humble-homebody handler back at U.S. HQ (Melissa McCarthy) decides she has to go in after him. Since Paul Feig speaks with aplomb—in prose, really—we give him the floor.—*B.D.*

On conceiving *Spy*: What I like about the Bond world is how stylish it all is. My movies tend to have middle-class settings, but I'm a guy who loves fashion, and this world is perfect for that.

On working with McCarthy: I didn't write it for Melissa, but she was over at my house one night, and I told her about it. She said, "Can I read it? I love those movies!" She called me the next morning and said, "I have to do this." The fun thing for me, since she plays these brash characters all the time, was that I wanted to show the Melissa that I know, who's very sweet and unassuming.

On their on-set MO: She's



McCarthy and Law; (bottom) McCarthy and Feig on set

ad-libbing, I'm coming up with jokes and feeding them to her, I have writers on the set who will be handing me Post-it notes with jokes on them, and I'm calling them in—so it's really like organized chaos. Then we have a massive test-screening program to see what an audience will laugh at or not, and add or drop stuff accordingly. Any movie I've done has never been tested less than nine or 10 times. A "true filmmaker" might be horrified—how dare you let the audience rule you? But I'm doing comedy. The audience *has* to rule you.

On the news that there will be a man-centric *Ghostbusters* remake on the heels of the ecstatically awaited all-female reboot he conceived of starring McCarthy, Kristen Wiig, and *Saturday Night Live* stars Kate McKinnon and Leslie Jones: Who knew there were so many ghosts that needed to be busted? [Editor's note: Our money is on the gals.] ●



(MOVIES)

TRUST US



IT'S MY PARTY…

In director Shira Piven's ensemble comedy ***Welcome to Me***, Kristen Wiig plays a woman with mental health issues who wins lottery millions and, inspired by Oprah, starts her own talk show, which becomes wildly successful—with unlooked-for consequences. It's a wicked, sometimes disturbing send-up of our current culture's narcissistic underbelly that will have Andy Kaufman laughing in his grave (if he's really in it).



WESTWARD, BEAU

A gallant Scottish teen wanders through America's murderous Old West in search of his bonnie lost love, Rose, in ***Slow West***, traversing a marvelously quirky vérité landscape teeming with Europeans, Native Americans, lost children, and gunslingers such as the one played by Michael Fassbender, who for a dastardly reason decides to help the lad fulfill his quixotic mission.



PROMISE NOT TO TELL

Every Secret Thing, adapted from Laura Lippman's novel by Nicole Holofcener, is ace documentarian Amy Berg's debut dramatic feature. A sterling cast including Diane Lane, Dakota Fanning, Elizabeth Banks, and Nate Parker propels a creepy, nuanced tale involving two girls bound together by a horrible event. The question is, can they leave it behind?—*B.D.*

Clockwise from top left: Alex Bailey; courtesy of Alchemy; Parisa Taghizadeh, courtesy of A24; © 2014 Alice and Ronnie LLC.; Larry Horricks/20th Century Fox (2)

Paul Feig was named one of 2012's best-dressed men by *Esquire*, which hailed his "bespoke three-piece numbers from Savile Row."

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THE X FACTOR

A new enigmatic force in music is pop's next power player. Meet Allie X

Back in March 2014, a musician called Allie X materialized on the Internet with her first single, "Catch," soon after got a Twitter shout-out from Katy Perry to her more than 50 million followers, and piqued the interest of the ahead-of-the-curve music sphere with her vivid, sexy, yet vulnerable pop song. But there was little to be learned about the artist herself. Her real name was Alexandra Hughes; she was Canadian; she had played in various bands on Toronto's indie music scene; and she had recently landed a publishing deal and moved to L.A. to begin her career as a songwriter. Other than that, Allie X remained frustratingly mysterious throughout the past year, during which time she fervently worked to write, record, and produce her just-released first EP, *CollXtion I*. And even on the brink of breakout—thanks to her crisp electro dreampop



anchored by hooks, heart, and one hell of a voice—Allie X is keeping it that way.

"One aspect of X is anonymity," she says, "and by adopting X into my name, I'm giving myself some distance. I want the intimacy of the songs to come through, and I want listeners to have their own experience and self-reflection." Typically that entails grappling with love and love lost, both of which Allie X frequently addresses through clinical imagery and metaphor—in the aching synth ballad "Tumor," for instance. Given her shimmery pop sound, such a pairing might seem odd, even antithetical, but Allie X is an artist who often deals in dichotomy. Just as she readily pulls back from the public, she's also eager to carve out a space for her fans in her burgeoning artistic life. Fashioned as a multimedia experience, *CollXtion I*'s seven tracks each have what Allie calls "a sister visual," essentially a looped GIF, all of which are already on YouTube. She hopes these inspire fans to create their own "art" from the raw materials—photos, song stems, comics, etc.—that she has provided on her Tumblr. As *CollXtion I* and its follow-ups roll out (she hopes to release at least five), so will the fan art in its very own Xhibit, also on Tumblr. "The greater idea behind Allie X is to raise questions and grapple with them in a public sphere," she says. "If I had all the answers, I wouldn't be Allie X, I'd just be Allie. So in order to become my whole self, I'm asking the public to help me out."—*Seth Plattner*

THE PRODUCER

She may be one of the only female composers working on Broadway, but *Fun Home*'s Jeanine Tesori scores big

By my count, only seven of the more than 140 new Broadway musicals produced since 2000 have featured original music written entirely by a woman. Amazingly, five of those seven, including this season's heartbreaking *Fun Home*, are by the *same* woman: Jeanine Tesori. Now 53, Tesori is a much-honored trailblazer, with *Thoroughly Modern Millie* in 2002, *Caroline, or Change* in 2004, *Shrek* in 2008, and last year's *Violet* to her credit. What makes her success even more unusual is that her best work is always the most difficult and apparently uncommercial. Take *Fun Home*, based on Alison Bechdel's 2006 graphic memoir; was there ever an unlikelier subject for stage translation? Even Tesori was daunted by the untheatricality and nonlinearity of the story, which concerns a fortyish lesbian cartoonist—Bechdel—trying to dig up the truth of her difficult childhood in hopes of finally understanding her overbearing and brilliantly creative father, who himself turned out to be gay.

Though Tesori felt that the material "sang"—she quickly settled on the late-'60s/early-'70s pop sound of groups like the Partridge Family, the Jackson 5, and the Cowsills to express the false veneer of family happiness—it nevertheless took four years of work with playwright Lisa Kron and director Sam Gold to find a format that worked onstage. They had to realize, Tesori recalled, that the story is not only about "a daughter's and father's longing for each other"—a subject she says she knows plenty about—but also "that moment in your life where you're looking forward as much as you're looking back, where hopefully you leave certain things behind because you cannot bear the burden." For Tesori personally, this has been a useful and freeing process, one she was able to enjoy because, like Bechdel, she came of age at a time when doors formerly closed to women were beginning to open.

So why haven't others followed? Tesori, who mentors several young women, only one a composer, is mystified, except to say that, even now, few are being raised (as she was) to "hold their own in a debate, stand for someone else in the way they stand for themselves, and learn to let go of what does not work." That sense of waste, complicated by a generous hilarity, is part of the DNA of *Fun Home* too, making it one of the most wrenching and entertaining in Tesori's catalog. With luck there will be plenty more: not only by her but by other adventurous women for whom she keeps opening the door.—*Jesse Green*



Allie X: Yoshino Studios; album: Eddie Chacon; Tesori: Matthew Karas


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WHAT LIES BENEATH

After years of playing by the rules, *Bloodline*'s Kyle Chandler is sullying that clear-eyed, full-hearted reputation. By Justine Harman

There's an early scene in Netflix's *Bloodline* that positions Kyle Chandler where we might expect him: As John Rayburn, the golden son/county sheriff in a dynastic Florida Keys family burdened by the weight of its own secrets, the *Friday Night Lights* alumnus lugs his unconscious older brother, Danny, through a swamp made even more treacherous by unrelenting rain. Ostensibly, Chandler is a savior, again the good guy trying to do the right thing. "Kyle's got very broad proverbial shoulders," says Ben Mendelsohn, who plays Danny on the 13-episode drama. "He can pick up that load, and he can carry that load." But moments later, after John incinerates his brother's body on an abandoned boat, setting off a season-long murder mystery, it's clear that Eric Taylor has left the building. Adds Mendelsohn: "I think John is more like, 'Why can't another person carry this load for a bit?'"

It's a subtle shift in accountability, but one that illuminates a dimension of Chandler his fans have yet to see properly. Since moving on from his career-making, Emmy-winning turn as the incorruptible high school football coach on the now-cult NBC-cum-DirecTV series in 2011, Chandler has carefully played his hand in Hollywood, acting as a puffed-up straight man opposite big-screen hotheads. There he was, macho and in charge, grilling Jessica Chastain as Islamabad CIA station chief in *Zero Dark Thirty*, calling Leonardo DiCaprio's bluff in *The Wolf of Wall Street*, and furrowing his brow while Ben Affleck saved the day in *Argo*. His true gifts—unflinching vulnerability and slow-burning virility that rouse strength in men and weak knees in women—were only partly visible in his portrayal of Miles Teller's alcoholic deadbeat dad in 2013's *The Spectacular Now*. But back on the small screen as Rayburn, a rumpled family man who will do anything to keep his secrets safe, there's a return to form, a comfort with the Chandler we know, combined with the intriguing ambiguity of a layer we don't. "People trust the characters I play," Chandler says, "which makes it a little more enjoyable to go to the other side."

To get to the crux of the 49-year-old's impact—described as "gravitas" by Mendelsohn and a "sense of certainty" by Daniel Zelman, *Bloodline*'s cocreator—it's worth examining his past. Born the youngest of four to a farm owner and medical-supplies salesman father and a dog-breeder mother, Chandler and his family moved from Chicago to Loganville, Georgia, when he was 11. An eventual member of the state's 1979 high school championship football team, he quit the sport after freshman year when his father died. Later, seven credits shy of a drama degree from the University of Georgia, he moved to L.A. to sign a contract with ABC that led to an eight-episode arc on the Vietnam series *Tour of Duty*. Chandler's easy smile, young-Elvis bone structure, and ability to sport both a Stetson and a tailored suit landed him consistent, if largely inconspicuous, leading roles, ranging from a post-WWII ballplayer in ABC's *Homefront* to a clairvoyant stockbroker with the ability to change tomorrow's headlines on CBS's *Early Edition*.

But it wasn't until director Peter Berg adapted *Friday Night Lights*—H. G. Bissinger's best-selling book turned film about a football-worshipping Texas town—for television that audiences fell head over cleats in love. By then Chandler, nearly 40, had been acting for almost 20 years and married for 10, had two daughters and several dogs, and was gearing up to run a 33-acre ranch in Dripping Springs, Texas. He was a fully formed, capital-*M* man—and it showed.

"It's a different sensibility you have to pack in your bag when you go off and do a film," Chandler says. "I know television, and I really enjoy the ownership you're allowed to have of a character." So, whether leading young men to victory or carrying grown ones to their grave, over the duration of many hour-long episodes is how he best showcases his arsenal: a strong bullshit meter, a whiskey-stiff upper lip, and a keen understanding of when to convey, through just the narrowing of his coffee-black eyes, that he's hiding something. That's the good stuff, but you have to put in time to get it. "He can be devilish and off-color," says Zelman. "He doesn't lead with that, but it's there." Says Chandler's *FNL* on-screen wife, Connie Britton, the other half of perhaps the most inspiring marriage in TV history: "He'll disappear and turn out to have done something crazy, like gone on a motorcycle ride or grabbed a six-pack of beer when you're about to take a road trip." And when he gets busted? "He'll come back with a big Cheshire grin."

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What's the most paternal thing about Kyle Chandler? "Well, he did give my son his first beer," says Connie Britton. "Does that count?"

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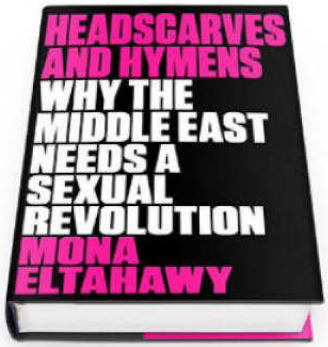


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(BOOKS)

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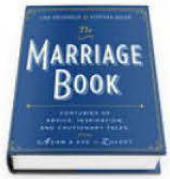
"The battles over women's bodies can be won only by a revolution of the mind," decrees Egyptian-American firebrand Mona Eltahawy in her stirring polemic *Headscarves and Hymens: Why the Middle East Needs a Sexual Revolution* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), an unflinching look at Middle Eastern and North African Arab women as victims of religious, cultural, and economic oppression.

THE COLLECTED COUNTRY GIRL

The Love Object (Little, Brown) gathers 31 of groundbreaking storyteller Edna O'Brien's majestic, heart-crossed tales about women—sophisticated or plain, scorned or adored—marked by their modern sensibilities and indomitable spirits: characters "suffused with the light of the far west of Ireland," writes John Banville in his introductory homage.

HOLY MATRIMONY!

The Marriage Book, edited by Lisa Grunwald and Stephen Adler (Simon & Schuster), is a widely researched, generously illustrated, and essentially optimistic alphabet—from Adam and Eve to In-Laws to Zoloft—of what the married authors call "the private, perilous, hopeful journey from *I* to *we*."—*Lisa Shea*



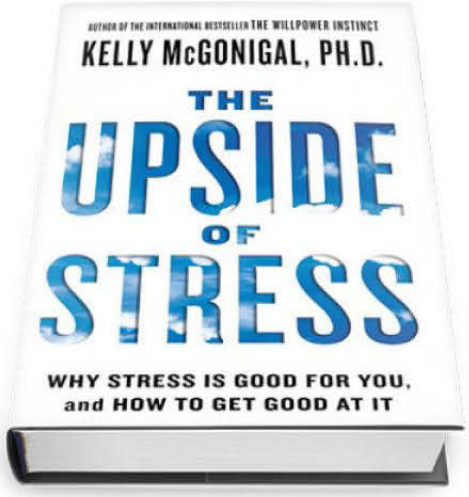


(NONFICTION)

WE ARE MADE FOR THESE TIMES

Why stress is really, really good for you

By Louisa Kamps



I've got one day to write this book review. My heart is pounding, my stomach is juddering. Normally, noticing these bodily signs of stress, I'd be hissing that they proved I'm not up to the task and, worse, the pressure of this last-minute assignment piled atop an already overwhelming workload is surely going to help speed me to an early grave. But today I'm acting on a suggestion from the book in question—*The Upside of Stress: Why Stress Is Good for You, and How to Get Good at It*, by Kelly McGonigal, PhD, the Stanford University health psychologist. McGonigal's new book (she also wrote the best-selling *The Willpower Instinct*) is a crucial pushback against the pervasive view that stress is a buzz- and body-killer best eradicated from our lives. So I'm choosing to regard my jitters as proof I'm in fact *excited* by stress. Mind and body are fired up to fuel me with helpful energy, a simple shift in mind-set that, according to McGonigal, can help me face challenges with less crippling anxiety, more joy and courage. And guess what? One paragraph of this review written, in 45 minutes, with refreshingly little self-flagellation!

Books often come along recommending some counterintuitive course correction—a new way to position oneself at work, make love, make money. Yet rarely do they contain an idea as well supported by extensive historical scientific fact-finding, plus prescriptive advice, as McGonigal's revolutionary look at why befriending stress—which many of us already have in layers we have little to no practical ability to shed—may be the healthiest change we can make.

Stress, broadly defined as the body's response to any demand put on it, can increase the risk for developing ailments ranging from depression to the common cold to cardiovascular disease. So, dutifully, McGonigal used to offer "the kind of stress-reduction advice"—breathe deep, get more sleep—"you've probably heard a thousand times."

But a few years ago she began seeing a growing body of research showing that experiencing stress yet not believing it'll be the death of you—literally or figuratively—confers many surprising benefits, including greater productivity, enhanced emotional well-being, and fewer health problems. One remarkable study involved hotel housekeepers. Those surveyed, many of whom believed that they never got any exercise, showed blood pressure rates and body weight in line with women who were truly sedentary. Yet once study leaders informed a group of the housekeepers that their work *was* exercise—changing linens for 15 minutes burned 40 calories; vacuuming for 15 minutes, 50 calories; cleaning bathrooms for 15 minutes, 60 calories—the women lost weight and body fat; their blood pressure dropped too. The only thing that had changed in the housekeepers' lives was their sudden perception of themselves as exercisers.

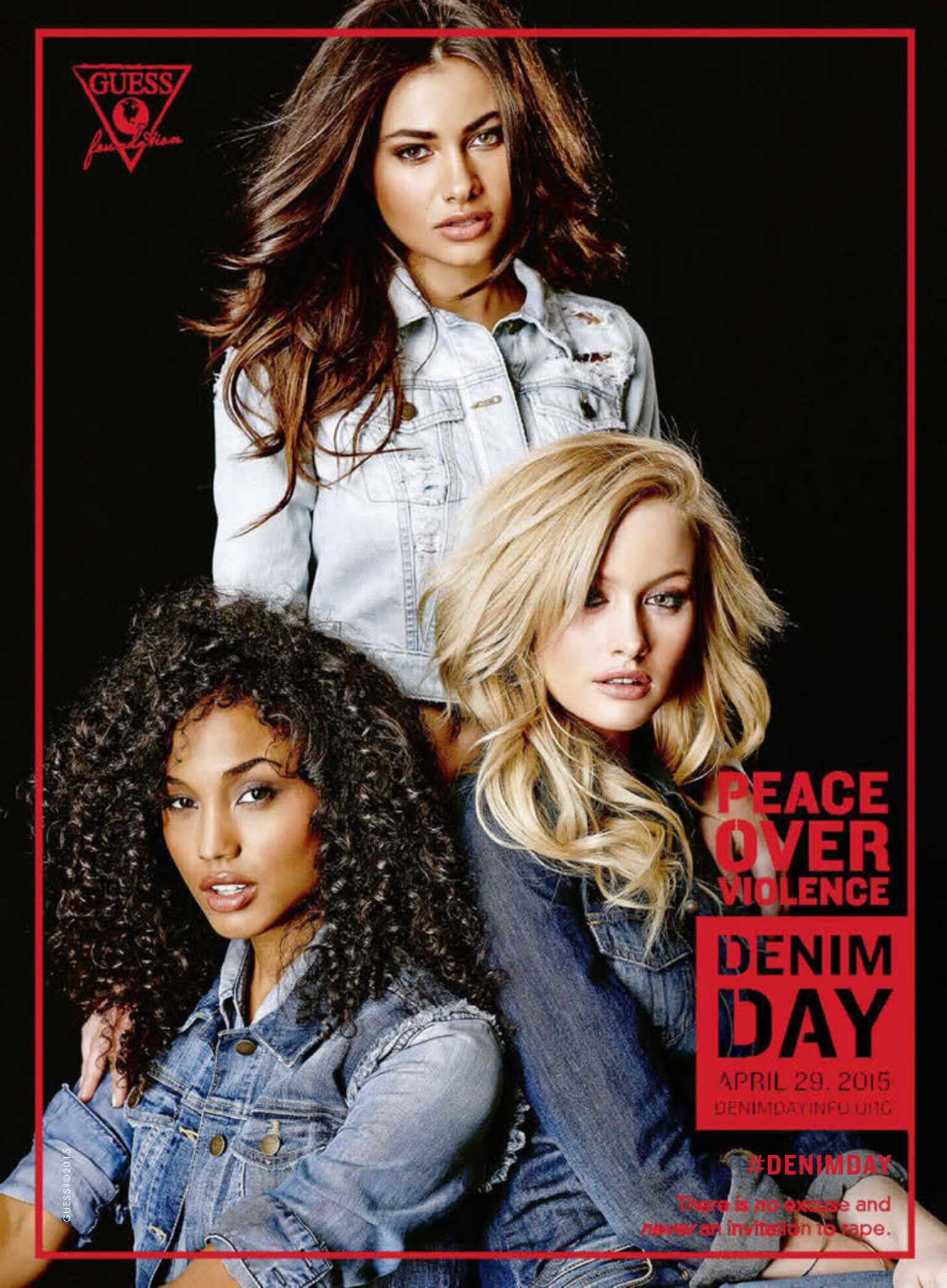

McGonigal

A wise and charming writer, McGonigal admits to being initially "unnerved" by all the startling new evidence suggesting that, where stress is concerned, "the effect you expect is the effect you get." Luckily, though, she decided to dive deeper into all the data, which ultimately led her to conclude that the "best way to manage stress isn't to reduce or avoid it, but rather to rethink and even embrace it."

One overly negative view she wants to redress is the so-called mismatch theory of stress. Popular with many scientists, it posits that our stress response systems are always vulnerable to being flipped to the fight-or-flight mode—which served our cave-dwelling ancestors well when predatory beasts lurked nearby, but now leaves us (so the theory goes) overreactive to ordinary pressures in everyday life. McGonigal makes mince of the idea that we're just not made for these times and argues that believing "you, poor human, are crippled with a stress response that has little adaptive function in the modern world" becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. People who think they can't handle pressure tend to avoid it—and also, sadly, handicap themselves, missing out on benefits that can come with stretching to take on a challenging new job, say, or working to improve a fraught relationship.

McGonigal also presents plenty of evidence showing that being able to hang with stress—and not automatically trying to bat it away—helps people grow profoundly. Stressful experiences often foster psychological resilience by teaching people to identify, and identify with, their own mettle under pressure. In this vein, stress helps people find and create meaning in their lives. It also encourages our innate compassion to come

McGonigal: Mark Bennington


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alive. Another response to stress we have available in our wide repertoire, according to McGonigal, is the "tend-and-befriend" response, "a biological state engineered to reduce fear and increase hope." Putting aside our own stressful pursuits and quandaries to support others, even when we're feeling pressed for time (a state of mind, incidentally, "shown to lead to poor decisions and unhealthy choices") raises activity in feel-good systems in the brain associated with caregiving, closeness, and reward, and helps people stay motivated and optimistic. One 2012 University of Pennsylvania study McGonigal describes found that subjects who were asked to spend the last 15 minutes of a one-hour lab session helping an at-risk student felt that their time was less scarce than subjects who received an equivalent amount of free time to spend however they wished. And they also felt more capable.

Which is why—despite other instincts telling me to stay glued to my desk chair—I left my office a little while ago to give my kids some love, in the form of an after-school snack. (Hey, it was the best I could do on deadline.) And, lo, reconnecting with them helped me remember something else I wanted to tell you. McGonigal says that one of the reasons women particularly get into a swivet over stress is that we think *other* women have things completely figured out. Yes, women (and men) complain all the time about being *so stressed*, in the modern sense of being bombarded by texts and tweets and e-mails that require action. But we don't actually talk enough about why we tend to like hard work that makes us sweat, or regard struggles (even traumatic ones) as valuable growth experiences. Or why it's actually appropriate, at the end of a stressful day when we've engaged fully with all of the roles and responsibilities that really matter to us, to feel, as McGonigal put it to me beautifully, "well used, in a good way." ●

(NONFICTION)

IT'S ELEMENTAL

A natural, unnatural, fascinating history of rain

By Elizabeth Royte

In her beguiling *Rain: A Natural and Cultural History* (Crown), the award-winning journalist Cynthia Barnett visits a family in northern India that has, for four generations, been distilling and bottling the scent of rain. Extracted from parched clay on the eve of the monsoon, then steamed for seven hours over a cow-dung fire, this oily attar is worn by legions worldwide who crave the "beloved national aroma." Readers will likely have their own regional scent memories, but so evocative is Barnett's prose, she'll leave you brushing the papadum crumbs from your lap at the close of this transporting chapter.



An elemental biography, *Rain* wanders widely through time and space, packed with intriguing stories. We learn about the struggles of the British in the nineteenth century to replicate the rainproof garments that Mesoamerican natives had been making for centuries by dipping their clothing into a boiled, milky tree sap. (Eventually, a Scottish chemist named Charles Macintosh figured out how to soften the treated cloth into a garment worthy of, well, a mackintosh.) And we learn that when rain fails to arrive, humans will do just about anything to induce its appearance: making love in farm fields, breaking out collections of foreskins removed during circumcisions, bombing the atmosphere with chemical compounds, and calling for prayer on the steps of statehouses from Georgia to Texas. (Success is unpredictable.)


Barnett

At times playful and at times grand, Barnett discusses the planetary genesis of rain and its influence on agriculture, religion, and the arts. She is especially good at making the large and distant close and personable: Studying the sediment cores of the Last Glacial Maximum to learn about ancient aridity "is like peeking under the bed," she writes. "Scientists find dust everywhere they look." Barnett doesn't shy away from disaster porn—her description of the 1927 Mississippi flood, which crashed through 40-foot-high levees "with more than double the force of flood-stage Niagara Falls," is harrowing. She can be wonderfully wry, too: "If rain has a victory flag, it is the plastic blue tarp."

Throughout, Barnett beats a steady tattoo: Whether abundant or scarce, rain has shaped humans. But since the Industrial Revolution, humans have also shaped the rain. That's not good. We have wreaked global havoc by pumping carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, polluted the rain with particulate matter and acidic gases, and altered rainfall patterns by filling vast reservoirs and clear-cutting forests. Yes, the planet has always experienced strange rains—of tiny frogs and fish, of dust both red and black—but now, in the new normal, "dry areas get drier, rain falls in torrents rather than gentle downpours. Proof that the strangest rains of all are wrought by humans."

And yet Barnett remains...sunny about our future. Rain unites all humans, she writes, and "a large part of what makes us human is our remarkable ability to adapt to any conditions." Let's hope she is right about that silver lining: Conditions are changing faster—and with more furious results—than we ever predicted. ●

(FICTION)

THE ELLE'S LETTRES 2015 READERS' PRIZE

15 ELLE readers choose their favorite among three promising new books—this month, family sagas of inheritance, by debut authors.

1



DIAMOND HEAD
CECILY WONG
(HARPER)

Spanning four turbulent generations, from 1900 China to 1964 Hawaii, Wong's family mystery won virtually unanimous praise for its lush, vivid, and unpredictable narrative. One reader wrote that as Wong traces the star-crossed paths of the clan of shipping magnate Frank Leong, her "descriptions of Hawaii range from otherworldly beauty to the stark outlines of poverty, making the place seem exotic and real at the same time."

2



THE TURNER HOUSE
ANGELA FLOURNOY
(HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT)

Garnering nearly as much admiration as Wong's novel was this contemporary tale set on Detroit's gritty East Side. As the Turner family matriarch approaches the end of her days, her 13 children discover that her majestic home, which she has nurtured for half a century even as surrounding lots have been abandoned, is endangered as well. So the Turners gather and, harboring their own secrets and battling private demons, try to find their collective way forward into an uncertain future.

3



ORHAN'S INHERITANCE
ALINE OHANESIAN
(ALGONQUIN)

Orhan returns from Istanbul to his Anatolian hometown to helm the family rug-making business when his grandfather dies; there, he discovers that the family estate has been left to an Armenian-American woman in California.
His journey to Los Angeles uncovers a family past buried in the vast Armenian Genocide of 1915. That backstory is rich, tragic, compelling, and realized with deep care and insight, but the modern thread of the story functions more as a frame than an integral element.—*Ben Dickinson*

Barnett: © Jennifer Adler

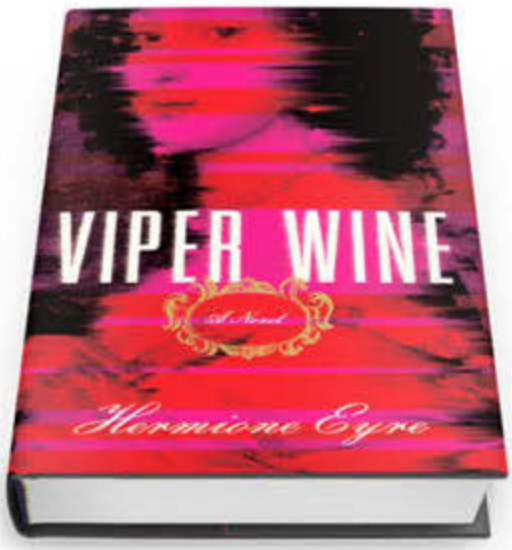
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(FICTION)

BEFORE BOTOX

A daring novel explores the power of famous beauty and the tyranny it wreaks as it fades away

By Lisa Shea



Beauty is the beast in British author Hermione Eyre's ambitious, deliciously clever debut novel *Viper Wine* (Hogarth). Set in a seventeenth-century London steeped in magic, vanity, decadence, devotion, trippy time travel, and a diabolical beauty potion worthy of Shakespeare, the book's extravagant intelligence and heart were inspired by a true love story for the ages, between courtly Renaissance man Sir Kenelm Digby and his celebrated, incomparably beautiful, willful wife, Venetia Stanley. Oxford-educated journalist Eyre lives in twenty-first-century London.

How did you come to be enchanted by and seemingly an expert on the English high life of the 1630s? All that history! All that alchemy! The 1630s never felt very distant to me. My mother was an actress, and I was taken to see a lot of Shakespeare plays before I was old enough to understand them. The language gets into your blood that way.

What drew you to the real-life Venetia Stanley (Lady Digby) and her husband, the alchemist and adventurer Sir Kenelm Digby? They are obscure to us but come vibrantly to life in your erudite postmodern novel. Thank you! Paintings drew me in. There is a mesmerizing painting of Venetia on her deathbed at the age of 32. When her body was discovered, her husband sent for the greatest artist of that time, Anthony van Dyck, to come to her bedside. These days, you'd just get a paramedic. I knew I wanted to write this story when I discovered she'd possibly died from drinking viper wine.

Your work as a journalist has included interviews with many A-list actors. What aspect of fame—and its fading, like beauty—informed the writing of *Viper Wine*? In New York City—and probably in London—depending on the neighborhood, you are strolling past a virtual army of the sewn and tucked. Ha! Why do they do it? In my story, Venetia uses viper wine and starts to look younger, fresher—but less like herself. You might say her quiddity is lost. It's something we see in faces all around us lately. It's a perplexing modern experience that I transposed into a different historical period. In the seventeenth century, women were painting with lead, flaying faces, and stuffing their cheeks to conceal the effect of missing teeth.

One of my favorite interviewees, the brilliant actor Carey Mulligan, told me that she had already been advised to have Botox at the age of 25. Characterizing Venetia, I had in mind a theory that applies to many celebrities today—not Carey Mulligan, but a fair few others I've met: Their development stops at the age that fame hits.

How did you decide upon the time-travel aspect of the novel? When women are getting younger every day, time becomes fluid. I had a lot of fun creating a perfectly accurate rendering of the 1630s and then inserting an anachronism, such as David Bowie or a wagon wheel. They're like little *objets perdus*, drifting through time. I enjoyed the naughtiness of it. That's not what historical novelists are meant to do.

Who are your literary influences? What did you take from them that's served you as a writer, a fabulist? I love the hallucinogenic quality of Borges, and the Dickensian sense of a whole world inside a novel, and whipcrack, stylish writers like Dorothy Parker. I wish I were even a fraction as good at plotting as Daphne du Maurier. Actually, *Viper Wine* has been compared more to films than novels—Sofia Coppola's *Marie Antoinette* and Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* are touchstones.


Eyre: Anne Eyre

Can you tell me something about yourself that I never would have guessed? I spent a year working as a croupier dealing roulette and blackjack in a London casino. ●



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AN ELLE + ESQUIRE EXPERIMENT
BY KEZIAH WEIR AND NATE HOPPER

the Rules of Attraction

There have never been more experts with more theories about what might make two perfect strangers perfect for each other. But would finding a mate be easier if science took away the guesswork? To find out, we sent two eligible writers—one from ELLE, one from *Esquire*—on what might be the longest blind date in history. Three weeks, two dates, and extensive counseling with a psychologist, a bioanthropologist, and a geneticist later, they found out just what it means to be compatible in the twenty-first century

Paul Bellaart/Trunk Archive

I. THE FIRST DATE

NATE: We start off with a hug. It's our first real meeting, our first actual date, and before we sit down at a snug two-top in a well-lit restaurant, she greets me at the door with a warm if tentative embrace. Now: I am not a natural-born hugger, at least not with people I don't know, and so the hug took me by surprise.[1] Not that it should have. How else are you supposed to say hello to someone who in a few hours will know more about you than you've told most of your friends and blood relatives?

That was the plan for the night: Our respective editors set us up on a blind date (or what would come to seem like one very long, three-week blind date) to see just how compatible we might be and to learn what compatibility even means in the age of Tinder and Instant Chemistry genetic testing, and we figured we might as well take the time to get to know each other. For our first outing, we would sit across from each other and ask and answer a list of 36 increasingly personal questions that had been devised by psychologists to foster closeness between perfect strangers like us. Weeks before, the questionnaire had

[1] **KEZIAH:** What was your plan of seduction—a handshake? A wave? We all know that hugs promote the release of oxytocin, and a study out of Bonn University shows that a hit of oxytocin in men stimulates a heightened attraction to their partner and decreased attraction toward other women.

Type Illustration by James Victore


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been popularized by a *New York Times* column—published as Valentine's Day and its chocolate sirens hurtled toward the lonely, under the title "To Fall in Love with Anyone, Do This." The author falls for someone she knew a little from work and the climbing gym; the questions, which they went through on their first date, enabled an "accelerated intimacy" because they forced people to "bother to know someone," which would systematically "generate trust."[2]

I told Keziah we shouldn't do them. At least not during dinner. Though that was mostly a ploy to schedule after-dinner drinks. So we ate and meandered instead through normal first-date talk—the kind that most people lament but I actually enjoy. The conversation never stalled, we laughed constantly, and she made fun of my fidgeting with the millions of forks only once (and did so kindly, as a way of relating, since her father does the same thing). She doesn't wear much makeup, because she's pretty and she doesn't seem to need to, and the more I looked at her, the more I liked looking at her, noticing how her cheeks gently swelled as she smiled.[3] Also, I had (silently) noted as we walked to the table that she had a nice ass. I know that's uncouth. Oh, well. I was having fun, and this first impression of her, at least after two hours of boozy banter, was a good one.

At the bar afterward, being a romantic, I suggested we do some shots. We received generous tequila pours. Then we waded into the 36 questions. They didn't pry much at the beginning ("Whom would you want as a dinner guest?" and "Would you like to be famous?"), but by the end they instruct you to ask your partner for advice on a personal problem, and expose your worst fears ("Of all the people in your family, whose death would you find most disturbing?"). It took hours, and I learned so much about her—none of which I disliked. There were moments when I looked at her, my old-fashioned dwindling, and thought about whether I would try to kiss her later—and yet....

Well, I didn't want to. But not because of her. I'll try to explain:

This wasn't intimacy. This was a script. Not just any script—a script of questions so personal that they vacuumed away all the wonderful mystery about her. I didn't want to know her opinion of her family already. I didn't want to know her worst memory already. I didn't even want to know five things she liked about me already. I was learning things that, by being revealed so clinically, snuffed out my curiosity about them and the chance to know how she would, over time, choose to tell me them. You learn something essential about a person not just through who they are but through how and when they tell you who they are. (And by figuring each other out, sneaking looks into each other's eyes, and touches on each other's legs.[4]) And until then, if you care, you fear—or, rather, hope—that you're proving yourself worthy of hearing. You know: worthy of trust. The kind generated by what you want to say instead of what you're instructed to. I realized at the end of the questions that I would never know what she would've told me freely had she actually come to trust me, and that gave me pause.

I didn't kiss her. We hugged again, this time goodbye.

[2] **KEZIAH:** Basically a calculated version of how you're supposed to talk to your would-be murderer in the hope of convincing him that you're a real human being with thoughts and feelings and should be spared. See: the grandmother in Flannery O'Connor's "A Good Man Is Hard to Find."

[3] **KEZIAH:** Nate made me smile. My cheeks hurt from smiling.

[4] **KEZIAH:** Nate, no one was stopping you. The bar table was small. Our knees were close!

[5] **NATE:** Meaning: shortish, which, according to some research, means I'll be less attractive to women. (One Dutch study from 2013 found that women are most satisfied with men eight inches taller than them.) Due to something called assortative mating, though, most of us tend to end up with people who are of a height similar to ours.

[6] **NATE:** A small part of me thinks this is an insult. That small part of me is a prick.

Paul Bellaart/Trunk Archive



2: THE SHRINK

KEZIAH: Sitting across from psychologist Ty Tashiro, author of *The Science of Happily Ever After* and reigning king of romantic compatibility, I feel a little queasy. This is likely some combination of last night's double tequila shot and the fact that 24 hours after our first date, I'm in couples therapy with a guy who knows more about me than my last long-term boyfriend did—knows, for instance, what I'd most regret not having told someone were I suddenly to die. I glance over at Nate. His shoes are nice. He's clean-cut in a cool way; Tom Cruise–esque in stature;[5] and his eyes, which are almost gray, crinkle sweetly when he smiles. My parents would love him.[6]

Because we're trying to build a relationship rather than fix a broken one, Tashiro is giving us the premarital treatment, which is kind of his sweet spot—*Happily Ever After* details how to make scientifically informed decisions on the hunt for Mr. or Mrs. Forever through a blend of real-life anecdotes and hard psychology; one chapter begins with a glimpse into a couple's new relationship and slides seamlessly into an analysis of why we regularly ignore early warning signs of incompatibility, citing studies from Purdue University, the Gottman Institute, and Harvard that explain our often optimistic blindness. Interestingly, another study shows that premarital therapy can cut the likelihood of divorce by a third, while yet another finds that 25 percent of married couples who start seeing a counselor report feeling worse about their partnership than they did pretherapy. In theory, it's easier to strengthen something before cracks appear than to mend it after. We're ahead of the game. *Way* ahead of it.

First up on the docket: Disclose our relationship histories. Tashiro is a firm believer in divulging secrets before making any commitment, whether you're moving in together or just getting a dog. "The truth has a way of manifesting itself inevitably," he tells us.[7] So we run through our romantic

backstories—my tendency to tumble into prolonged semirelationships with commitmentphobes, Nate's to move glacially for fear of hurting the people he's with or being hurt himself.[8] Next we fill out questionnaires about the traits that we'd like in an ideal partner—everything from race to religious beliefs to intelligence level. Because fate loves a good joke, the first question is about height. I'm 5'7"[9], gravitating toward shoes that allow me to tower, and dudes who tower over me. In the spirit of honesty, I select the 5'10" to 6' category, which overshoots Nate. The rest of the page is similarly specific—would you like your date to be slightly mean, slightly kind, moderately kind, or extremely kind? Should their intelligence level be dull, average, bright, or very bright? As I finish selecting my answers, I glance over at Nate and realize that I'd like to be the type of person who measures up to his ideals. And when Tashiro compares our answers, he tells us, optimistically, that we want the same things. We could've both felt strongly about religion (but had opposing beliefs) or political leanings, but instead, intelligence, kindness, and attractiveness rank highest in importance for both of us. We're even looking for the same levels of each trait: moderately kind, very bright, and about an eightieth percentile in attractiveness. Actually, Nate's looking for anywhere from a six to an eight. So this holds up as long as we both think the other person is intelligent, attractive, and kind. For his part, Tashiro thinks we are both all of these things. And I think I can at least pass for a solid seven.

Finally, we have to verbalize the relationship we're looking for. Nate is crystal clear on this one: He wants a casual, one-or-two-dates-a-week situation with little communication in the interim, but insists upon monogamy. Conveniently, this is what I want to want, though my track record says otherwise: When I'm dating someone and his interest seems to cool, my play-to-win instincts kick in regardless of whether I actually like the guy.

But there's a strange comfort in hearing Nate's expectations. Theoretically, I know exactly what I'm in for. If he schedules a date, it's because he wants to. If I don't hear from him for a few days, it's because he's saving his stories for when we meet in person. And if he can spell out his wants, so can I; it's liberating to smother my self-consciousness and allow myself to voice—for once—that I might actually want to communicate with the object of my affection, like, daily.

Tashiro assures us that our conflicting needs are relatively minor and definitely surmountable given our intense compatibility in other areas, and this assurance in itself is one of the major draws of couples counseling—an expert reminding you to notice all the good things about the relationship instead of getting mired in the bad. Throughout the hour and a half, I find myself feeling good that Nate has already told me many of the personal details he's now sharing with Tashiro, and that he has heard many of mine. I know him, I think. And, pleasantly, surprisingly, I want to know more.



Paul Bellaart/Trunk Archive

3: THE SECOND DATE

NATE: We went out again, this time to Chelsea Piers Sports Center, where I found myself up 45 feet above the ground, a harness hugging my crotch, my arms throbbing, hyperaware of my grunting, a pouch of chalk tied around my waist, a professional stunt double yelling instructions from the padded floor below, all as pictures of my gracelessness were being taken. (We were rock climbing, in case you couldn't guess. Studies have shown that there is something about enduring danger together that can bring a man and a woman closer. In one study, men's attraction to an attractive female interviewer was measured as they stood on two different kinds of bridges: One prone to swaying, situated high above shallow waters;

[7] **NATE:** This is basically what my mom and grandmother have told me my whole life, which is, "The truth always comes out." Which is why I would've talked about all of this stuff...eventually.

[8] **NATE:** *Hm.* This maybe overstates it.

[9] **NATE:** For the record: I'm 5'8".

[10] **KEZIAH:** After a week of waiting for Nate to man up and ask me out again, he finally explained this reasoning. And, in keeping with science, this made me want him to want me more. A study last year in *Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin* found that men view "responsive" women—those who "support important aspects of their self-concept" and are "willing to invest resources in the relationship"—to be more attractive than their apathetic peers; women, though, found "responsive" guys to be less desirable. I should've dropped my plans like a good manic pixie dream girl. Nate did exactly what he was supposed to.

[11] **NATE:** I found the self-conscious way she did it kind of sweet. And relatable.

[12] **NATE:** No comment.

[13] **NATE:** (Comment redacted)

THE THEORY OF ATTRACTION: A BRIEF HISTORY

OLD TESTAMENT
"The sons of God saw that the daughters of men were beautiful; and they took wives for themselves, whomever they chose."
—Genesis 6:2

ANCIENT GREECE
The thinking was that humans had four hands, four feet, and two faces, and Zeus, fearful of their strength, decided to cut them in half. Humans then roamed the earth seeking their other half.

MEDIEVAL EUROPE
The era of courtly love and high-drama, high-risk romance. Characterized by later historians as a "delightful disease," love came to assume quasi-divine undertones.

"METAPHYSICS OF SEXUAL LOVE" BY ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER, 1844
"Every kind of love, however ethereal it may seem to be, springs entirely from the instinct of sex...."

***THE DESCENT OF MAN* BY CHARLES DARWIN, 1871**
Two men, each looking for a mate to pass down his genetic material, compete for one woman. The woman chooses the winner.

the other much sturdier, only 10 feet above the water. The study found the men to be far more attracted to the woman—to bring up sex in their survey responses, to call her after the study for more information—when they were scared.) The heights didn't make me more attracted to Keziah or stir any dormant animalism in me or trick me into thinking it was my last chance to have sex before I plummeted to my death. We were just having fun, and as much as I enjoyed watching her move, I preferred the view from across the table, over drinks.

The following week, my (planned) spontaneous text to her about Valentine's Day was foiled by her texting me before I texted her, then her having plans when I suggested we go out that night, then me getting a cold that kept me from the "boozy brunch" she suggested for the day after. And by the time I got better—with the burden of instigating the next date on me—I had spent so much time thinking about our date that spending more time thinking about a date while on a date didn't feel appealing.[10] Even the best-laid plans can't control for timing.

4: THE SPIT TEST

KEZIAH: Sometimes when you're looking for love, you find yourself spitting daintily into a test tube next to your most recent blind date. The tube's part of a kit from Instant Chemistry, a Toronto-based biotech start-up that specializes in analyzing the genetic, emotional, and psychological compatibility between partners. If Nate has ever felt an ounce of attraction toward me, watching me drool into the vessel's small opening will certainly eradicate any such feelings.[11]

We cap our samples, releasing a watery blue fluid to mix with the saliva, and drop them into the biohazard material bags in which they'll travel back to Canada for analysis. According to Instant Chemistry's website, "Analysis of the genetic makeup of two individuals can help determine whether two individuals will experience physical attraction and compatibility when they meet for the first time." The company has teamed up with dating websites in the hopes of more fine-tuned matchmaking, and markets the kit as a novelty for existing couples. It costs $199, but we got ours half off—Valentine's Day special!

Genetic testing for compatibility is a relatively recent scientific pursuit. The earliest study is the oft-cited 1995 experiment in which women smelled a collection of various men's shirts, then picked the shirt whose smell they were least disgusted by—overwhelmingly, they chose the shirts of men whose set of human leukocyte antigen genes (the ones that help determine immunity) were most different from their own. The upshot: Opposites really do attract! Except, of course, when they don't. A study published last year in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* found that, statistically, spouses share more genetic similarities than random pairings do. This finding is totally counterintuitive given, um, incest, but never mind—it's good news for Nate and me: My editor says we look alike,[12] which I take to mean we might share some DNA sequences. Hot!

A week later, we get e-mails from the Instant Chemistry bot: "Hooray, your results are in!" And hooray it is, because the science says that Nate and I are actually very compatible. Given the diversity of our HLA genes, it's likely that we would make good, tough babies, since, as the site romantically puts it, "it is thought that the high diversity of HLA genes in humans increases the chances that at least some people will survive a pandemic. This increases the likelihood of survival of the human race." Boom. I pause at a section describing our dopamine receptors—they're the fun ones that influence happiness and lust. Nate, the site goes on to say, is part of the 30 percent of the population possessing what's called 7R+, a gene that's shown to make people bigger risk takers and, wait for it, "better lovers."[13] Hm. I read on and learn that we're pretty much as perfect a match as you can get for immunity purposes and neurogenetic affinity. Our genes are perfect for each other. Or, as Nate shoots over in an e-mail, "Oh, look, our spit is compatible too!" Maybe we should've kissed at the end of the first night. Just for, you know, research.

5. THE HORMONE CHECK

NATE: Helen Fisher is a biological anthropologist who works as a senior research fellow at the Kinsey Institute and as the chief scientific adviser for Match.com. She is also the kind of scientist who volunteers stories about her own sex life (if you swear yourself to secrecy) and repeats lines that could be catchphrases, like, "You learn a lot between the sheets."

Over her years of scientific study, Fisher has created a questionnaire that has guided millions of people to search four biological constellations of their minds in hopes of locating what kind of person they can connect with. Each section of the questionnaire addresses a different neurochemical and asks the user to react (favorably or negatively) to certain statements. There's dopamine, which relates to one's optimism, spontaneity ("I am always looking for new experiences" was one of the prompts), and enthusiasm; serotonin, which leads to orderliness and docility ("It is important to respect authority"); testosterone, which indicates competitiveness and tough-mindedness ("Debating is a good way to match my wits with others"); and estrogen, a window into whether we are caring and sympathetic ("I am very sensitive to people's feelings and needs") and imaginative. In comparing how two people respond to the questions, Fisher believes, she can get a good read on how well their brain chemistries align.

We both submitted our responses to Fisher, and about a week later she went through her analysis. We both rated high in dopamine, so our breadth of fascinations and excitement-seeking could keep us surprised by and beside each other for years. For serotonin, we both had a strange mix of respect and irreverence for the rules; Fisher said that neither would really bother the other. I scored high on testosterone—and she scored fairly high as well, so we could debate and converse. She scored high on estrogen—and I scored

The authors in a photo booth at a Brooklyn bar. Their last date... as of press time.



THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS BY SIGMUND FREUD, 1899
Men marry their mother. Women marry their father. Neuroses ensue.

THE WOMAN REBEL BY MARGARET SANGER, 1914
Sanger's newsletter began the campaign for birth control. By 1960, the Pill is approved and a woman's desire can finally trump family planning.



SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE A TYPE?

Maybe it's redheads who work in fashion and listen to EDM. Or as a friend of mine recently confided, curvy girls with beautiful hands…who love hummus (he's Israeli). Sometimes having a "type" is a way to select—or reject—potential mates. Sometimes it's a reflection of how you want to be perceived. The bottom line? Types don't matter. They have no bearing on who you'll end up with. Or even who you'll hook up with.

"There's a lot of data saying that people are really bad at telling you what they want," says developmental psychologist Sarah Merrill, whose latest romantic-connection study found that half the participants copped to having a type. This group was more likely to have had a serious relationship in high school, but oddly enough that first love didn't necessarily fit their declared type. Nor did their recent partners.

When gerontologist Karl Pillemer of Cornell interviewed 700 people over age 65 for his book *30 Lessons for Loving,* he found that almost none reported having had a specific type in mind before meeting their long-term mate, though many did know what kind of *relationship* they wanted. "It was surprising how many made actual lists," he says.

This lines up rather neatly with the advice offered by *He's Just Not Your Type* author Andrea Syrtash. "We get so stubborn, we don't realize our preferences are fluid," she says. Her age-old advice: Focus on the values you're seeking rather than the surface specs. Instead of zeroing in on bankers, for example, recognize that you want someone driven. "Even chemistry can sneak up on you," she says.—*Molly Langmuir*

fairly high as well, something Fisher said was uncommon for a man but would keep us close, since each would care about the other's emotions.[14]

All corners of our brains seemed perfectly compatible. Again. Exceptionally so. But as Fisher explained, neurochemical alignment is hardly ever enough to sustain a relationship; instead, it's merely a tool that a couple can use to navigate the inevitable difficulties. (For instance: If two people share the dopaminergic desire for adventure but constantly clash because of gaps in their serotonin and estrogen traits, they can use that awareness to know that when they clash they should return to their shared dopaminergic joys in order to move forward with each other. It wasn't sharing everything that's important—it's sharing something.) Though her questionnaire could steer a person toward "fewer frogs," its best use wasn't necessarily matchmaking. "Anybody who tells you they know perfect matching, they're fools—or ignorant," she said. "One or the other."

I asked Fisher, then, how much of a role our biology plays in falling for someone, and she echoed something Tashiro had said in our second and final meeting with him. He had said, "The science will only explain half of what occurs. The rest is magic. It pains researchers to say that, but it's just the truth."

As we talked and laughed with Fisher on speakerphone, I started writing jokey notes to Keziah, and we quietly exchanged them throughout the hour, stifling our laughter to keep it our secret.[15] I didn't want to leave the room.

[14] **KEZIAH:** This was all cool to learn, but from the time I'd spent with Nate I already knew he was a good conversationalist, that he cared about people's feelings.

[15] **KEZIAH:** This hour, more than all the tests, the dates, and the expert opinions combined, gave me that little heart flutter I'd been craving.

6: NOW WHAT

KEZIAH: At the end of the experiment, my relationship with Nate feels not unlike one monthlong missed connection. He's charming and attractive, science says that we're perfect for each other, and yet...we still can't seem to give the thing wings. Because not even science could mimic that awful, wonderful buzz of early uncertainty—is he going to call, is she going to say yes? Maybe that's the last 10 percent of the love equation: the spark. Instead of excitement, Nate and I were saddled with the worst parts of marriage starting on date one—knowing too much about the other person—but without the shared experience and investment that add up to intimacy. Not that the setup was a failure. After hours of discussions and personality tests and emotional evaluations, I have a pretty good idea of what kind of person I'd like to be with, and the kind of relationship I'd like it to be. And, ironically, the faceless ideal has started to look a lot like Nate.

At the end of our last counseling session, I jokingly suggested that we check in 20 years from now; if neither of us is married, perhaps we should give it a whirl. Maybe then we'll have worked the craving for irrational lust and painful anxiety out of our systems.

NATE: I guess that, like anything that lives and breathes, a relationship will start to suffocate if you trap it in a test tube, and all this compatibility testing and couples counseling, the certainty of which is ostensibly appealing to some people, only deprived us—or at least me—of the mysteries and fears that fuel the early days of any relationship. So what now? I've gone out for drinks with other people. So has she. We'll probably go out again together soon without any special or clinical expectation, and whether it works out, whether she and I actually become a we—well, that's the fun part. ●

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For the soft texture seen at Versace, Redken creative consultant Guido wrapped "small sections of hair" around a medium curling iron.

COUTURE REPORT

Known for drama, imagination, and surprise, couture runways often take a look-but-don't-touch approach to hair and makeup. For spring/summer 2015, a handful of shows deliver the biggest curveball yet: wearable, try-this-at-home beauty. By Julie Schott

© Gorunway

HOT OFF THE COUTURE RUNWAYS: LOOSE WAVES, CRIMSON LIPS, AND THE MOST MAGNETIC EYES EVER



1 SHE'S COME UNDONE

Soft—often air-dried—hair contrasted with the structured designs.







Give hair pliable day-two texture with a blast of dry shampoo and lightweight hairspray. To get the look, try ORLANDO PITA *Revive Instant Boost Dry Shampoo and* REDKEN *Wind Blown 05 hairspray.*

2 THE BRIGHT STUFF

Simple math: Electric cherry or fuchsia lips against matte skin equals instant spring update.













Couture's scarlet lips all had blue undertones. Try LAURA MERCIER *Crème Lip Colour in Seduction;* M.A.C *Pro Chromographic Pencil in Process Magenta;* CHANEL *Rouge Coco Lip Colour in Arthur.*

3 INSIDE THE LINES

This season's eye is all about line art. Here, two captivating new ways to get graphic.



LIGHT TOUCH

Giorgio Armani international makeup artist Linda Cantello gave lids "a soft watercolor wash" of powder blue offset by a gold line "slightly above the crease, for drama," at Armani Privé.



GIORGIO ARMANI *Eye Tint in 3 and 12. "Blending cool and warm tones makes it universally flattering," Cantello says.*



GO BOLD

At Atelier Versace, P&G global creative design director Pat McGrath accentuated eyes with hyper-pigmented ultramarine detail.





Before applying shadow,"start with pencil" to outline the V shape, McGrath says. Try COVERGIRL *Perfect Blend Eyeliner in Cobalt Blue and Flamed Out Shadow Pot in Sapphire Flare.*

Versace, Schiaparelli: Gorunway; Vauthier, Saab, Gaultier, Versace eye: Imaxtree; Chanel: Indigitalimages.com; Armani eye: Runway Manhattan/Imaxtree; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (3); Jeff Harris/Studio D (2); Devon Jarvis/Studio D (2)


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SEARCH PARTY

Welcome to the United States of GoogELLE. We partnered with Google to find out our beloved country's most-asked beauty questions and then turned to the nation's top skin, makeup, and hair experts for the answers

HOW DO I MAKE MY EYES LOOK BIGGER?

AK NM OK TX VT

For superbig eyes, trace the water line with a light-reflective pinkish-cream pencil (such as Benefit High Brow), which expands the look of inner eyes, rather than black, which can close them in. Contrary to what you might think, when a major gaze is the end goal, false lashes *can* weigh lids down. To maximize every millimeter of eye area, Nicki Minaj's longtime makeup pro Joyce Bonelli curls lashes right at the root, creating a 70-degree angle.



HOW TO CONTOUR WITH MAKEUP I ALREADY OWN?

MT NE

To chisel the faces of Elizabeth Taylor, Raquel Welch, Lauren Hutton, and Farrah Fawcett, legendary makeup artist Way Bandy used a makeup-bag standby: brown eyeliner. "He shaded in the contours of the face, just like you would do with a colored pencil on paper, then blended in the color with his fingers," makeup artist and photographer Robin Black says. Anything matte that's a few shades deeper than your own skin tone—such as a darker pencil, powder, or cream—can work to shape your face.

ARE THERE *ANY* BENEFITS OF THE SUN'S RAYS?

ME

The greatest plus of sun exposure is that it helps our bodies synthesize vitamin D, which is crucial for bone health and may decrease the risk of developing certain cancers. Studies have also shown that bright light can boost levels of happy-making chemicals serotonin and dopamine in the brain, and that UV rays prompt the skin to release a compound, nitric oxide, that lowers blood pressure. However, while some doctors allow for an occasional 10-minute bout of unprotected basking in wintertime to increase vitamin D, skipping daily sunscreen is still a no-no—and not just because it will accelerate the signs of aging. As dermatologist and sun-safety expert Allison Hanlon, MD, PhD, says: "Presently there is no scientifically supported safe threshold



BENEFIT *High Brow adds light where needed, from the lash line to the corner of the eyes.*

Aitken Jolly; Minaj: Craig Barritt/Getty Images; still life: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D


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of UV exposure without increasing skin cancer risk."

HOW DO I DO MARILYN MONROE MAKEUP?

SD WV

The hallmarks of Monroe's look—winged eyeliner, arched brows, and red lips—were straight out of the Old Hollywood glam rule book, but her longtime makeup artist Allan Snyder also developed a few unique flourishes that made her iconic features sing. He coated Monroe's face in Vaseline before applying foundation (if this sounds overly greasy, it probably was; try a drop of facial oil for a modern, light-catching glow) and placed a dot of red lip pencil in the inner corner of each of her eyes to make them appear brighter. He used brown pencil—not, as is commonly assumed, black liquid liner—on her upper lids, then added a half strip of false lashes to elongate the outer corners, and a sweep of white eye shadow across the lid. Contour was key: Snyder shaded under the star's cheekbones and jawline and on the sides and tip of her nose, and Monroe's multidimensional mouth was created by using a darker lipstick around the outside of her lips and a lighter shade at the center.



WHAT'S THE BEST MAKEUP WHEN I'M WEARING ALL BLACK?

DC

Dark clothing can look harsh against any complexion. One easy way to mitigate that effect: vivid lipstick. Similar to adding a heel or clutch for a pop of color, offsetting head-to-toe ink with "a bright red-orange, a classic Old Hollywood red, a vibrant pink, or an intense shade of raspberry" brightens the overall look, says Black, a self-professed former goth.



Black's eight favorite bright lipsticks to wear right now: M.A.C *Relentlessly Red;* DIOR *Trafalgar;* TOM FORD *Wild Ginger;* CHARLOTTE TILBURY *Velvet Underground;* SMASHBOX *Fireball;* GIORGIO ARMANI *401;* DOLCE & GABBANA *Ballerina;* CHANEL *Coco*

HOW DO YOU KEEP NECK SKIN TIGHT?

CA MD

Celeb-beloved Beverly Hills dermatologist Harold Lancer, MD, says that "the neck is one of the most asked about areas of the body for women." It's also notoriously one of the hardest to treat once signs of aging, such as sagging or wrinkling, begin to show. In addition to scrupulous use of SPF, Lancer suggests extending your facial skin-care regimen—including serums, exfoliating cleansers, and retinoids—down to the bra line. "Many people make the mistake of using body lotions on the neck and décolleté," he says, "but the skin there is thinner and more delicate than the rest of the body." To address skin on the neck and chest that has already become lax, derms rely on collagen-stimulating fractionated radio-frequency and ultrasound devices, which typically deliver tightening results within three to six months posttreatment. For a quicker fix, a strategic Botox injection technique known as the Nefertiti lift—in which small amounts of the neurotoxin are distributed along the jawline—can relax the muscles that pull the neck downward.

HOW DO I GET LIPS LIKE KYLIE JENNER'S WITH MAKEUP?

WA

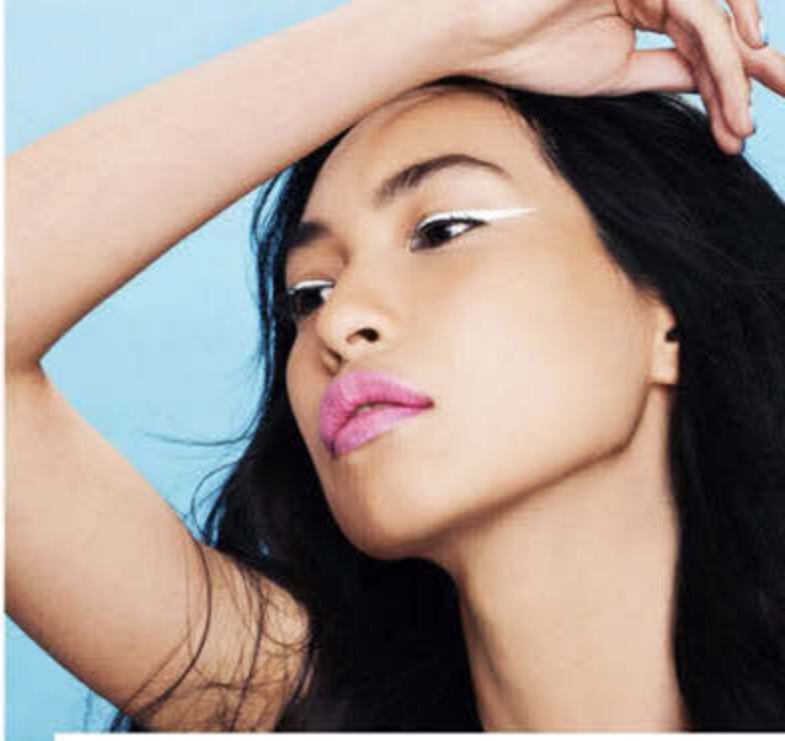
For Kylie's pillowy pucker, the Kardashian-Jenner clan's go-to makeup artist Mario Dedivanovic traces "slightly over the lip line" with a lip pencil before filling in the entire mouth with the same product; he then blends a slightly lighter matte lipstick into the center of both lips (similar to Snyder's Marilyn mouth) and blots with a tissue.



HOW DO I DO MAKEUP LIKE KENDALL JENNER'S?

MI OH

Kendall is known for black-rimmed eyes and full lashes: Dedivanovic draws "a black line that's not too thick" along the top lashes and extends it out "toward the outer corner of the eye just a bit," he says. "She's very particular about it being symmetrical." No Kendall eye is complete without curled lashes and the darkest mascara.



How old do I need to be before I can get Botox?

SC

According to dermatologist Fredric Brandt, MD, who was one of the first practitioners to use Botox in the '90s, "it's not a chronological age, it's a biological age." You'll know you're a candidate "if you have lines and wrinkles around your eyes or on your brow that are caused by expression movements" and that remain visible when your face is at rest.





CLÉ DE PEAU *concealer stays put all day;* A *makeup-pro staple,* KRYOLAN *Dermacolor Camouflage Crème includes the ultimate corrective green.*

HOW CAN YOU HIDE A BLEMISH?

AL IA KY MS TN

There's no magic trick to camouflaging a blemish. The key is a delicate mille-feuille of cover-up. Famous for concealing the skin of pre-Proactiv-contract celebrities, makeup pro Mary Phillips neutralizes redness with a color-corrective green-tinted shade from the Kryolan Dermacolor Camouflage palette and tops that with a veil of skin-matching concealer, such as Clé de

ACP/Trunk Archive; Monroe: John Kobal Foundation/Getty Images; Jenners: David Livingston/Getty Images; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D



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Peau. To finish, press a touch of loose translucent powder—Phillips favors Laura Mercier—into the pimple. Quick fix: For a superinflamed blemish, apply a drop of redness-reducing Visine before the concealer.



Chang-Babaian minimizes forehead lines with lightweight L'ORÉAL PARIS *True Match foundation after filling with* MURAD *Intensive Wrinkle Reducer.*

HOW CAN YOU HIDE WRINKLES?

CO DE FL

Wrinkles provide a coverage challenge because they have a different texture and color from surrounding skin—they appear darker since the valley of the wrinkle doesn't reflect light. Makeup artist Taylor Chang-Babaian treats unevenness with a hyaluronic-acid-based serum that acts as "a filler to plump up the wrinkles." She then eliminates darkness with either a sheer foundation or a pigment-rich concealer, depending on the zone of the face. "The skin on the forehead is really thin, so you need less makeup there." For creases around the eyes, "I apply the concealer at a 45 degree upward angle, which will cancel out the wrinkles that point downward, as well as draw the eyes up and change the angles of the face," Chang-Babaian says. "You want all the angles to go up."

HOW OFTEN SHOULD YOU USE AN AT-HOME GLYCOLIC PEEL?

LA MA PA

"Home peel systems can be a great way to boost radiance, unclog pores, and fight lines when used, on average, once a week," says dermatologist Annie Chiu, MD. But don't forget to take your skin type into account: Those with acne-prone or oily complexions can use glycolic peels "up to twice a week," while anyone "with sensitive, dry, or easily flushed skin should consider leaving them on for a shorter time or use them every other week," she says. "Darker skin types should use glycolic acid with caution, as it can penetrate faster than expected, resulting in a superficial burn, hyperpigmentation, or even scarring." Because percentages of glycolic acid are often not listed on product labels and the effects can be variable, the safest bet is to seek out options specifically designed for daily use, such as Chiu's favorite, Dr. Dennis Gross Alpha Beta Daily Face Peel, and gentle peels containing salicylic, lactic, or mandelic acid, which can deliver results without irritation.

WHAT TAKES SUNLESS TANNER OFF?

NC

A baby oil and baking soda cocktail: The pH-neutral blend works to dissolve the tanner and lighten those areas that grab excess color such as the hands and feet or elbows and knees. "Saturate skin, then leave it on for about five minutes, remove with a separate exfoliating face wipe, and repeat until streaks have blurred to an even glow," says St. Tropez tanning expert Sophie Evans, who bronzes everyone from Hugh Jackman to Victoria Beckham.

HOW DO SKIN BRIGHTENERS WORK?

AZ GA KS

"Brighteners even out skin tone by improving hyperpigmentation and photodamage," says dermatologist Jeanine Downie, MD, who recommends looking for products containing azelaic acid, licorice, vitamin C, niacinamide, or retinoids—her favorites are SkinMedica Lytera Skin Brightening Complex and Dior Diorsnow Anti-spot Serum—to address specific spots as well as to boost overall glow. These ingredients break up pigmentation "by gently exfoliating darker pigment cells" and by blocking the action of tyrosinase, the enzyme in skin cells that causes melanin to go into overdrive. But take note: Brightening products can make skin even more sensitive to the sun, so don't skimp on SPF.

HOW TO CLEAR UP BREAKOUTS FAST?

ID IL IN MO WI

The first rule, says dermatologist Heidi Waldorf, MD, is to take a hands-off approach. "Don't try to pop or pick pimples. Trying to remove them with your fingers or various tools may flatten them out momentarily but will worsen acne overall and increase the risk of scarring." A visit to the derm for a cortisone shot can reduce the size and redness of an individual pimple in 24 to 48 hours, but if that's not an option, Waldorf suggests applying a combo of "over-the-counter one percent hydrocortisone cream and a spot acne treatment containing antibacterial and drying ingredients such as sulfur, benzoyl peroxide, or salicylic acid." Rather go high-tech? Blue-light-emitting devices—such as the Tria Acne Clearing Blue Light and the Illumask Anti-Acne Light Therapy Mask, which are at-home versions of the LED treatments used by derms—have been shown to shorten the duration and severity of breakouts by destroying the bacteria that causes blemishes.

IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE TO GET BEYONCÉ'S GLOW WITHOUT MAKEUP?

NY

The key to a dewy, radiant complexion is healthy, hydrated skin—plus strategic use of glow-bestowing products. We know that Queen Bey loves rich emollients: She's told ELLE that she uses Natura Bissé Diamond Cream and applies a thick layer of Aquaphor to



Which foods increase skin's elasticity? CT

Packed with omega-3 essential fatty acids, cold-water fish—wild salmon, sardines, herring, trout—help boost skin's bounce. For the seafood-averse, oral supplements or citrus fruits, leafy vegetables, and flaxseed are also proven to keep things tight.



Bobby Clyde/The Licensing Project; Beyoncé: Instagram; still lifes: Devon Jarvis/Studio D

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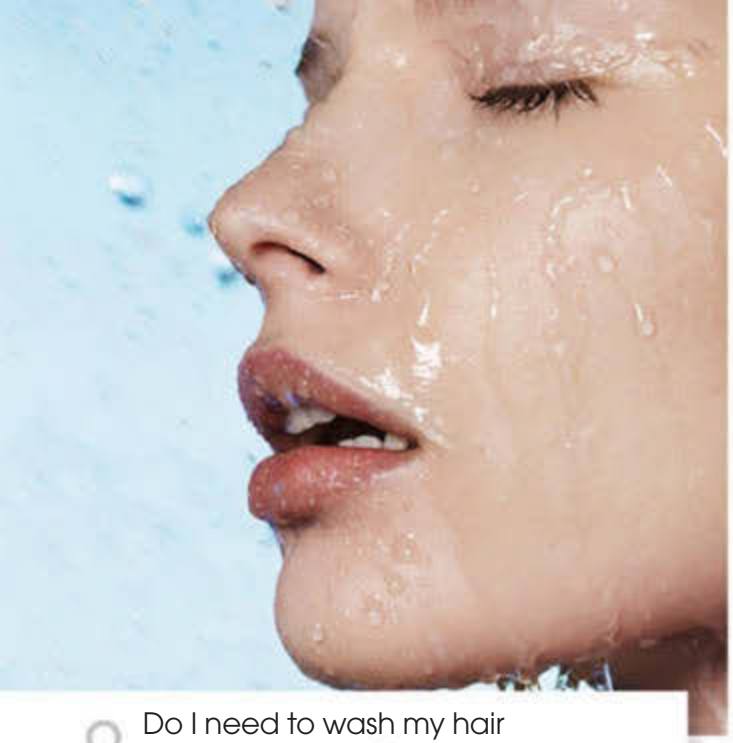
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Do I need to wash my hair after swimming? HI

Hypochlorous acid, found in chlorinated pools, strips proteins from the hair cuticle, and ocean salt leaches hydration. The aftermath? Dryness, breakage, and potential discoloration. To neutralize the effects of a swim session, always wash as soon as possible with a product that has been specifically formulated to remove chlorine and salt, such as Aubrey Organics Swimmer's Shampoo. If shampooing is impossible, pack a bottle of tap water to rinse hair postswim.

her face before bed. Because smooth skin reflects light, the singer's makeup artist Sir John recommends that all of his clients—including Karlie Kloss and Joan Smalls—use a fruit-acid peel (his favorite is Ren Glycolactic Radiance Renewal Mask) twice a week to slough off any flakiness and boost cell turnover. Beyoncé also layers sheer radiance boosters—such as a tinted gel bronzer under shimmery moisturizer—to create an overall effect of soft luminosity, no foundation required.

HOW CAN I LIGHTEN MY HAIR AT HOME?

ND NV OR RI VA WY

For a safe at-home dye on any hair type—natural or chemically processed—"you can do about two shades lighter than your current starting color" without damage, says Clairol color director James Corbett. What happens when you try to go from Jennifer Connelly to Jennifer Lawrence? Once the bleach is applied, your "before" color shifts, as your hair gets lighter and lighter, to reveal a spectrum of not-always-appealing undertones, from red to orange to yellow. Professional colorists know to use the minimum amount of damaging bleach to pull out color. Plus, they time the lifting process to stop once your perfect base color is reached, something that's challenging for novice colorists. For foolproof brightening, Corbett recommends lifting with Nice'n Easy Born Blonde, then finishing with Nice'n Easy Natural Instincts used as a "toning gloss" to cut brassiness (pick the shade that has "cool" in the name and is closest to your desired end result). Pro tip: To monitor color development, wipe away a small swatch of bleach every 15 minutes and leave the lightener on for no more than an hour. For those googling "bleach baths"—the DIY mixture of powder bleach, developer, and shampoo—Corbett cautions against this homemade potion. "It's a very old-fashioned way of removing unwanted hair color. We used to call it a 'French Fluff,'" he says. "It's a really bad idea and definitely won't give you your most flattering shade."

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO WASH MY FACE?

AR MN NH

Getting all that grime and makeup off is important: Products you apply afterward will penetrate better, you'll be less likely to break out from clogged pores, and you'll have a smoother canvas for all to follow. In order to ensure that eye makeup and SPF are thoroughly swept away, most derms support the "double-cleanse" phenomenon that's taken the Internet by storm—usually, an oily or milky cleanser followed by a foaming or exfoliating cleanser, but you can also use a cleansing wipe as one of the steps. If you live in a polluted area, you might also want to introduce a cleansing brush such as Clarisonic, which has been shown to remove 30 times more age-accelerating microscopic pollutants than manual cleansing. An optimum wash can be specific to preference and to skin type—foaming cleansers are generally best suited to oily skin; creamy cleansers quell sensitivity—but there's one thing all the experts agree on: Don't use a regular bar of soap. The detergents strip necessary lipids from the skin's surface, causing dehydration and irritation, as well as a compensatory uptick in oil production.

HOW TO AVOID REDNESS WHEN KISSING SOMEONE WITH A BEARD?

UT

Think of his scruff as a high-intensity face scrub: Just like with that favorite acne polish from your teens, too much will cause microtears and abrasion in skin, leading to redness that can last for a few days. A complexion that is already sensitized by regular retinol or alpha hydroxy acid use will flare up faster, while one that has been pampered with a daily application of a skin-barrier-boosting moisturizer (look for ingredients such as ceramides and niacinamide) will keep its cool for longer. Premakeout, apply that same cream to create, according to dermatologist Whitney Bowe, MD, "a physical barrier to protect you from any friction or rough surfaces."

HOW DO I GET SPIKES LIKE BIEBER'S?

NJ

We're assuming that this beauty question didn't come strictly from female googlers. For the Biebs' signature spikes, his hairstylist Florido Basallo spritzes wet hair with Unite Boosta Spray Volumizing to "build body and enhance texture," he says. Then, he layers in Unite Texturiza Spray to create a "dry, gritty" feel before blasting roots with an Enzo Milano dryer. To finish, Basallo smooths Go247 Grooming Cream over flyaways. But truth be told: Ed Sheeran is more *our* type. ●



Laurent Darmon/Trunk Archive; Bieber: Jeff Kravitz/FilmMagic/Getty Images

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EASY SPIRIT

Model Freja Beha Erichsen, a designer favorite for the past decade, tells April Long how she keeps her cool

Whether she's walking the runway for Alexander Wang or appearing in a recent ad for Tiffany & Co.—blouse unbuttoned just so, her expression both a dare and an invitation—Freja Beha Erichsen telegraphs edgy, uncontrived glamour. Unlike many of her peers, the Danish model and face of Hugo Boss's new fragrance, Hugo Woman, is the opposite of a blank slate: Her androgynous features and Jane Birkin–level covetable hair (which she cuts herself, naturally) are more often celebrated than transformed. Erichsen's beauty credo is "Less is more," and her no-fuss off-duty look, which she describes as "my own little uniform of dark pants and a tee," has made her a street-style icon. The 27-year-old's attitude toward fame is equally nonchalant. When asked what it's like to have been an It Girl since her discovery on a Copenhagen street in 2005, Erichsen seems genuinely surprised: "I feel very flattered!"

Did you always want to be a model?
I never spent a lot of time playing dress up or anything. I was more of a tomboy who was running around in the forest and building forts. I just fell into it.
You took two years off from the runway between 2012 and 2014. Why the break?
It wasn't a stunt to get any big campaigns or anything. It's the point where I am in my life, maybe, trying to head toward doing other things as well.
What do you want to do after modeling?
I'm in the midst of finishing high school, which I never got around to because I started working full-time when I was 17. That will probably lead to me going to university, or something along those lines. But exactly what I'd like to study, I'm not quite sure yet.
What have you learned about aging and beauty?
It's important to invest in our health. I never used to exercise and started about six months ago. I'd like to be able to tie my shoelaces when I'm 75.
What's the trick to cutting your own hair?
I haven't cut my hair in a while; it's quite long. I would just chop into it, so it would never be even, but maybe that was the trick.
Have you learned any good tips from the pros backstage?
Curling your eyelashes is the best trick in the book. It can take you from looking still asleep to being fresh and awake.



Erichsen moisturizes morning and night with LA MER *Oil Absorbing Lotion. "The oil-free formula works well with my skin."*



BUMBLE AND BUMBLE *Surf Spray keeps Erichsen's strands looking perfectly imperfect. "It gives the hair a bit of texture without looking done."*

Backstage makeup-removing staple BIODERMA *Créaline H_2O is also Erichsen's at-home favorite. "It's water based and very gentle."*





With its bright boysenberry and intense black tea notes, HUGO BOSS *Hugo Woman "has a lovely duality between femininity and masculinity that I really like," Erichsen says.*



From top: Erichsen on the spring 2015 Vuitton runway; rocking her signature off-duty look; her catwalk debut at Prada in 2005

From top: Karim Sadli; Alessandro Lucioni/Imaxtree; Runway Manhattan/Imaxtree; Firstview.com; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D and Devon Jarvis/Studio D

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BELLE JOLIE

Natalie Portman, the epitome of timeless beauty, revisits her greatest hits and tells us what worked, what didn't, and why her family is her most trusted red-carpet focus group.
By Keziah Weir

1996
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS PREMIERE
"I was just in love with everything '90s: minimalism, Prada, hair slicked back. I still like to wear not too much makeup, but especially when you're 14, you barely wear any."

2000
GOLDEN GLOBES
"I don't think there are any rules; that's the fun thing about fashion. Maybe you're in the mood to be dramatic."

2002
GANGS OF NEW YORK PREMIERE AFTER-PARTY
Portman keeps the classic look fresh in this ELLE favorite. "Sometimes you're in the mood to be more quiet," she says. "I stick to simple colors and clean lines."

2005
CANNES FILM FESTIVAL
"Having a shaved head allows you to be sort of punky. It was fun to play with that, because that's outside of my normal go-to look. The dress can go in any direction."

2005
ACADEMY AWARDS
Portman recalls her stylist, Kate Young, improvising a last-minute headband: "It's actually a bracelet, and she was like, 'Put it in your hair!' It was pretty and subtle and just a fun way to wear jewelry."

2009
TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL
"I'm always scared about the lipstick. I was worried that it was on my teeth, or coming off. I usually bring it with me to touch up. But that also just reminds me of my grandma."

2012
WORLD PREMIERE OF THE L.A. DANCE PROJECT
ELLE adores this rare beach-blond moment: "I look a little paler when I have lighter hair. I tend to wear more blush."

2012
ACADEMY AWARDS
"My aunt called right before the show and said, 'You always wear your hair up. You should wear it down!' The dress is vintage Dior. My husband picked it."

2013
NYC BALLET FALL GALA
"My mom kept telling me I was blond. She was like, 'I didn't recognize you, you were so blond!'"

Clockwise from top: Mitchell Gerber/Corbis; KMazur/WireImage/Getty Images; KMazur/Getty Images; Jon Furniss/WireImage/Getty Images; Jason Merritt/Getty Images; L. Cohen/WireImage/Getty Images; Jamie McCarthy/Getty Images; Patrick McMullan; Alex J. Berliner/Associated Press; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D

PORTMAN'S BEAUTY MUST-HAVES



The final step? A spritz of the jasmine-infused DIOR *Miss Dior Hair Mist—elegance in a bottle.*



DAVID MALLETT *Hair Serum is Portman's go-to for a sleek look on and off the red carpet.*



For postevent "undoing," Portman loves GUERLAIN *Secret de Pureté makeup remover.*



A classic nude, like DIOR *Rouge Dior lipstick in Grège, is perfect with Portman's signature smoky eye.*

And after the red carpet? "The heels usually come off in the car. You know, walking into your house barefoot. Then there's the whole undoing routine. Best part of the night."



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HEAD TURNER

The hottest curves on the Victoria's Secret runway? A brand-new wave. By Elyse Moody

We love the glitter bomb that is a Victoria's Secret fashion show, in all its Swarovski-crystal-encrusted, pink-satin-wrapped glory—that is to say, in its pure fantasy. But at the most recent catwalk spectacle, something else bouncing down the runway got our attention: the hair. It seemed subtly new—lightly tousled, a little undone, and so refreshing after the reign of Kardashian-perfect, too-long barrel curls. Here was one part of the Angels' costume that anyone could rock.

The London show debuted a style that—true to the VS raison d'être—"enhanced what the girls have got naturally," says GHD lead educator Lorna Baker, who worked backstage. But not even supermodels wake up like this. The credit is due partly to strategic layers and highlights, but hairstylist Michael Angelo, who coiffed Angel Behati Prinsloo for the 2013 show, says heat is the key: "It's all about building the foundation with hot tools."

The question is, How hot is hot enough? That's a matter of physics. According to Tim Moore, PhD, GHD's chief technology officer, the sweet spot is above 320 degrees—at which hair hits the glass transition phase, when "you can mold it, cool it back down, and it freezes in that shape"—but below 410 degrees, above which irreversible damage can leave hair frizzy and dull. If your tool has a dial, adjust it to minimize the duration of heat exposure. The rule of thumb: "Thicker hair, higher temperature; finer hair, lower temperature," Angelo says, adding that 350 degrees is a good starting point. Then, prep strands with a protectant. Products with oils, proteins, and conditioning polymers form "a film that shields hair from heat," dermatologist Noëlle Sherber, MD, FAAD, says, while also repairing and smoothing its surface.

Once you've hit the right temp, curl random pieces at midshaft, starting at the front and alternating toward and away from your face. Baker created a ropelike wave by holding the ends of each section so that it twisted as she wrapped it onto an iron or wand. But the trick is variation: She gave other pieces a smooth finish by wrapping them flat around the barrel.

And if there were any lingering doubts about the effect, über-babe Doutzen Kroes at the London show put them to rest. "I love the hair today," Kroes said. "It's very me, actually." ●



Stylists waved their magic wands to transform the varied textures of Prinsloo (above), Jasmine Tookes (left), and Martha Hunt (below) into matching runway-approved Angel waves.







Mist each section with ORIBE *Soft Lacquer preheat to condition, smooth, and protect.*



Blast hair with HARRY JOSH *Pro Dryer 2000's cool shot to ensure it's bone-dry before curling.*



GHD *Curve Classic Wave Wand imparts loose, beachy texture.*



Hairstylists blow-dried VICTORIA'S SECRET *Mega-Lift Mousse into the Angels' hair to boost its natural volume.*

You can wrap strands up to the very tip of GHD *Curve Classic Curl Iron, which heats to an even 365 degrees.*

Russell James; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D



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THE HATERS GONNA HATE

Everybody has critics, but how do you figure out which ones are worth taking seriously? After years of fixating on bad reviews and ignoring good ones, writer Dani Shapiro found an answer

Back in my early twenties, during a brief and soul-deadening stint of auditioning for television commercials, soap operas, and the occasional feature film, each morning I climbed wearily out of bed and tried to gear myself up for the day. This was my routine: I sweated through two back-to-back aerobics classes (this was the '80s) and then came home and weighed myself to be sure I hadn't gained a pound overnight. Then I did my hair using hot rollers and hairspray; I spent a half hour applying makeup; and, finally, I assembled an outfit appropriate for whatever role I was up for, which might call for anything from a power suit to a bathing suit. I knew I'd be facing people whose job it was to judge me from the shadows. I stated my name into the camera as cheerfully as I could manage. Even my name was a mask, one I'd been advised by my agent to invent, since *Shapiro* was too ethnic. I did whatever I was asked: a few lines of Mamet, Wasserstein, or Dr Pepper.

"Thanks for coming in, honey," they'd say. "We'll be in touch."

Of course, they rarely got in touch. I'd hear from my agent that they were going in a different direction. Someone taller. Or they wanted a redhead. Or whatever. All I ever heard, thrumming beneath the ostensible reasons, was that I wasn't good enough, or talented enough—not even to smile fetchingly and hold up a can of soda. *Look, they just didn't find you appealing*, my agent once told me. I lived in a debilitating state of chronic insecurity, which I dealt with by exercising more, starving myself further, and making myself blonder. I was operating under the dangerous delusion that if only I could burnish myself into some sort of perfection, I'd be chosen. Truth be told, I was a lousy actress. I was self-conscious, tongue-tied, prone to blushing and stammering in front of the camera. It would have been merciful for someone to take me by the hand and tell it to me straight, put me out of my misery. I was careening down the wrong path, trying with all my might to squeeze myself into somebody else's life.

But the cliché was true: One of my all-time favorite book titles is *Someday This Pain Will Be Useful to You*, by Peter Cameron, and when I made the improbable leap from wannabe starlet to novelist, the rejection and criticism indeed turned out to be useful. Around the workshop

Henry Horenstein/The Image Bank/Getty Images



DEMI'S

3 GO-TO LOOKS

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Demi Lovato

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#BeRadiant

table in the graduate writing program at Sarah Lawrence, students often broke down in tears when their work was criticized. But I expected it. I welcomed it. As an actress, I'd been rejected for *who* I was—my "appeal," or lack thereof. As a writer, it was my *work* that was found wanting. I could live with that. When I sent my stories to literary magazines and received form rejection letters in reply, I didn't take it personally. I took it as a sign that I needed to hone my craft.

Which was fortunate, because I didn't begin my writing career anointed by the literary world as a star in the making. I collected a file cabinet full of rejections and published three novels that didn't get much attention before writing a memoir that caught fire—and suddenly everybody seemed to be writing not just about my book, but about *me*. That book, *Slow Motion*, was a coming-of-age story about my Orthodox Jewish upbringing and ensuing rebellion, which involved a long relationship with an older, powerful, married man, one that ended only when I was shocked to my senses by a car accident that killed my father.

It may sound quaint now, but in those days you'd actually have to go to a newsstand to pick up a magazine or newspaper. I was living in New York City, and I would haunt the newsstand on the corner of 82nd Street and Broadway, because that vendor got his shipment first. There were lovely surprises, like opening up the new *Vogue* to see a glowing review of my book written by a heroine of mine. But the negative attention was swift and vicious. The word *bimbo* was used as a caption beneath my photo in the *New York Observer*. A male writer I admired wrote a highly personal character assassination of me in *New York* magazine—I'd quote it for you, but I didn't keep a copy (and I can't find it online, I swear). I cried for three days in my apartment. Once again I felt I was being judged not for what I wrote, but for who I was. My life, reviewed.

Of course, you might say I asked for it. To be a writer—to do anything that involves putting oneself out there—is to invite criticism. And if you write about personal stuff, well, what do you expect? I've now spent nearly two decades writing about my family, my history, my fears, my anxieties, my spiritual crises, my sorrows, and my joys. I've tried to carve out of my own experience books that will resonate with others.

In part because of this, and in part thanks to the clamor of voices on social media and the Internet, people feel entitled to say whatever they want. And why shouldn't they? Opinions of others—even opinions of opinions—are instantly available. We have thoughts to share about everything from Renée Zellweger's new face to Malia Obama's T-shirt. We tend not to stop and ask ourselves if we're being kind—especially when celebrities are involved, but even when our targets are civilians. Those days of walking to the newsstand to read one's reviews are long gone, and now—for a solitary writer sitting at her desk, stuck in her work, procrastinating, nursing simmering insecurities—all it takes is one impulsive click and she can become instantly privy to a soaring chorus of contrapuntal voices. *You're awesome! No, you suck! You're brilliant! You're the scum of the earth!* And if she gives the voices too much credence, she won't be able to write another word.

So I'm going to conduct an experiment, perhaps a dangerous one, right in the middle of this essay. I mean, what the hell. I'm talking about criticism, right? So I have an excuse: My editor made me do it. I go straight to Salon.com, where I recently published what turned out to be a somewhat inflammatory essay on the meaning of memoir. At the time I didn't check out the responses—Salon is known for its vicious, voluble comments section. *Self-serving, patronizing, sarcastic, agonizingly long...One way to plug a silly little self-indulgent book no one is reading...At least I now know I never have to read any Dani Shapiro.*

Whoa. The level of invective makes the bimbo reference seem like a sweet missive from another era. These people aren't just nursing a mild dislike of me. They hate me. I am reviled. Now I'm in full-on masochistic mode—this self-punitive stuff tends to create a pile-on effect—so I click on the Amazon reviews for my last couple of books. There are plenty of five-star comments, but my eyes glide right over them and home in on only the poisonous ones. *Absolutely ridiculous...Reeking of insincerity...Whiny, spoiled, pretentious crybaby.*

I feel nauseated—momentarily. But I notice something surprising in my reaction: This toxic binge-surfing feels a little like eating too much junk food. There's a weird, sort of icky rush, and then...then it's gone. These are people who don't know me, don't like me. Nor are they criticizing me in incisive ways I might learn from. This realization is followed by a minor epiphany: *And I don't have to make them like me.* I'm no longer that starving girl in a swimsuit, hopelessly pirouetting. I'm just a writer sitting alone in a room, struggling to make words line up on the page in a way that may communicate something true.

A friend recently posted this on Instagram: *I'd rather be someone's shot of whiskey than everyone's cup of tea.* I spent a whole lot of energy trying to be everybody's cup of tea and a) it wasn't fun, and b) it didn't work. I'd wager that we all do this at some point—contort ourselves into people-pleasing pretzels—and I'd also wager that the roots of this often can be found somewhere in our early lives. Who was it that first made us believe something was wrong with us, that something needed fixing? I have a now-teenage son, and I remember one early morning dropping him off at kindergarten. In the parking lot, he saw a boy he was close friends with, and he ran over to him to say hello. The boy turned his back on my son—physically dismissed him with the kind of innocent cruelty children can display—and my heart broke a little. Those injuries, small or large, are what form our early sense of ourselves. And a sense of our own value is the only way we can parse criticism and rejection—take what's useful and shrug off the rest.

For me, that injury can be best summed up by a picture I keep buried deep in a family photo album—quite possibly the only existing image of my older half sister, Susie, and me. I look to be around 11, so Susie must be 26. My hair is cut into a dorky shag, I have a mouthful of braces, and I'm wearing a white Danskin top, through which my tiny breasts are visible. Susie is in some sort of batik thing, her long wavy hair reaches her waist, and she's wearing granny glasses. I remember the moment: I'm over the moon to be with my big sister. She's the coolest person I know—she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 312

THE NEGATIVE ATTENTION TO MY MEMOIR WAS SWIFT AND VICIOUS, AND I FELT I WAS BEING JUDGED NOT FOR WHAT I WROTE, BUT FOR WHO I WAS. MY LIFE, REVIEWED.


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SUN DANCE

Fresh scents, shimmery makeup, and a revitalizing oil start off the summer with a glow

By Ashley Flor

After Dawn
A spin on the original eau de parfum, Giorgio Armani Sì Eau de Toilette lightens up with refreshing notes of sweet pear and tangy mandarin, evoking the crisp air of a May morning.

Orange County
M.A.C Wash and Dry High-Light Powder in Freshen Up gives cheeks a summer-sunset glow.

Light Switch
Don't be fooled by the emerald-green Lipstick Queen Frog Prince. Once it hits your lips and adjusts to pH levels, it transforms into a personalized shade of pink.

Wedding Crashers
For bright, notice-me nails, Essie magenta Brides No Grooms polish channels the carefree fun of a bachelorette party.

Luxury Good
The Tatcha Akari Gold Massager can be rubbed on the face when chilled to depuff tired skin or warmed up to relieve tension.

Petal Pusher
Rose-hip and sunflower-seed extracts hydrate skin sans heaviness in Laura Mercier Infusion de Rose Nourishing Oil.

Prime Shine
Givenchy's clutch-ready Le Rouge-À-Porter lipsticks (shown in #302) are hyaluronic-acid-packed, sheer versions of the Le Rouge originals.

Warm Regards
With beachy tiaré flower essence, Cartier La Panthère Eau de Parfum Légère conjures the feeling of basking in the sun.

Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D


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SISTER, SISTER

The sisters behind accessories line Lizzie Fortunato give new meaning to "If you don't shine, I don't shine" at a networking brunch

Photographed by LIANNA TARANTIN

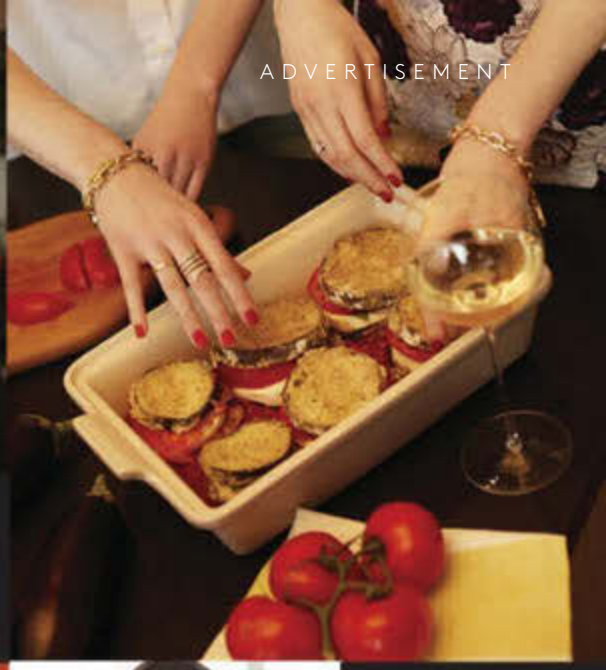
Styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Paul Merritt at De Facto for Kérastase; makeup by William Murphy for Chanel at Atelier Management; prop styling by Sarah Smart





[TABLE-TOP TIPS]

"The key to Italian cooking is all about the zest, and the sauces of course. Italian dishes should all have the three crucial "s's"—a hint of sweet, a touch of salt, and a whole lot of spice. We like our eggplant parmesan to end with an unexpected, but palette-pleasing bang."







[STARTERS]

"We love bringing people together to share a meal—it's such a wonderful way to introduce new people, or spend time with good friends. It also gives you the opportunity to be creative with everything from dishes to decor, and really give people a special experience."

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See how they cook up this stylish and delicious family-style fête. **#VivaBertolli**

[EGGPLANT PARMESAN]



150

EGGPLANT PARMESAN

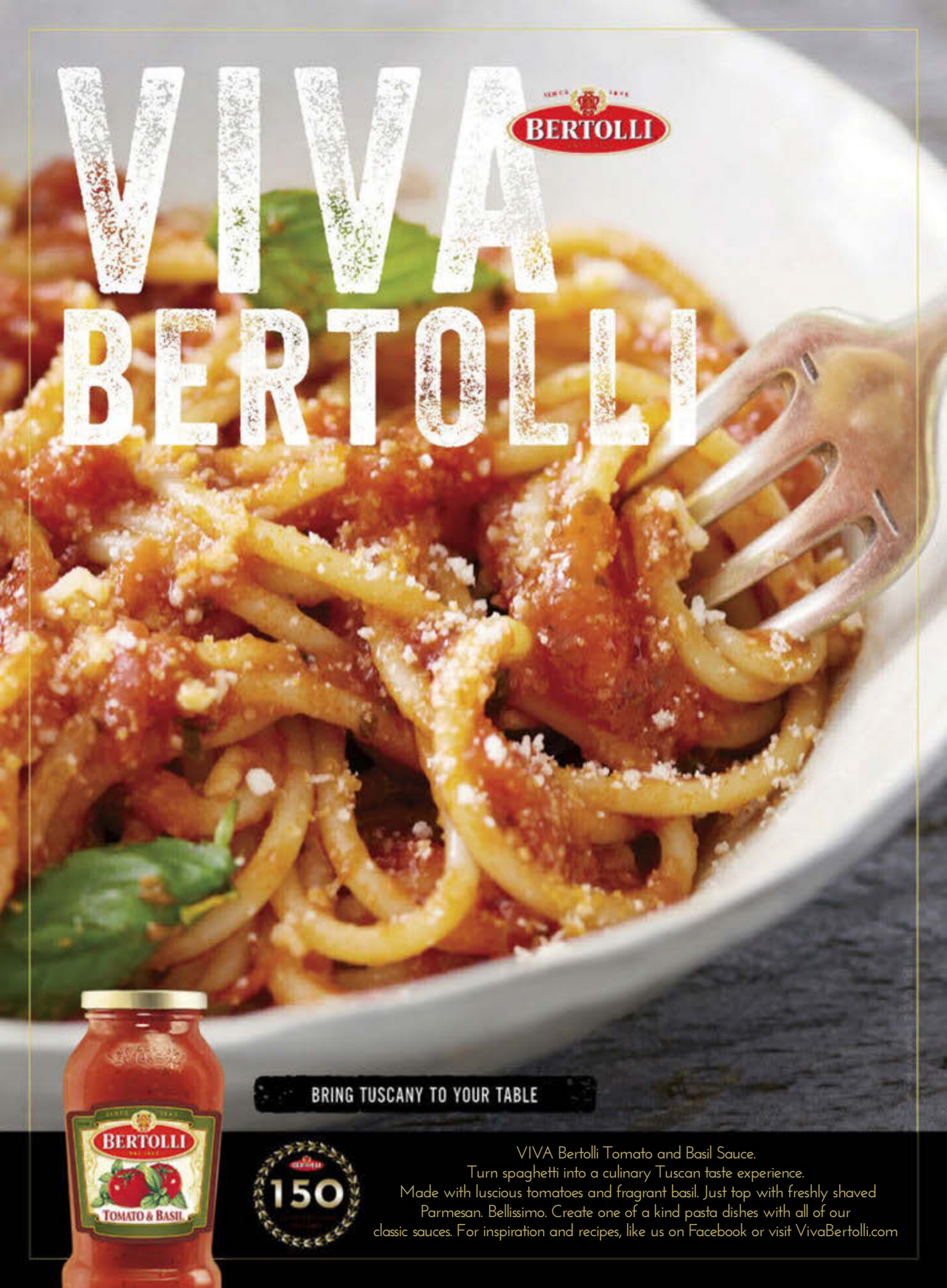
2 LARGE EGGPLANTS, CUT CROSS-WISE INTO ROUNDS 1/2" THICK
2 LARGE TOMATOES, SLICED
1 CUP ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR
1 TBSP KOSHER SALT
4 LARGE EGGS
1 TBSP MILK OR WATER
4 CUPS PANKO BREAD CRUMBS
1 CUP PARMESAN CHEESE, GRATED
1 TSP DRIED OREGANO
1/4 CUP FRESH BASIL, SLICED
3 CUPS **BERTOLLI ARRABIATA SAUCE**
2 CUPS MOZZARELLA CHEESE, SHREDDED
1/4 CUP PARMESAN CHEESE, GRATED

1. Preheat oven to 375° F. **2.** Line two baking sheets with parchment paper and spray with non-stick spray. **3.** Set up your dredging station. Mix flour and salt in bowl. In another bowl, whisk together eggs and milk to create an eggwash. In a third bowl, combine panko bread crumbs, parmesan cheese, and dried oregano. **4.** Take an eggplant round and dust in the flour. **5.** Next dip into the eggwash, shaking off excess. Dredge eggplant in the panko breadcrumbs ensuring it's completely coated. Place on baking sheet. Continue until all eggplant is breaded and placed on the baking sheets. **6.** Bake eggplant for 25-30 minutes until golden brown. **7.** In a baking dish, spread 1 cup of tomato sauce in the bottom. Lay down half of the eggplant slices. Next spread another cup of sauce. Lay down a layer of sliced tomato and sprinkle half the basil and mozzarella evenly over the pan. Add the remaining eggplant slices to the dish. **8.** Spread remaining sauce over the eggplant. Sprinkle basil evenly over the pan. Top with mozzarella and parmesan.

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BRING TUSCANY TO YOUR TABLE

150

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The hostesses: Lizzie (left) and Kathryn





Cerulo serves herself from a Moroccan ceramic bowl with a Lue Brass spoon, both available from Fortune Finds; (left) Kathryn, Capano, Patterson, and painter Mary Nelson Sinclair are brunch partners.



Assorted donuts from Brooklyn bakery Peter Pan Donut & Pastry Shop



Lizzie and Kathryn Fortunato, the 30-year-old twin sisters behind the jewelry line Lizzie Fortunato, have their own ideas about how to run a small business, and one involves a big dinner table. "For so long we wanted to connect all these different women who seemed like they were five degrees separated anyway," explains Kathryn from the kitchen of their shared apartment in Brooklyn's Clinton Hill, "but it wasn't until we had the physical space to do it that it was just so easy, and from there it became a tradition." The twins, who founded their label of statement-making costume jewels (necklaces start at $200) in 2008, are outgoing and friendly, both petite, with Audrey Hepburn–esque appeal (Lizzie's crop is distinctly *Roman Holiday* era) and a habit of laughing while they talk. They currently occupy the top two light-soaked floors of a brownstone, shared by Lizzie, her boyfriend, Peter Asbill (cofounder of the music app Songza), and Kathryn after the girls moved from a small, disaster-prone SoHo apartment in July. Kathryn says, "It was a huge priority to finally have a dinner table to put everybody around."

On a frozen Sunday afternoon in February, the Fortunatos' apartment is filled with guests ranging from women the twins knew growing up in Wilmington, Delaware, such as florist Taylor Patterson of Fox Fodder Farm (who lent a hand with arrangements) and Jenny Capano of pop-up restaurant production company The Sporting Project, to professional contacts turned friends: Erica Cerulo of the e-commerce site Of a Kind and Stacy Smallwood, a client who owns Hampden Clothing in Charleston, South Carolina. Textiles from Fortune Finds, Lizzie Fortunato's recently launched home-goods arm, and Plexiglas cuffs and gold and bone collar necklaces from their forthcoming Moroccan-inspired fall '15 line adorn the walls and the women. Savory plates of roasted-carrot-and-radish salad and a tomato-and-basil frittata catered by Simone Nemirovsky of Table BK are served over a tabletop of treasures available from Fortune Finds—delicate bud vases and patterned ceramic serving bowls. As Kathryn puts it, "We all know that running small businesses can be a huge challenge, and a lot of times it feels like there are more trials than triumphs, so the fact that we can surround ourselves with people who are friends but also people who provide insight, contacts, and resources for us is just doubly beneficial. And it's fun."

There is a Jane Austen–worthy balance of sense and sensibility to the sisters. Lizzie is the designer who would create jewelry from vintage chains and leather scraps, giving it away at college parties to girls who asked, whereas Kathryn always saw it as a business, one whose wares are now carried at mega-retailers Neiman Marcus, Shopbop.com, and Intermix. Except for a 2004 study-abroad stint while they both were at Duke University, the pair have not lived apart. That's about to change, though: Kathryn's boyfriend is moving from DC to New York to join the NYPD Intelligence Division, and they are renting a new apartment down the street. "We want to continue to entertain a lot," Lizzie says. "It's funny because Peter's asked, 'Do I still have to be kicked out?' And I'm like, 'Yes, we are still doing girl dinners, and you have to be kicked out.'"—*Cotton Codinha*


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THE NEWSROOM

Amid the rubble of Syria, a band of women are risking prison, or worse, to report, write, and edit the civil war's paper of record. By Christina Asquith

Kholoud Waleed* was startled awake by the sound of the front door being kicked in. Suddenly, her family's apartment in Darayya, a prosperous suburb outside of Damascus, was filled with Syrian government soldiers shouting, "This is the house!" It was the spring of 2012. Waleed's family—her father, mother, three brothers, and their wives and children—stumbled sleepily from their bedrooms and huddled together in the living room as soldiers rifled through drawers. Waleed was certain they had come for her.

A petite, soft-spoken 29-year-old with an English literature degree, she is a cofounder of the underground newspaper *Enab Baladi*, and one of only a handful of journalists left in a rapidly disintegrating Syria. The foreign press and aid workers had largely been barred from the country, and those who sneaked back in risked assassination at the hands of Bashar al-Assad loyalists or by ISIS and other radical Islamic gangs filling the vacuum. Amid the anarchy, most international news organizations kept their correspondents on the borders, and real news was hard to get.

In response, Waleed and a circle of 20-odd friends who'd met during the protests had started an underground newspaper to help inform Syrians, and anyone else who wanted to know, about the government's atrocities. They swore one another to secrecy, wrote under pseudonyms, and filed stories on Facebook (many Syrians now get their news from the social media platform; *Enab Baladi*'s Facebook page has 333,000 likes), using software to mask their computers' IP addresses. These days the paper has a website that gets 200,000 hits a month, but in the beginning it had to be

**The names of the* Enab Baladi *staff interviewed or mentioned in this article have been changed or abridged to protect their identities.*

Courtesy of *Enab Baladi*



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hand-delivered, at night. Women were couriers, as they were less likely than men to be stopped and searched.

Waleed watched the soldiers disappear down the corridor to her bedroom, where 100 copies of *Enab Baladi*—which means "grapes of my country," a reference to the vines that once grew abundantly in the gardens of Darayya—were stuffed under the frame of her twin bed. There was also a flag of the revolution. If the soldiers found this, she was sure they'd execute the family on the spot.

"At least let us go and cover ourselves," she said as she stood in her pajamas, her dark hair loose around her shoulders. The commander nodded, and she fetched a hijab from her room—and checked to see if her bed had been touched by the soldiers. It had not. Waleed could barely breathe.

"We are looking for the student at Damascus University," one of the soldiers said, and it was then that she realized they weren't after her. They wanted her 23-year-old brother Mohammed, who'd been helping aid organizations deliver food and medical supplies to areas under siege by the regime. "It's me," she said, hoping to spare her brother.

"We know it is a man," the soldier said. After a few eternal seconds, Mohammed stepped forward. They took his laptop and many other items, including Waleed's watch. One of the armed men turned to her mother. "We're going to kill him," he said simply. Then they dragged Mohammed through the door.

"We're the gang of girls. [Assad] would kill us, but he can't find us," Waleed says. The "gang of girls" she refers to are her colleagues at *Enab Baladi*; a little more than half the staff are women. Many of them are now refugees, in Turkey and Lebanon, and the rest are in hiding in Syria—reporting over sporadic Internet connections, giving new and urgent meaning to the phrase *working remotely*.

"To be a journalist in Syria is one of the most dangerous professions in the world," says Sherif Mansour of the New York–based Committee to Protect Journalists, himself a reader of *Enab Baladi*. Of the 24 founding staff members, three top editors have been killed in separate attacks. Eight reporters have been detained and tortured, and 12 have fled the country. In Waleed's birthplace, Darayya, 75 percent of the population has been displaced. By the beginning of 2015, an estimated 200,000 people had been killed in the Syrian civil war, many of them civilians. The government has been accused of gassing entire towns, suffocating thousands. An ancient country famous for its Mediterranean coastline, medieval castles, and relics dating back to the Babylonian period is in ruins.



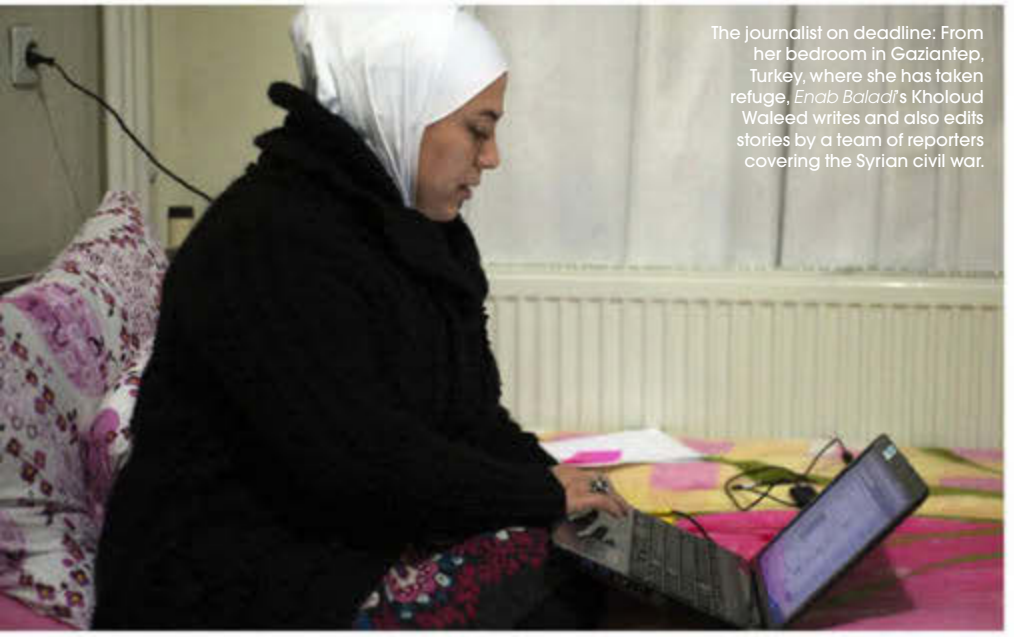
ENAB BALADI HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE SYRIAN WAR. THAT IT'S LARGELY FEMALE-STAFFED IS EXTRAORDINARY.

But Gaziantep, Turkey, where Waleed and other *Enab Baladi* staffers are holed up, is full of its own perils. More than a quarter million Syrian refugees have poured into this border town since the civil war began. A city of covered bazaars and wandering tea sellers and the domain over the centuries of the Hittites, Babylonians, Assyrians, Romans, and Ottomans, Gaziantep has increasingly become a staging ground for all those trying to get into or away from Syria: ISIS jihadis, rebel fighters, arms contractors, U.S. intelligence operatives. Like a black hole, the civil war keeps expanding, sucking in anyone at its edges.

In the ensuing void of order and information, *Enab Baladi* has become one of the most prominent independent publications of the war. That it's largely female-staffed is extraordinary. Women are barely represented in the government or in opposition groups—and certainly not in the Islamist gangs that control large swaths of the country. Yet the female editors and reporters have driven deeper coverage of how war affects civilians, families, and day-to-day life for millions of Syrians. "Women have been a big part of *Enab Baladi* since the beginning, and most say it's their resilience that's kept the paper going," says Jawad Sharbaji, a man and one of the publication's veteran editors. "They have easier access inside people's homes, and they can travel more easily and get to places where men cannot go."

The staff produces 7,000 hard copies twice a month, printed in Turkey; 5,000 of them are distributed in Turkey and 2,000 smuggled into Syria. (Readers often burn the paper as soon as they've read it, for fear of being caught with it.) *Enab Baladi* has an e-mail distribution list of about 1,000: Subscribers include foreign correspondents, fixers who work for such major news organizations as the BBC and *The New York Times*, Middle East specialists at think tanks and in the U.S. government, and workers at aid organizations. For years the paper was all-volunteer, but the U.S. Agency for International Development recently began helping fund it through a grant administered by one of its subcontractors, so now there is a small amount of money to pay staff.

"It's impossible to get news out of Syria," says Mariam Jalabi, director of the National Coalition of Syrian Revolution and Opposition Forces' Representative Office to the United Nations, a leading opposition group. "Even when we call family members, they can't speak [freely],



The journalist on deadline: From her bedroom in Gaziantep, Turkey, where she has taken refuge, *Enab Baladi*'s Kholoud Waleed writes and also edits stories by a team of reporters covering the Syrian civil war.

because they are fearful the phones are tapped. *Enab Baladi* has become an important news source for us."

"This is my command center," Waleed says. She's the news editor of the paper, but this is not much of a newsroom. It's her bedroom, in the rental house she shares with other refugees on the outskirts of Gaziantep. She is driven by the hope that history will credit the reporting she and her staff are doing. "Many times I lose my optimism," she says, perched on a twin bed with flowery sheets; one dangling, exposed bulb lights the room. "But being pessimistic is like a crime against the friends I have lost."

She flips open her laptop and checks her two cell phones. Her eyes dart back and forth as she toggles among Facebook Chat, WhatsApp, Skype, and Trello to check the status of her reporters, seven in all. It's 10 P.M., and she will edit through the night. During the day she works as a translator for a Syrian-relief nongovernmental organization to earn money for her family.

With a pretty, round face framed by her hijab, and a predilection in her former existence for pink scarves and designer handbag knockoffs, Waleed can barely believe the turn her life has taken since 2011, when she was a recent college graduate teaching in an elementary school, the child of liberal-minded parents—her mother worked as a schoolteacher, her father as a calligrapher—who supported her ambition to attend university and work.

Here is how it all began. It was early 2011, and Arab Spring uprisings in neighboring Tunisia and Egypt were shaking the Middle East. Waleed and her girlfriends joined the crowds of hundreds of thousands forming across Syria, singing the anthem of the revolution, the title of which translates as "Come On, Bashar, Leave." They used Twitter and Facebook to coordinate more rallies, calling for democratic reforms and expecting that the government—which over the past 40 years had built up one of the world's worst human rights records, crushing dissent, torturing prisoners, detaining and spying on critics, fostering endemic corruption, and creating widespread poverty—would fall or make concessions under pressure from the international community.

But their calculations were wrong, and backing from the United States was weak. The Assad regime immediately cast the protesters as dangerous Islamists and foreign terrorists. Within weeks of the first demonstrations, government tanks rolled into city centers, opening fire on the people. Journalists and artists were detained or killed. The man rumored to have written "Come On, Bashar, Leave" was found dead in a river, his vocal cords ripped out. Assad controlled the airwaves, which spouted only propaganda. Worse would come: Over the next year, as the resistance militarized in response, rebel groups formed, and weapons from neighboring countries flooded the streets. Civil society began to dissolve; gangs formed, and women were driven into their homes for fear of being abducted or raped.

The staff of *Enab Baladi* was dedicated to nonviolent civil disobedience and to documenting the catastrophic losses, and through friends they recruited reporters from across the country. There was Jenin, in her late twenties, writing from downtown Damascus, and Leyan and Hannah, both mothers in their early forties, sending in eyewitness accounts from cities in the north. With Waleed in Darayya was her friend Judi, an outspoken activist in her thirties. Throughout the summer of 2012 Syria continued to spiral into greater violence. Often Waleed stayed up all night, writing and editing articles about the atrocities of the day, but also about how Syrian women were starting schools in their homes, crossing enemy lines to try to negotiate cease-fires, and learning to administer first aid. Women's active roles in mediating conflict were all but ignored by the mainstream press—and contrasted sharply with the public face of the war, which was all male aggression. "What we were doing was more powerful than a bullet or a bomb," says Sharbaji. Indeed, the regime soon caught wind of the paper, and Waleed learned that detainees were being interrogated about it.

One morning in late August, she was having breakfast at her family's apartment in Darayya when the house shook. She rushed to the balcony to see her neighbors pouring into the alley. Minutes later, in almost the same location, there was another explosion. Waleed had grown accustomed to the occasional sound of rockets or mortars landing, as the rebels were hiding close by, on farms in the outskirts of the city. This was different. The shelling intensified, and the next morning the Waleed family fled to a relative's apartment, but as they arrived, a mortar hit the building, sending them all sprawling. The city was under attack. They ran for their cars, driving to the home of a family friend outside of town.

For the next three days, one of the worst massacres of the Syrian war took place inside Darayya. According to reporting from *Enab Baladi*, which still had staffers there, the regime's soldiers sealed off all roads entering and exiting the city shortly before mortars landed.

Then, according to first-person accounts reported by *Enab Baladi,* soldiers went door to door, lining up men in mosques and shooting them execution style and burning homes and schools. In one particularly gruesome example, neighbors told Waleed that they'd found an entire family dead in their basement, where they had presumably been hiding. During the rampage, Waleed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 312

Clockwise from top left: Chloe Fairweather; courtesy of *Enab Baladi* (2)



LIKE A VIRGIN

For **Sarah Hepola**'s entire adult life, sex and booze were inextricably bound. Then she stopped drinking and had to learn to navigate dating all over again

After I got sober, I worried I'd never have sex again. This may sound dramatic, the kind of grandiose proclamation a teenager makes before slamming the door to her room. But I'd ruined my sole romantic strategy: Get drunk, see what happens.

I had no idea how to get close to a man without alcohol. Booze had given me permission to do and say anything I wanted, but now that I was sober, the only thing I wanted most days was to watch Netflix. It's not as though every intimacy in my entire life had been warped by drinking. I'd had quiet sex, and giggling sex, and sex so delicate it was like a soap bubble perched on the tip of my finger. I knew such joy could exist between two people, but I had no clue how to get to it anymore. My only directions involved taking a glass of wine to my lips and letting the sweet release show me the way.

That's what forced me into online dating. It was the fate of all single women in their late thirties to stare down a personal profile, and as far as punishments go, this was fairly benign. And online dating was not a bad move for me. It allowed me to inch toward intimacy with built-in distance. It granted me the clarity that "hanging out at the bar" often lacked. One of the great, unheralded aspects of Internet dating was that the word *dating* was in the title, thus eliminating any ambiguity. Were we dating? Was this a date? The answer was yes.

It also allowed me to say up front: I don't drink. I'd worried so much about how to reveal this. I didn't want to watch some guy's face fall when I ordered a Diet Coke and then endure the pecks of his curiosity. So my "About Me" statement began "I used to drink, but I don't anymore." I've had stronger openings, but this one was good for now.

I understood that not drinking—and not drinking to such an extent that it was the first detail I shared about myself—would turn off certain guys. I could picture them sniffing around my profile. Those bearded eccentrics with their fluency in HBO shows and single-malt Scotch. How I missed those beautiful, damaged men, but we kept our distance from each other. Occasionally I would e-mail one of them, and they never wrote back, and I got it. Back when I was drinking, I wouldn't have responded to me either.

My first weeks on the site were choppy, but I soon became accustomed to the routine. The endorphin blast of attraction.

Jennifer Robbins/Thelicensingproject.com

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The coy banter that allowed you to tease out someone's personality. Flirting was like any exercise: It got easier the more you did it.

This wasn't the first time I had tried online dating. About six months after I moved to New York, I signed on to Match.com. I did it for my friend Anna, who'd logged countless hours listening to me complain about my ex. "Just try it," she said.

I bought a bottle of sauvignon blanc that night and sipped my way onto a plateau of cleverness. I didn't want a profile that was drab and ordinary. I wanted a personal statement that grabbed every guy by the collar and whispered each word into his mouth. I swear I was in love with myself by the time I finished, a bottle having morphed into a six-pack of beer, and I posted the hottest picture of myself I had: a close-up taken by a professional photographer in which I appeared 20 pounds lighter than I was. I woke up the next day to a kitchen clogged with cigarette smoke, and the memory surfaced in pieces: I think I joined a dating site last night.

I got several messages on the site that day, but two stood out. One was from a successful businessman with silver hair. The other was from an indie-rock type who frequented a burger shop less than two blocks from my front door. Those two men had nothing in common, except that they both wanted to meet. This week. Tomorrow. Now.

Having portrayed myself as the overthinking hedonist's Marilyn Monroe, I could not bear to disappoint them. There was not a pair of Spanx in the world big enough to bridge the distance between the woman on that site and the woman who stood in my kitchen, pacing in jogging pants.

So I pulled my profile down.

This story was one of a thousand reminders that dating was never easier when I was drinking. Alcohol may have turned me into Cinderella for a few radiant hours, but I would wake up in dishrags again, crying about the messes I'd made.

This time, the process of finding the right person on the site was more honest, but it was also slow. A lot of dead-end conversations. A lot of dudes in camo posing in front of their giant trucks. I was growing antsy. Some days I thought about finding a random dude and just banging him. What was wrong with me? Why did I think sex was something I needed to get over with?

My first online date was with a divorced father who was an immigration lawyer. He was nice, but not for me. No chemistry. When he offered to make me a lavish meal on Valentine's for our third date, I knew the only proper response was to gently fold up the tent on our time together. He deserved to spend that holiday with someone who felt differently about him. I was starting to learn one of the most important lessons of online dating: the wisdom of saying no.

All my life I fought to say yes. I was shy and ambitious, a terrible mix, and so I tried to dismantle my isolationist tendencies. Yes to this party I don't want to go to, yes to this person I don't want to date, yes to this assignment I'm afraid to botch, because saying yes was the path to a remarkable life. I needed to say yes, because I needed to push myself off the couch and into the swift-moving stream of hurt and jubilation. But saying yes to everything meant repeatedly saying no to my own better judgment, or drinking myself to the point where I had none. Now my job was to sort out the possibilities with more caution: which risks are not worth it, and which ones deserve a jump.

I said no to the smart guy who wasn't attractive to me. I said no to the cocky guy who was. I said no to the graphic designer who tried to kiss me one night. Our date was fun. I ran the pool table (twice), and his eyes roamed along my ass as I lined up my shot, and I was surprised to find I liked that. But he slurped down three bourbons in 90 minutes, and when he leaned forward to kiss me, I was grossed out by the sour smell of his breath, the slump of his eyes, and I ducked. Like in a sitcom, I literally ducked.

It was a revelation to me how unappealing men were when they were drunk. Back when I was dating my college boyfriend Patrick, who was sober, he would pull away from me when I was buzzed and handsy. "You smell like a brewery," he'd say, and I didn't get it. I felt so sexy in those moments; it only followed I must have looked that way. Now I realized what a sadistic game drinking played. It built up your confidence at the very moment you were looking your worst.

After the comical way I ducked the graphic designer's kiss, I was certain I'd never hear from him again. But he texted me the next day. Turns out, I accidentally inflamed his desire. I went out with him again, but something crucial was lacking. "I don't think this is going to work," I told him, which was a phrase I was learning to say. It felt foreign on my tongue.

I went out with a guy I'll call Ben. He showed up in jeans and a '70s ringer shirt pocked with holes and said, "Look, I dressed up for you," and already I liked him. He had brown eyes that caught the light.

We sat in a bar that was delightfully sleazy, and he drank a beer and I drank water, and nothing was forced or uncomfortable about this arrangement, which was shocking in itself. He asked me why I quit drinking, and I told him. I asked why he and his wife split, and he told me. We both baby-stepped toward each other, one refusal to lie at a time. When he walked me to my car, he said, "So I'm unemployed, I'm broke, and I still live with my ex. I understand if you never want to see me again, but you should know all that."

I saw him the next week. What the hell, he was different. We sat outside a gelato store with our feet kicked up on the railing, and we talked about pornography. I can't remember now who opened the door in the conversation leading to the hallway that contained beaver shots, but he told a story about the first dirty picture he ever saw. *Hustler* magazine, the hardcore stuff. All these women spreading their labias, six of them stacked on the page like bricks in a wall, and he felt a little ruined by it. Because after that, he needed so much just to get the same scorpion sting.

He'd gone to college during a wave of antiporn sentiment in the late '80s, and he'd learned to be ashamed of his desires. Then he got married. Then the marriage

I FELT SO SEXY WHEN I WAS BUZZED. NOW I REALIZED WHAT A SADISTIC GAME DRINKING PLAYED. IT BUILT UP YOUR CONFIDENCE AT THE VERY MOMENT YOU WERE LOOKING YOUR WORST.

caved. Now all he wanted was to dig himself out of the rubble and figure out who he was.

I let him kiss me that night. A lovely, soft, and unfrightening kiss. "I'll call you," he said, but he didn't, and that was fine too, because some relationships are good to say yes to for a very short time. It was nice to learn that rejection didn't have to burn.

One night in April, I went out with a guy who was studying psychology. We ate at a fried chicken restaurant, one of those trendy places where they served comfort food that used to be trashy. The guy talked fast, and I enjoyed the thrill of trying to keep up. "You're a contrarian," I told him, licking grease off my fingers.

"Is that good?" he asked. "I want to be the thing that you like." And it was the first time someone had said this to me, but I recognized it as my driving motto for the past 25 years. It was nice to be on the other side for a change.

"It's good," I said. "I like hearing your mind tick."

A week later, I drove out to his place, and we had dinner, and as we sat on the mattress of his messy bedroom, he turned to me and said, "Do you want to fuck?"

This was my first clue I was not exactly in a Lifetime movie. There would be no soft stroking of my hair. No spray of rose petals across the bed. But in fact I did want to fuck. I'd gone nearly two years without sex. Two years without drinking, or smoking, or fucking. And so I said, "Yes."

It was fast, and efficient, and that was okay. Sometimes it's best not to wait for the perfect movie moment; those can leave you checking your watch for a long time.

Afterward, we stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom as though it contained a moon. "I always think of the worst things to say after sex," he said.

I know there is a woman who would have left that invitation alone, but I was not her. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

"I'm thinking: Well, that was free."

It was a joke. (I guess?) Just my luck. There it was, my big chance to get sex right again, and I went and screwed an asshole. Maybe I should have felt crestfallen, but I didn't. I chalked it up to a learning curve. It was fine. I never saw him again, and no one was worse for the experience. Actually, I was glad for the experience, because it taught me that good sex wasn't a function of sobriety, any more than good sex was a function of being drunk. Good sex was about the person you were with and, maybe more important, the person you could be while you were with them.

I started seeing a musician. He was gone too much of the time, and it was never going to work, but I wanted to try.

When he looked at me, I had the giddy feeling of a three-beer buzz.

"You have these drunken, dreamy eyes right now," he told me, and I could feel it too. Bliss. Until I got sober, I never understood the phrase "weak in the knees." I thought it was an old-timey cliché that women like my mother used. Then my knees spaghettied underneath me as he walked toward me once, and I realized: Oh my God, this actually happens.

The first time he and I had sex, I barely remembered it. The whole afternoon was white light and the dance of tree shadows through the windows. He kissed me on the couch, and then he kissed me on the stairs, and then I took him to my bed. And then time stopped.

In the years that followed, I would have more sex like this. Sex that felt good and right. And I noticed when I was with a person I felt comfortable with, I could walk across the room without smothering myself in a blanket. I could let myself be seen. And I noticed when I stopped worrying so much about how I looked, I could lose myself more in how I felt.

I always thought good sex without alcohol would be sharp with detail, saturated with color, but instead it was more like a 4 P.M. sun flare. Pleasure shuts down the recorder in the brain. The flood of serotonin and dopamine creates a white-hot burst of ecstasy. For decades, I drank myself to reach that place of oblivion. Why hadn't I known the oblivion could come to me?

About three years into my sobriety, I was on a plane from Dallas to New York. The guy beside me was 23. Rumpled and exhausted from staying up all night. He slumped beside me and flashed the sideways grin of a boy who gets what he wants.

"I'm moving to New York," he said. He was moving there to be an actor. Oh, baby, you are screwed, I thought, but I didn't say this. Instead, we talked about leaps of faith. We talked about Denzel, his favorite actor. I tried to prepare him for disappointment, as I'm sure everyone did: Don't make fame the measure of success, I told him, make this move about learning something.

It was an early morning flight, and around us heads tilted back with eyes closed and mouths open, so we whispered like two kids talking behind the teacher's back. We talked so intensely that a three-and-a-half-hour plane ride felt like 30 minutes. I noticed all the times he touched my knee.

I was nearly 40, used up in some corners of history, and men my age were often chasing women with luscious rumps and tits that had yet to sag. I wasn't looking for younger guys, but they seemed to find me anyway. Maybe they sensed I was not interested in commitment yet. Or maybe they liked the grooves of a hand that knew its own strength. I was done trying to be anyone else.

"Do you think the mile-high club really exists?" he asked, raising his eyebrow.

"I hope not," I said. "Fucking in an airplane bathroom sounds terrible."

He wrinkled his nose. "Yeah, you're right."

Our plane landed, but we were not ready to part. It was his first day in New York, and it was only 11 A.M., which meant we had time to spray-paint the town before we parted. I paid for the cab ride to the Ace Hotel, just south of Midtown, a place where musicians and writers often stayed, and I treated him to lunch at the restaurant, full of charm and bustle. "You are giving me one hell of a story," he said, and I smiled, because he was doing the same for me.

We sat on the couch in the lobby, my legs on his lap. We were surrounded by strangers typing on their laptops, headphones on. Did they notice us? What did they see? He traced his fingers around mine as my hand rested on his knee. Have you ever noticed how astonishing it can be, holding hands with a person? Such an everyday thing, such a nothing gesture. But two hands, barely touching each other. It can feel like flying.

He kissed me then. Right in front of all those people. I didn't care. They were too busy with Twitter and Facebook to pay attention. "I want to put down my credit card and take you upstairs right now," he said. I smiled and ran my fingers over his sweet face, that face that had taken him so far in the world, and I said, "Not this time."

His body fell back in the couch. "So that's it? You're going to leave now?"

I smiled. That's right. I was going to leave now. But I gave him my number, and I told him to text me if he ever needed me, and I walked out to the bustling sidewalk, feeling so light. ●

From the book Blackout: Remembering the Things I Drank to Forget, *by Sarah Hepola. Copyright © 2015 by Sarah Hepola. Reprinted by permission of Grand Central Publishing.*

Thirsty for more? Read our Q&A with author Sarah Hepola about her brave and witty memoir, *Blackout*, at ELLE.com/HepolaChat.



ASK E. JEAN

Tormented? Driven witless? Whipsawed by confusion?

SEX AND THE MARRIED MAN

DEAR E. JEAN: *I've been seeing a married man for a few months. Everything was good. He told me he was "not a cheating asshole" and was "soon divorcing" his wife. I believed him.*

But then a couple of days ago, we were at a café, and, by chance, his wife walked in with a friend of hers. The man didn't even flinch. He introduced me as the "new girl" he'd been "seeing." The wife said hello, mentioned she was heading to Whole Foods, and asked him if he needed anything. Then, after reminding him to pick up something for the house (a mirror?), she told him she loved him and, without missing a beat, walked off!

It was instantly clear that he was never *going to divorce her. He confessed that they were in an "open" relationship and that he had "no intention of leaving." He explained that it was just easier to say he was "unfaithful" because "women don't think twice about being the 'other woman' but don't want to be one of two women."*

I feel cheated! In a burst of anger, I messaged his wife and reported his double cross. She responded with: "Yikes! He's done this before. I'll discourage him. I'm so sorry."

I was lied to! I feel small and depressed! Where do I go from here?

–Not the Mistress Type!

NOT, MY NUTMEG: Though I fairly *blaze* with tenderness toward all men and women and empathize with every gripe of my correspondents—alack. My feelings will not be repressed. Darling, I must tell you that you are an idiot.

If you're going to date married men—and I think readers will agree *this* is one of the prettiest, sneakiest fellows to appear in the Ask Eeee column—you don't need a neuroscientist to tell you that it's going to be hot. No. Not merely hot. *Sublime.* Then, not far behind, will come the *Blam! Blam! Blam!*—that's the sound of the organic Whole Foods manure hitting the fan.

Dating a married man, even with the wife's blessing, will bring you torment. Not because it's immoral. Marriage has progressed to an enjoyably enlightened state in the twenty-first century, and many contented souls are digging their marriages as you read this. But let's not forget that the chaps invented marriage to protect their property. And until women have wage equality in this country, to ascribe morality to the institution is dubious at best. Banging someone else's husband and then sending her a bitter, huffy note? Girl, *that* smacks of low morals.

Now for the "where do I go from here?": My theory is that every chap, given the right circumstances, will tell you he's leaving his wife. As you are "not the mistress type," I advise you, in the future, to avoid the breed altogether, admit you're a moron, get to know yourself better, and realize that sometimes a married man is simply the name we give our mistakes.

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

DEAR E. JEAN: *I'm at one of the top companies in the world, and I'm good! I get my work done, perform well within quality standards, and I'm dedicated.*

So here's the kicker. Last year, I transferred offices and was told by my new manager that I acted like I "knew better than everyone" and that I "talked down to people." He said there were "several complaints." I shaped up. Then nine months ago, I had a disagreement with a colleague, and he complained to my manager that I'd "talked down to him."

Now I've just come from my performance review with upper management. They said everything was excellent, except that in the question-answer portion of the interview they thought I came off as a "know-it-all." I burst into tears right in front of them! I'd spent the whole session trying to sound strong so I wouldn't cry, and it backfired.

I've spent the past year trying to be nice! I've gone beyond *being nonconfrontational. How do I stop being a know-it-all? Or at least acting like one? I think my career—not just my job—is on the line now. I am pretty much willing to do anything at this point.*

–Struggling Against the Current

STRUGGLING, MY YOUNG SAGE: Bah! They'd have to flog Auntie Eeee with the entire Hermès belt collection before she'd tell a woman how to "stop being a know-it-all."

Maybe you *do* know it all. Maybe you know it all and then some. Who's to say how much you (and your company) are losing by you pretending to be "nice" and doing only what's expected?

In my own corporation, Tawkify, we specifically *look* for know-it-alls when we hire. (And we're growing like mad.) But I've seen this kind of "nonconfrontational" twaddle firsthand at other Silicon Valley tech start-ups. When a man asserts himself, he's called a leader. When a woman asserts herself, she's a "know-it-all." Here are my observations:

Scientists around the globe are seeking the WIMP—the Weakly Interacting Massive Particle—believed to be the stuff of dark matter making up about 25 percent of the universe. WIMPs exert tremendous gravitational force on stars, planets, and just about everything else.

They are looking for the WIMP up on

Gregg Delman (Styled by Christian Strobie; hair by Eduardo Carrasco at Ford Artists NYC; makeup by Sylwia Rakowska at Ford Artists NYC)

You can watch videos, write with anonymity, and exchange genius tips on Advice Vixens at AskEJean.com. And if you're in need of a Mystery Date: Tawkify.com.

the Space Station and 8,200 feet under the sea. But Auntie Eeee knows where the WIMP hides. Wherever there's a woman sobbing in a corporate bathroom, the WIMP will be there. Wherever a woman is being beaten up in a performance review, he'll be there. He's your manager. He may mean well, but like many a male manager in corporations like yours, he's the dark force exerting immense pressure for you to behave in certain ways.

Smacking the WIMP is a simple matter of dreaming up ways for your division to earn $18 million more a month. While you're doing *that*, watch out for the Cocky Chin. Yes. It's a thing. Lower it and you indicate a willingness to cooperate. (This is why Princess Diana was so popular.) Raise it, and you show you're trying to dominate. (This may explain why people complain that you "talk down to them.")

Also: Listen. Ask questions, but not phony ones. Have a lot of solutions. Collaborate. Dole out protein bars. (I know, I know, but it works because chocolate, gifts, and protein lift people's moods. So does beer—we have it on tap at our WeWork office in New York.)

Try to meld your fake "nice" work personality, your fake "nonconfrontational" work personality, and your "dedicated" work personality (we're all up to our gills in multiple social identities, but you seem to possess a *harem*) into one supersmart professional woman.

The cleverest move you can make is to *use* your know-it-all reputation to bring out the brilliance in the people around you. Say the manager's manager is doing a great job; make his triumph public. He will say to himself, "If she's so right about my new sales strategy, maybe she does know how to market this new product."

Good luck, Miss S. When you're running the company, offer your fellow women the floor whenever possible!

P.S. Steve Jobs was famous for bursting into tears during meetings.

SLIP-PERY SLOPE

DEAR E. JEAN: *Why don't women wear slips any more? I'm a guy who loves to see a silky, lacy slip on a woman, but it seems that no woman ever wears one. How do I ask a lady if she would please wear a slip for me?*

–Slip Sliding Away

SLIP SLIDING, DEAR FELLOW! I have good news. The Elizabeth Taylor *BUtterfield 8* slip is alive! (So is the Elizabeth Taylor *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* slip, but *two* such items dripping in debauchery might be more than one chap can handle.) If you want to see your inamorata in a slip, don't ask. Give. (Etsy.com's DreamDate vintage lingerie shop has several sleek numbers from the *BUtterfield/Cat-on-a-Hot-Tin-Roof* era.) But don't be surprised if, after shimmying into it and admiring herself in the mirror (while you sit on the bed dizzy and dying), she borrows your golf cardigan and wears the ensemble out to dinner. Indeed, these days at the most posh gatherings, one rarely sees anything *but* modern versions of the *BUtterfield 8*. They're called "slipdresses," and they are worn out, rarely in.



Courtesy Everett Collection

SKED CRED

DEAR E. JEAN: *Friends seem to be drifting away. I contact them and suggest we meet for drinks or dinner, and they usually reply with, "Oh! I'm not in town that day." Or, "Gosh! I've got a ton of work that week!" Then, when I ask if I should just let them alone, they act surprised! What does all this mean? I don't know if I should give up on them or not.*

–What Would Emily Post Do?

MISS POST, MY PARSLEY: A while ago, I invited the illustrious Miss Lisa Chase, Senior Features Editor of ELLE (and revered ed of this column) up to my little mountain cabin for an Appalachian Trail Hiking Vodka Bear Orgy. She's still trying to schedule a date, *three years later.*

Show me a day on the calendar and I'll show you 88 million people who can't make it that night for drinks. Or lunch. Or dinner. They're affixed to their scheduling apps, scheduling things they never had to schedule before.

It's not that your friends don't love you. Scheduling is not about love. It's about luck. Suggest a late supper (*that* will get them!) another day. Katie Rosman, columnist and editor at *The New York Times*, just revealed, in a hilarious story, how even lovers can't get together to binge watch their favorite TV shows without a choking flood of rescheduling. But don't get me started on that Katie Rosman! She's been trying to schedule a major Hula-Hoop Archery Badminton Afternoon up here at my cabin for the past *six* years.

WANTON PHYSICS

DEAR E. JEAN: *This sounds silly...but my boyfriend and I are getting ready to move in together, and he has mentioned the romantic idea that he would like to sleep with his penis inside me. I'm worried about what the negative effects might be of sleeping like this?*

–Curiouser and Curiouser

MISS CURIOUSER AND: Silly? I haven't had such an interesting question to sleep on all month. The "negative effects" are these: What with the tossing and turning and waning and waxing—there's a reason Shakespeare termed sleep "Nature's *soft* nurse"—the whole slumber *de pene* usually lasts at most about a quarter of an hour. Everyone tries it, of course, once or twice. It's the stuff dreams are made of.

P.S. If any of you have a question about a chap wanting to *walk around* with his penis inside you, send it along. I am quite at my leisure. ●

Ask a question! E-mail E.Jean@AskEJean.com or follow her at Twitter.com/ejeancarroll. Read past columns at ELLE.com/AskEJean.

HIT SINGLE

Stripping down to just one stand-alone element—be it crisp wine lips, sauna-steamed cheeks, or dark, sooty eyes—looks ultrafresh after so many seasons of more-is-more makeup.
By Julie Schott

Photographed by David Bellemere
Makeup by Lisa Houghton



BERRY GOOD

Not only are red lips a physiological indicator of increased sexual arousal, but research published in the journal *Perception* in 2010 found that women are seen as more attractive when they have increased contrast between their lip color and complexion. So this mega-pigmented mouth? A universally seductive statement.

Styled by Vanessa Chow (Hair by Shin Arima at Frank Reps; manicure by Naomi Yasuda at Streeters for Dior Vernis; casting by Stefanie Koenig at Zan Casting; model: Naty Chabanenko at Next)


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FLUSH MOB

Pink, glowy cheeks signify both good health and physical fitness (a natural rosiness comes from well-oxygenated blood) as well as fertility (estrogen dilates blood vessels, increasing blood flow), according to research conducted at Scotland's University of St. Andrews.


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UP IN SMOKE

Why does the high-contrast smoky midnight hue seen here create such a magnetic gaze? A recent study from Gettysburg College found that greater contrast between eyes and skin—which can be achieved with makeup to produce more defined eyes and eyebrows—signals youthfulness and health.



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NATURAL SELECTION

MAROON LIPS

To maximize contrast but avoid looking "hard or gothic," makeup artist Lisa Houghton, who created the looks on these pages, recommends choosing a berry shade with undertones that reflect those seen in the skin. For the most flattering wine, she suggests "fruity berry shades with reddish undertones."



Houghton applied cool-toned NARS *Audacious lipstick in Bette to offset the model's slightly icy complexion.*



A brownish rouge such as BOBBI BROWN *Rich Lip Color in Crimson lights up against skin with yellow or olive undertones.*



The richly colored CHANEL *Rouge Coco Lipstick in Etienne illuminates darker skin tones.*





The pink in DOLCE & GABBANA *Dolce Matte Lipstick in Dolce Desire plays well with warm to neutral undertones.*

SMOKY EYES

Contrary to popular belief, black isn't monolithic. Many noir shades have either cool or warm undertones, and some are more opaque than others. "Soft black is best on fair skin because carbon can look overwhelming," says New York City makeup artist Suzy Gerstein, whereas heavily pigmented gel liner complements dark skin. "When you don't have a true black, the color can look gray."





Shimmer-packed LANCÔME *Eye Shadow in The New Black reveals blue undertones that suit cool skin.*

For the look seen here, "start with a black eyeliner pencil and smudge around your eyes," Houghton says. Try universally flattering SHISEIDO *Smoothing Eyeliner Pencil in Black. To finish, "add a little black eye shadow to hold it in place."*

MAYBELLINE NEW YORK *Eye Studio Lasting Drama Gel Eyeliner in Blackest Black gives dense but blendable color that complements dark skin from cool to warm.*



On set, Houghton flushed the model's cool-toned skin by blending STILA *Convertible Color cream blush in Petunia using her fingertips. For those with warm or olive undertones, the soft coral shimmer in* NARS *The Multiple in Orgasm delivers natural-looking color.*



ROSY CHEEKS

For cheeks that mimic the flush of primal attraction, "pinch your fingertip and look for something that echoes that color," says Gerstein, who opts for creams or liquids that sink into the skin. To get a believable flash of color, press pigment into spots that truly heat up with desire: the apples of cheeks, across the nose, and on the chest.



Warm-toned CHANEL *Le Blush Crème de Chanel in Chamade gives works-on-everyone pinkish shade.*



Model: David Bellemere; Devon Jarvis/Studio D (2); Jeff Harris/Studio D (1); Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D (1); Jon Paterson/Studio D (1)



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Stretch-viscose crepe shirt, $795, skirt, $510, both, J.W.ANDERSON, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Gold-plated brass earrings, both, LOEWE, $490–$790 each. UV finger bands, VPL, price on request. Leather slides, SPORTMAX, $575. For details, see Shopping Guide.

ROLE MODEL

This month we lead you on a preview of the Whitney Museum of American Art's sparkling new 200,000-square-foot downtown Manhattan home, where we photographed powerhouse American artists Laurie Simmons and Kara Walker—wearing Max Mara, from the brand's collection inspired in part by the building's revered architect, Renzo Piano. Daphne Merkin takes us to meet Tomas Maier, a veritable architect of fashion. At the helm of Bottega Veneta and of his own collection, Maier has culled the perfect thinking-woman's wardrobe by placing the emphasis firmly on form—never frill. But we're no purists: We're also obsessed with Bella Hadid, who attracts attention with a very different kind of form—her own—and with pre-fall's quietly racy equestrian chic. It's a lot to take in, so we suggest starting with this visual palette cleanser: A clean slate, whether it's a new museum or just a new white shirt, is the easiest way to get off to a beautiful start.

Photographed by Nagi Sakai; styled by David Vondehsar

CHELSEA, LATELY

BEFORE RELEASING HER SIGNATURE REPORT ON THE GLOBAL STATUS OF WOMEN, CHELSEA CLINTON TALKS TO ELLE ABOUT COMING INTO HER OWN AS AN ADVOCATE, HER NEW BABY GIRL, AND HER OWN ROLE AS FIRST DAUGHTER, ONE SHE'S HELD ALMOST SINCE THE DAY SHE WAS BORN. BY RACHAEL COMBE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLA KUDACKI STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

Chelsea Clinton stands onstage in a Broadway theater, her blue dress as electric as the energy in the room, her erect, elegant posture a reminder of the teenage ballerina she once was. The audience is full of presidents, Nobel laureates, and press. Secret service agents are tiptoeing around in the wings like stagehands (Bill Clinton is seated in the front row). The Clinton Foundation's team of starry-eyed postcollegiate helpers and handlers scurry through the aisles like ushers. Though Chelsea has been on the world stage for most of her life, today is something of a debut for her. The occasion is the unveiling of the No Ceilings Full Participation Report—a comprehensive look at the status of women around the world—that has been Chelsea's baby (in addition to her actual seven-month-old, daughter Charlotte Clinton Mezvinsky). But if she's nervous as she cohosts a program of speakers ranging from a midwife from Haiti to Liberian president Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, you'd never know it. Her performance is calm, graceful, and flawless.

Of course, Chelsea has always been a master of opacity, even under a spotlight. For those of us who grew up alongside her—she was born in 1980, the linchpin year between millennials and Generation X, allowing two generations to claim ownership—she's been a source of fascination and even mystery. Her parents have lived a life that seems almost entirely external: One or the other of them has been in public office for all but four years of Chelsea's 35 (her first two and the past two). Nearly every thought, action, and intimate or professional relationship the Clintons have had for more than three decades has been recorded and dissected by not only a robust press pack but also by Hillary and Bill themselves, who've authored nine books between them.

But though Chelsea's birth was front-page news in her home state of Arkansas, she grew up largely outside the public eye. Her parents kept her so under wraps that when Bill Clinton was first running for the presidency, polls found that many Americans weren't aware he had a child. When he was elected in 1992, when Chelsea was 12, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis advised Hillary to protect her daughter's privacy above all else, as Onassis had done with John and Caroline. Chelsea was enrolled at Sidwell Friends, a private Quaker school in Washington, DC, and the press was told that she was completely off-limits. She reached adulthood at the moment when her parents' personal woes were splashed across every paper in the country, but she kept her own counsel, never showing a flare of anger or rebellion toward her parents. Unlike with Jenna Bush, there were no



Belted dress, GUCCI. *Gold bracelet,* MATEO NEW YORK. *Gold bracelet,* CARTIER. *Signet ring,* GARLAND COLLECTION. *Ring,* HALLEH. *Suede pumps,* BRIAN ATWOOD.

reports of fake IDs or sexpot outfits or barfing, and no *National Enquirer* photos of her stumbling drunk at frat parties. Chelsea received a degree in history from Stanford, got a master's degree in public health from Columbia, earned both a master's and a doctorate in international relations at Oxford, and worked on Wall Street. All the while, she kept her head down and her mouth shut. Even as recently as 2008, when she took a leave from work to stump for her mother's presidential campaign, Chelsea declined to speak to the press—including a nine-year-old reporter from *Scholastic News*.

Through the nonstop cacophony that surrounded the Clintons, Chelsea had always floated, poised and unsullied, like Glinda in her magic bubble. And then, abruptly, a little more than three years ago, Chelsea reached out and popped the bubble. After an emotional period during which she married, watched her marriage become tabloid fodder, and then lost the person she has described as her North Star, her beloved maternal grandmother, Dorothy Rodham (who died in 2011 at the age of 92), Chelsea shocked Americans and took a job as—irony of ironies—a special correspondent for NBC News. As she told the *New York Times*, "I had led an inadvertently public life for a long time and maybe it was time to start leading a purposefully public life."

She took a seat on the board of the Clinton Health Access Initiative in 2011 and in 2013 was named vice chair of her father's organization, which was renamed the Bill, Hillary & Chelsea Clinton Foundation to reflect that it had become a true family affair. She now describes her years on Wall Street as a type of rebellion against her parents, the A-student's version of smoking cigarettes and dating a Hells Angel: She wanted her life's work to be different from theirs, but found, ultimately, that she couldn't escape the Clinton blood pumping through her veins, for better or for worse.

Chelsea's challenge now is to ensure that her family's foundation and its work will last beyond her parents' lifetime—a job made more difficult by the nonstop media scrutiny of her mother, as evidenced by the opprobrium heaped on Hillary since the March revelation that she'd exclusively used a private e-mail account while at the State Department. And when the press has tough questions for the Clintons—as they did the day of the No Ceilings event, about donations to the foundation from foreign governments with poor records on women's rights—Chelsea can no longer claim to be off-limits. "It won't shock you to know that I am fairly familiar with people criticizing my family and the work we're engaged in for one thing or another. That just comes with the territory," she told ELLE after the No Ceilings event. "That's not to say there are not fair questions about, for example, how we define and measure impact across all the work of the foundation. I believe the impact of the work continues to speak for itself, and I love thinking about what more we can—and then should—be doing to push our programs forward."

No Ceilings is emblematic of the work Chelsea says she felt called to do. It was an idea she and her mother dreamed up together, looking back at the United Nations' World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995, where Hillary, then first lady, made her famous declaration that "human rights are women's rights and women's rights are human rights"—a sort-of feminist shot heard round the world in the international community. Chelsea says that she wanted to use that anniversary to provide perspective on the status of women's rights. "I love data," she says. "It's important to know where you're starting to figure out where you want to go." The Full Participation Report data is all searchable on the website (Noceilings.org)—as helpful for an eighth grader working on a school paper as for a nongovernmental organization writing a grant application.

Reading the findings can be heartening: Maternal mortality has dropped by 42 percent; the percentage of women in national legislatures has nearly doubled; the global gender gap in access to primary education has greatly improved. But the sobering statistics are, unfortunately, more numerous: Young women have twice the HIV infection rate of young men; almost two thirds of the world's illiterate adults are female; the majority of the countries studied have no laws against marital rape; fewer than three in 10 nations have laws prohibiting gender discrimination in hiring and pay. Particularly depressing for American women: Only nine countries don't guarantee paid maternity leave, and the United States is one of them. The upshot is that the work of feminism is not nearly done—not here and not globally.

Before unveiling her signature report, Chelsea sat down with ELLE. She may not be quite an open book—her staff stipulated she wouldn't talk about politics or White House scandals of the past—but nonetheless she comes across as a straight shooter. As she speaks, you catch glimpses of her parents. Her hands are expressive, like her father's, and she uses the "Clinton thumb"—that signature closed fist and upturned thumb—as she methodically unpacks ideas. Her large blue eyes and her habit of widening them for emphasis call to mind her mother. She spoke about her work on behalf of women and girls at the Clinton Foundation and the happy place in which she finds herself, finally writing her own story as a mother, wife, advocate, and, yes, the beloved daughter of two of the most powerful people on the planet.

ELLE: Were you at the World Conference on Women in Beijing in 1995 when your mother made her "women's rights are human rights" speech?

CHELSEA CLINTON: No, but I remember watching it on television in my room at the White House—my mom in her pink suit! I remember being so proud of her. I vividly remember her working really hard on the speech before she went and recognizing that this was a real moment. I don't think that she could have anticipated how much attention she would attract saying something that shouldn't be controversial, but she knew at the time it still was controversial. And I don't think she expected that it would be as galvanizing, thankfully, as it was.

ELLE: When you came to the foundation, you said you wanted to look at what it was and wasn't good at and to focus on where you could have the most impact. You've tried a few different careers. Have you discovered the same about yourself?

CC: I'm blessed to be my parents' daughter, and many of the areas where I can make a disproportionately positive impact are both because of the opportunities they've given me but also—candidly—because I share their DNA and work ethic. To disaggregate a big problem into lots of smaller problems, to think about who needs to be around the table to solve a problem—those are skills I inherited from my parents and that have grown through my own hard work.

ELLE: Your maternal grandmother died in 2011. You and your mother have spoken about what a huge influence she had on you both. Your grandmother had a Dickensian childhood—endured abuse, poverty, and abandonment. And yet she emerged, as you've said, a loving and remarkable person. Did she exemplify your family's unsinkable DNA, or was it what didn't kill her made her stronger?

CC: I talk to Charlotte about her great-grandmother all the time



Cady jacket, trousers, both, STELLA McCARTNEY. *Cady blouse,* DEREK LAM. *Gold necklace,* BULGARI. *Gold bracelets, both,* TIFFANY & CO. *Gold-plated bangle,* TROLLBEADS. *Signet ring,* GARLAND COLLECTION. *Gold ring,* HALLEH.



Wool jacket, ALEXANDER WANG. *Silk shirt,* TOM FORD. *Signet ring,* GARLAND COLLECTION. *Gold ring,* HALLEH.



because it's important to me that Charlotte understand the magnificence of my grandmother and how—because she helped my mom become the person that she is and helped me become the person I am—she will inevitably have a role in Charlotte's life, even though she's no longer with us. And my grandmother very much believed that, yes, she was just dogged, but also that she was lucky enough to be exposed to positive role models—they just weren't in her own home. She realized that the cold and really abrasively unnurturing reality she had grown up in wasn't inevitable. She could write her own story.

ELLE: When I hear stories like that, I wonder if I'd have it in me to be a survivor. When you go to the developing world and see women struggling with poverty, AIDS, or abuse, do you ever wonder if you'd be able to rise above your circumstances?

CC: Of course! I believe in what my grandmother always referred to as a discipline of gratitude, and part of that is recognizing that to whom much is given, much is expected—I'm always trying to figure out what more I can be doing to be a good daughter, to now be a good mother, to be a good wife, to be a good friend, to be a positive contributor to my community, to my world. But another part of the discipline of gratitude is always striving to be empathetic, and to have the humility to recognize that I am really lucky, and I could have been born—we all could have been born—in different circumstances. And to use that humility to work that much harder, but also to always wonder what might have been. Now, as a mother, and having seen so many remarkable mothers all over the world, whether they're subsistence farmers in sub-Saharan Africa or AIDS activists in Southeast Asia, they're all fighting so hard fundamentally for their children. So I do believe now I would do whatever I had to do to ensure that Charlotte had a safe and healthy life and every opportunity I could give her. I would do anything for her.

ELLE: When Charlotte was born, what was your first thought?

CC: I was so just flooded with love and this fierce protectiveness. I don't know what I thought I would need to protect her from in the hospital room, but I was so ready. Just if anything was a threat to my newborn daughter, I was going to get off that bed and, like, throw myself in front of it.

ELLE: Your parents have always been very protective of you. Do you ever worry that because you're the most precious person in the world to two of the most powerful people in the world, people are afraid of you? Afraid of what would happen if they hurt you or even screwed up on the job?

CC: I don't know about that! But I think one thing that I've always been aware of is, you know, people have had preconceptions about me my whole life. When I was little in Arkansas in Booker elementary school, I had kids saying things to me directly like, "I don't want to play with you, because what if you get hurt and the state police come after me?"

ELLE: Kids actually said that?

CC: Yeah. I'm like, "State police aren't going to come after you, and I'm tougher than I look." I've always realized it's my responsibility to help people get over their biases about me.

ELLE: How do you do that?

CC: By being myself. And also welcoming any questions that people have. I may not answer all of them; I may not think it's appropriate to answer all of them, but I'm comfortable hearing whatever questions or concerns might be impediments to being able to have a real working relationship or friendship with someone. So inviting people into my life, but also just

"WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF HAVING A WOMAN PRESIDENT, ABSOLUTELY IT'S IMPORTANT, FOR, YES, SYMBOLIC REASONS—SYMBOLS ARE IMPORTANT; IT IS IMPORTANT WHO WE CHOOSE TO ELEVATE AND CELEBRATE. AND ONE OF OUR CORE VALUES IN THIS COUNTRY IS THAT WE ARE THE LAND OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, BUT WHEN EQUAL HASN'T YET INCLUDED GENDER. . ."

showing up and working hard so that people see me as me. Of course, part of me is being my parents' daughter, but that's only part of who I am.

ELLE: So what's a typical day for you?

CC: Well, at the moment, I'm still breast-feeding, so I wake up early in the morning, like 6 A.M., and often will go for a run. And [then I] come back, get ready for the day, feed Charlotte, and then go to work. We have a wonderful caregiver. I pump multiple times a day and am very dedicated to ensuring that Charlotte has enough to eat, and I'm so grateful that she's a healthy little eater and I'm able to feed her. And Marc and I, every night, unless there's something that we really have to go to, come home and give her a bath. Marc gives her a bottle at night and then we put her to bed. She's sleeping through the night. She trained herself; I deserve no credit.

ELLE: Is it a big change from before she was born?

CC: Marc and I are like, "What did we do before we were parents?" My whole life is reoriented around my daughter in the most blessed sense. I now understand—this is something else that Marc and I talk about all the time—all of the enthusiastic, bombastically spectacular, wonderful things people say about their children, because we also feel and think all those things about Charlotte—that she is just the most remarkable little bubbly, perfect, chunky monkey creature ever.

ELLE: Did you enjoy being pregnant? I feel like there are two camps: people who love it and those who hate losing their autonomy.

CC: No, I liked being pregnant. I was tired. I had to sleep more. I had to buy new clothes, but that was okay.

ELLE: And now you're back to normal—are you trying to get on *Us Weekly*'s Body After Baby cover?

CC: [*laughs*] Definitely not, no. Charlotte's eighteen and a half pounds, which is a lot. So I think that lots of, like, lifting and carrying her helps; lots of squeezing and hugging, too.

ELLE: You're an avid runner, too.

CC: I love to run. I love running all over the city. I mean, I love running. On the East Side I love running, on the West Side I love running, downtown...I just think. I clear my head. I love listening to the sounds of the city, too, and all the things that get said to me while I'm running. A few years ago I ran downtown and I was in the East Village, and these two women were sitting outside their building, next door to a bodega, and every person who walked past they were saying, "Saturated fat, unsaturated fat, saturated fat, unsaturated fat." And I ran by and they said, "Unsaturated fat." I stopped and I said, "Is that a good thing?" And they said, "Well, honey, we're all fat." And I said, "I got that from the labeling, but is it good to be unsaturated?" They said, "Well, it's better than being saturated fat," and I was like..."Okay," and I just kept running. I love that. Like, I didn't even know what to make of that and it was ludicrous, but hilarious and sweet. And in the mornings, just being able to talk to the delivery people when I'm waiting for the lights to change, or the police officers.

ELLE: And are they all relating to you as Chelsea Clinton?

CC: A lot of them, but not always. Sometimes I'm just that person out running. I miss that in the winter.

ELLE: One of your childhood friends once said that you've always lived your life as though you were being watched. Is that true?

CC: I would say a couple of things. I don't think constantly about being watched, and I very much choose to live my life in the world...

ELLE: I didn't mean to make you sound paranoid!

CC: No, no, it's a very fair question. I ride the subway and go to Duane Reade and to the grocery store. I mean, people might be looking at me when I'm picking out my Siggi's yogurt or picking up my prescription or when I'm reading a book on the subway. And so I would say it's more that I'm aware that someone *might* be watching me or looking at me, or that someone might come up and say something to me, but it's not at the top level of my consciousness. Like when I'm grocery shopping, I'm thinking about groceries, or when I'm walking down the street, I'm think-

ing about, probably, No Ceilings or, definitely, Charlotte.

ELLE: For example, if you wanted to, say, buy a copy of *Fifty Shades of Grey*, would you have to worry that someone in the bookstore was going to tweet about it?

CC: I haven't read *Fifty Shades of Grey*, although I'm fascinated that it has sold 100 million copies. So I can't speak about that, but I also—I don't have secrets, either. If someone really wants to know that I'm reading Barbara Nadel's most recent Inspector Ikmen book...

ELLE: Is that what you're reading?

CC: Yes, I love historical mysteries and I love mysteries that take place outside the United States: Maisie Dobbs and all of the Barbara Mertz/Elizabeth Peters books. I love the Charles Todd books, the Ian Rankin books. And then I love contemporary mysteries outside of the United States, so Inspector Gamache—who's another favorite of my mom's and was also of my grandmother's—he was a contemporary detective set in Quebec, or Inspector Ikmen, who's a contemporary detective set in Istanbul. And I'm reading my [former boy]friend Ian Klaus' book, *Forging Capitalism*. But now, because we read so much to Charlotte, I read more kids' books than I do the books that I'm quote-unquote reading.

ELLE: Are you listening to anything?

CC: Outside of all of the baby music we listen to? [*laughs*] Marc and I are obsessed with all of the *Rockabye Baby!* Do you know these? So it's, like, *Rockabye Baby!* U2, *Rockabye Baby!* Coldplay, *Rockabye Baby!* Bob Marley. They are albums of the best songs of iconic singers or bands, which are translated into very simple orchestrals, with simple beats, which are supposed to be good for kids' rhythmic and cognitive development.

ELLE: I know your parents were very excited about you having a baby—are they all over her?

CC: I see my parents so much more now than I did before Charlotte, in the sweetest and most wonderful sense. I'm so grateful that they're excited about being grandparents, and they're so good with her and want to be involved in everything. They love reading to her and singing to her and are just great.

ELLE: You mentioned earlier that you didn't think you could care about the things you care about any more than you used to, and now you find you do. Can you talk about that?

CC: On everything around No Ceilings, I didn't know I could care any more passionately about every child, particularly every girl, having the same rights and opportunities as her brother or friend or the boy who lived next door. And somehow I do, somehow there's just a different level of intensity now. Not that I'm any more committed, because I was already so committed, and not that I'm any more persuaded by the moral and economic arguments, because I already was persuaded, but there's just a different level of intensity and acuity, and of feeling responsible. We have to solve this now for all children, including Charlotte.

ELLE: I was pregnant with my eldest daughter when your mother ran in 2008. I remember feeling that extra intensity you're talking about and being really frustrated when people said that it didn't matter if we had a female president, that it wouldn't make any real change, that it was just symbolic. What do you think?

CC: We've made real progress on legal protections for women, but in no way are women at parity to men in our country in the workplace. And if we look in the political sphere, it is challenging to me that women comprising 20 percent of Congress is treated as a real success. Since when did 20 percent become the definition of equality? And so when you ask about the importance of having a woman president, absolutely it's important, for, yes, symbolic reasons—symbols are important; it is important who and what we choose to elevate, and to celebrate. And one of our core values in this country is that we are the land of equal opportunity, but when equal hasn't yet included gender, there is a fundamental challenge there that, I believe, having our first woman president—whenever that is—will help resolve. And do I think it would make a substantive difference? Yes, we've seen again and again, when women have been in positions of leadership, they have had different degrees of success versus their male counterparts, historically being able to build more consensus so that decisions have longer-term effects, whether in economic investments or in building social capital. Who sits around the table matters. And who sits at the head of the table matters, too.

ELLE: Right now, as we're talking in late February, your mother has made no announcements. But assuming she runs, if she won, what would be the first thing that you would lobby her about from your position as an advocate?

CC: Well, I talk to my parents almost every day. And we've had a very free-flowing conversation about the world today, and the world that we hope to see, my whole life. The first thing I learned to read was the newspaper, and we talked about the newspaper every night over dinner. And so whatever choices my mom makes, we'll still be having the same types of conversations. We'll still be as opinionated and emphatic a family wherever that conversation will unfold.

ELLE: The report has been that you really helped push your parents on gay marriage. Is that accurate?

CC: That is accurate. I fundamentally believed that equal marriage was an important right that should be extended in our country. And then when Marc and I got engaged in 2009, it corresponded to a real equal-marriage push here in New York. I knew I was going to be able to marry my best friend. How could I not do whatever I could as a New Yorker to ensure that everyone in New York had that same right? And it was also important to me that my parents recognize why this was such a priority for me personally, and also why I thought it was important that they be on the right side of this issue.

ELLE: I love the optimism of No Ceilings, the idea that we can systematically make the world a better place. But there's been a spate of especially disturbing news lately: the Michael Brown and Eric Garner killings, the ISIS beheadings, the Paris shootings. I like to think humanity is progressive—that we're headed somewhere better than we've been. But sometimes I think, Maybe there's no point, it's just chaos. Do you ever worry that your work is futile?

CC: Have you read Steven Pinker's *The Better Angels of Our Nature*? I recommend it because it is very much a catalogue of the tragedies that humanity has wreaked upon ourselves historically, and how awful so much of the twentieth century really was, but how—absent these major cataclysms in the twentieth century—we have grown less violent over time. I don't say any of that to indicate that we should not take the threat of ISIS seriously, to your point about beheadings, or take seriously the still unresolved tensions and the resulting tragedies in what has too often happened to unarmed African-American men—even unarmed children, with the shooting [of 12-year-old Tamir Rice] in Cleveland. But we are making progress. I think because we're making progress, it actually puts more pressure on us to remedy what still is not our best humanity, because we know that we can create safer environments, in which people grow up

to be less aggressive, less violent.

ELLE: One thing that you've said about your grandmother was that she was very honest with you—she didn't pull any punches. Who plays that role now?

CC: My husband. We have such an honest, ongoing conversation that we started now—I mean, I've known Marc for more than 20 years. So I think that also helps in the same way that my grandmother knew me my whole life. Marc has known me for two thirds of my life, and I'm so grateful for that, for both the depth and breadth.

ELLE: When you had a hard time quitting your job in finance at Avenue Capital Group, I love that Marc said to you, "What's wrong with you? If you were a man, you would have quit." Is saying no a problem for you? How do you triage your time, with so many demands?

CC: I definitely have a priority list, with my family at the top. I've worked really hard on saying no, certainly since I left my job at Avenue, but my bias is to say yes. Marc and I are very much on a seven-day-workweek plan, but I think that'll change when our child—and, God willing, our children—are older.

ELLE: You've achieved a large leadership role at a young age. People around your parents used to call you "the Child." Has it been a struggle to become "the Adult"?

CC: I always feel like I want to exceed anyone's expectations... just working really hard and being overprepared.

ELLE: It's interesting you say that, because many women in leadership positions say they feel they need to be more prepared than their male counterparts.

CC: I think that's true. I really resonate with that.

ELLE: Do you ever think it's unfair that you have to overprepare?

CC: I don't really think about the world in terms of fair and unfair. We have to start where we are. I would rather think about how to solve a problem or how to make the No Ceilings report feel most relevant to people my age and even younger—that's where I'd rather spend my time and energy.

ELLE: So what advice would you offer young women coming up in their careers about how to get people to listen, to take them seriously?

CC: If you want to be heard, you have to speak out. And I think too often—I definitely was guilty of this when I worked at McKinsey, particularly in my early twenties—young women stay silent. Once, in a forum of young university leaders, a woman asked, "What do you think about the fact that I've been told to not wear certain clothes or that my voice is too high and that I need to work on the pitch of my voice?" And I said, "Yes, that is unfair, you should of course be taken seriously for the substance of whatever you're going to contribute, but that's not the world we live in yet." If you want to be taken seriously, you also have to remove reasons for people not to take you seriously, and so that to me is more the conversation around what women should or shouldn't wear to work, or the tone of someone's voice. Don't allow other people to make those issues for you while you're helping disabuse them of the biases they have about women.

ELLE: Your family had a close relationship with Oscar de la Renta. Did he give you great fashion advice?

CC: I miss Oscar so much and, you know, after my grandmother passed away, Oscar really was this grandfatherly figure to Marc and me. Marc lost his grandparents many years ago, and watching the relationship that Marc and Oscar had was really special to me, because he was this éminence grise but also so affectionate and a loving presence in our lives, particularly for Marc. So although Oscar was always giving me fashion advice—often in the form of just telling me what to wear, because I don't have a fashion brain—so much more of what I will always treasure about Oscar are his stories about how he made choices in his life and how he had forged his own path and how grateful he was to our country for enabling him to be the designer, but even more the person, who he wanted to be.

ELLE: You're a Clinton woman, so I have to ask about the hair. What happened to the pre-Raphaelite curls you had as a girl?

CC: I don't actually have curly hair anymore. My curls, in my early twenties, just fell into waves. I don't know if they got tired of me, but the curls slowly subsided, and so now it's naturally a little bit wavy but...I miss my curls. I'm curious if Charlotte's going to have curly hair.

ELLE: Does she have much hair yet?

CC: No. Very little hair.

ELLE: Well, since she's a Clinton girl, I'm sure there will be a lot of attention to it when it grows in.

CC: Oh, yes, it's probably inevitable. I should apologize to her now.

ELLE: Who have been your role models? The natural assumption is your parents.

CC: But it's true. When I say that, people will say, "No, really..." and I say, "Yes! Really!"

ELLE: On the other hand, you had a close, personal relationship with de la Renta and with Nelson Mandela. You met Benazir Bhutto. It's not as though everyone else you've hung out with was a schlub.

CC: No, definitely not, and I've been so blessed in that regard to have had real relationships with people who have helped the world be more of the place where I'm excited for Charlotte to grow up, even though we certainly have a lot more work to do. I think just because I was closer to my grandmother and to my mother that when people ask me who my role models are, I think about them, and particularly my grandmother because of what we talked about. She was determined to create a family for herself that she hadn't known growing up. She created a home full of love and warmth and provided her daughter with all of the opportunities and optimism that the world had not provided her. And her daughter goes on to run for president! I think that is a remarkable arc, and my grandmother is the linchpin of that arc.

ELLE: By the time this article comes out, your mother will most likely be decisively running or not running. But for the record, which would you like to see? Your mother has suggested, in the past, that she was ready to step away from politics. Would you prefer to keep her for yourself and Charlotte?

CC: I have no doubt that whatever choice my mom makes, she'll be a great grandmother. And I mean that very seriously. I'm so grateful that I never doubted that I was the most important person in the world to my parents, whether we were living in the governor's mansion or the White House. I have no doubt that Charlotte will know how important she is to her grandparents, regardless of what choices her grandmother makes.

ELLE: Well, in that case, wouldn't you like Charlotte's grandmother to be the first female president of the United States?

CC: Ultimately, my mom's my mom. I want her to make whatever choice is right for her. My mom does have lots of people offering their opinions, but I'm lucky enough to be her only daughter, and I want her to know that most important to me is that she's my mom. ●



Cady blouse, DEREK LAM. *Cady trousers,* STELLA McCARTNEY. *Gold necklace,* BULGARI. *Gold bracelets, both,* TIFFANY & CO. *Gold-plated bangle,* TROLLBEADS. *Signet ring,* GARLAND COLLECTION. *Gold ring,* HALLEH. *Suede pumps,* BRIAN ATWOOD.

Hair by Kevin Ryan for Unite; makeup by Lisa Houghton at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; prop styling by Nick Des Jardins for Mary Howard Studio; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons

RIDING HIGH

WITH FIGURE-HUGGING JODHPURS, DRAMATIC CAPES, AND OVER-THE-KNEE BOOTS, THE EQUESTRIAN LOOK—CRISP, CLASSIC, COMMANDINGLY SEXY—IS BACK IN THE SADDLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIZ COLLINS STYLED BY SIMON ROBINS



Silk chiffon blouse, denim pants, leather and nickel belt, lizard boots, all, RODARTE, *prices on request, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Mohair suede knit coat, alligator leather ankle boots, all, LOUIS VUITTON, *prices on request, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide.*



Beauty Secret: CLINIQUE *Chubby Stick Sculpting Highlight glides on sheer to give skin natural-looking luminosity.*

Stretch-cotton vest, DEREK LAM 10 CROSBY, *$295, visit dereklam .com. Stretch-nylon and cotton twill pants,* ARIAT, *$220. Suede and calfskin boots,* CHANEL, *$3,900. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Lambskin trench coat, BALENCIAGA, *price on request, at Balenciaga, NYC. Wood and goatskin crop,* HERMÈS, *$475. Stretch calfskin boots,* ARIAT, *$730.*



Beauty Secret: The ultimate wave maker, GARNIER *Fructis Style De-Constructed Beach Chic combines the powers of a texturizing salt spray and a shaping gel.*

Tartan cape, MIU MIU, *$2,890, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide. Aged-gold and silver bracelet,* GUCCI, *$2,150. Leather ankle boots,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,125. Stylist's own riding helmet. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Far left: Crepe de chine blouse, CHLOÉ, *$995, at Chloé boutiques nationwide.*

Left: Wool and lace poncho, 3.1 PHILLIP LIM, *$1,295, at 3.1 Phillip Lim, NYC. Leather boots,* RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *$1,350. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Crepe de chine blouse, ALBERTA FERRETTI, *$1,545, at Alberta Ferretti, L.A. Stretch-nylon and cotton twill pants,* ARIAT, *$220. Leather belt,* RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *$695. Leather gloves,* GASPAR GLOVES, *$145.*



Wool and cashmere coat, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$2,925, collection at Barneys New York. Leather top,* MUGLER, *$1,852. Tweed and suede shorts,* SONIA RYKIEL, *$940. Leather boots,* SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Charles McNair at Jed Root for Kérastase; makeup by Ozzy Salvatierra for Burberry; manicure by Marisa Carmichael at Streeters for Formula X; production by Rosco Brady at Rosco Production; casting by Zan Ludlum for Zan Casting; model: Alena Blohm at The Society Management; fashion assistants: Ahmad Francois and Che Hurley



Viscose and polyamide sweater, $1,645, acrylic, polyamide, and elastane skirt, $3,160, both, BALMAIN, *visit balmain.com. Crocodile-embossed leather belt,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$655. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

BODY TALK

ON-THE-RISE BEAUTY BELLA HADID LENDS HER FASCINATING FRAME TO THE SEASON'S SHEER, SHAPELY FASHION—AND REMINDS US WHY WE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SUPERMODEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DAVID BELLEMERE
STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR



Lace bodysuit, FLEUR DU MAL, *$895, at Fleur du Mal, NYC. Leather boots,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,250.*



Wool crepe top, $1,800, wool tricotine trousers, $2,250, both, CÉLINE, *at Céline boutiques nationwide. Silk, muslin, and lace slip, $892, lace bra, $378, both,* CARINE GILSON. *Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Light velvet jacket, VIONNET, *$1,950, visit vionnet.com. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request.*

Beauty Secret: The collagen-packed DIOR *Addict Lip Maximizer adds extra volume with a touch of shine.*



Wool crepe and satin jacket, $2,350, trousers, $1,415, both, PALLAS PARIS, *collection at net-a-porter.com. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. Leather boots,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,250. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Tulle gown, VALENTINO, *price on request, at Valentino, NYC. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. Leather boots,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,150. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Tweed and vinyl mixed yarn dress, BOUCHRA JARRAR COUTURE, *price on request, call +33-1-40-26-73-32. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. Leather boots,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,250.*



Embroidered felt coat, price on request, velvet jersey swimsuit, $1,650, both, CHANEL, *at Chanel boutiques nationwide. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Silk scarf, GAULTIER PARIS, *price on request, call +33-1-72-75-83-65. Wool silk cady pants,* TOM FORD, *$2,490. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request.*



Hair by Brian Buenaventura at Management + Artists for Cutler/Redken; makeup by Kaoru Okubo at Management + Artists for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Stefanie Koenig at Zan Casting; model: Bella Hadid at IMG; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons



Leather dress, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$4,590, at Saint Laurent, NYC. Rose gold necklace,* KISMET BY MILKA, *$440. Red enamel pendant on gold chain,* SOLANGE AZAGURY-PARTRIDGE, *price on request. Nylon and elastane fishnet tights,* WOLFORD, *$45. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Beauty Secret: The gel formula of MAYBELLINE NEW YORK *Eyestudio Brow Drama sculpts arches to perfection.*



THANKS TO LASER-SHARP CUTOUTS AND ATHLETICS-INSPIRED SILHOUETTES, RED AND WHITE MAKE THEIR DEBUT AS THE HOTTEST COUPLING OF THE SEASON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAGI SAKAI STYLED BY DAVID VANDEWAL

Far left: Jersey dress, price on request, gold-finish earring, palladium-finish earring, $975 each, all, LOUIS VUITTON, *at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide. Gold-plated brass earring,* FALLON, *$100.*

Left: Cotton shirt, embroidered shorts, both, DOLCE & GABBANA, *prices on request, at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Leather bolero, $2,990, cotton voile blouse, $695, leather skirt, $2,390, all, AKRIS, *at Akris, NYC. Gold-plated brass hoop earrings,* FALLON, *$190. Gold-plated brass bracelets,* AGNONA, *$550 each. Gold pinkie rings,* DINA KAMAL DK01, *$1,990 each. Gold ring,* CARTIER, *$2,390. Leather handbag,* MARNI, *$4,990. Leather mules,* N°21, *$610.*



Cashmere pullover, $895, crepe track pants, $1,395, leather handbag, $995, all, MICHAEL KORS, *call 866-709-KORS. UV fabric armbands, finger bands, all,* VPL, *prices on request. Gold-plated brass bracelet,* ACNE STUDIOS, *$690. Gold pinkie ring,* DINA KAMAL DK01, *$1,990. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Double-breasted vest, $1,175, knit top, $595, pants, $1,045, all, EMPORIO ARMANI, *at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. Gold drop earrings,* JENNIFER MEYER, *$2,200. UV fabric armbands,* VPL, *price on request. Gold-plated brass pinkie ring,* DINA KAMAL DK01, *$1,990. Gold-plated brass bracelet,* ACNE STUDIOS, *$690. Crocodile handbag,* NANCY GONZALEZ, *$3,300.*



Viscose dress, $750, brief, price on request, both, ACNE STUDIOS, *visit acnestudios .com. Gold-plated metal and pavé diamond rings, $304 each, gold-plated metal and mirrored ring, $343, all,* BJØRG. *Gold double bar ring,* MATEO NEW YORK, *$825. Gold pinkie rings,* DINA KAMAL DK01, *$1,990 each. Gold-plated brass bracelets,* AGNONA, *$550 each. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Cotton and embossed leather top, $690, suede skirt, $3,900, leather handbag, $2,550, all, FENDI, *at Fendi, NYC. Gold-plated brass earring,* LOEWE, *$790. UV fabric armbands,* VPL, *price on request. Gold-plated metal arm cuff,* BJØRG, *$171. Gold pinkie ring,* DINA KAMAL DK01, *$1,990.*



Silk cady top, $1,075, skirt, $2,325, both, VERSACE, *at select Versace boutiques nationwide. Gold-plated earring,* FALLON, *$150. Gold-plated brass bracelets,* AGNONA, *$550 each. UV fabric finger bands,* VPL, *price on request. Gold ring,* CARTIER, *$2,390. Suede sandals,* ALEXANDER WANG, *$625. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by David von Cannon at Streeters; makeup by Rie Omoto for Three; manicure by Gina Edwards at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Stefanie Koenig for Zan Casting; model: Lais Ribeiro at Women Management; fashion assistants: Daniel Gaines, Salima Breie-Jobarteh, and Tas Tobey

AS THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART HEADS DOWNTOWN TO ITS NEW RENZO PIANO–DESIGNED HOME, MAX MARA JOINS A BLOCKBUSTER GROUP OF ARTISTS TO KICK THINGS OFF.

BY ANNE SLOWEY



Laurie Simmons
Jersey crepe dress, $1,095, leather belt, $335, both, MAX MARA, *at Max Mara, NYC. Her own bracelets, ring, tights, and ankle boots.*



Kara Walker
Alpaca and silk wrap coat, $2,790, wool trousers, $550, leather belt, $335, all, MAX MARA, *at Max Mara, NYC. Her own necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAX VADUKUL

STYLED BY EMILY BARNES

STANDING ON THE SIXTH-FLOOR BALCONY OF RENZO PIANO'S RECENTLY COMPLETED HOME FOR THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,

one can't help but marvel at the vastness of the landscape. The gleaming nine-story building, located on Gansevoort Street in downtown Manhattan, looks something like a silver bullet and has sweeping views. To the east, there is the Manhattan skyline; to the west, the Hudson River and, as the old joke goes, everything else. The museum opens on May 1 with a party sponsored by Max Mara and a deep dive into the Whitney's permanent collection titled "America Is Hard to See." The exhibit will include works by Jay DeFeo and Lee Krasner, all culled from the museum archive, which includes more than 22,000 pieces by 3,000-plus artists. That's an artist for every mile between New York and Los Angeles.

Max Mara is no stranger to the arts. The Italian luxury brand, known for sumptuous cashmere coats that appeal to stars such as Amy Adams, Anne Hathaway, Jennifer Garner, and Kate Mara (no relation to the label), also sponsors various arts awards and balls. Among them are a prize for female artists in collaboration with London's Whitechapel Gallery; a Face of the Future Award in conjunction with the nonprofit group Women in Film; and the National YoungArts Foundation's annual Backyard Ball.

But Max Mara's relationship with the Whitney "is our most significant global achievement," says Maria Giulia Maramotti, Max Mara's North American director of retail. The company's pre-fall collection—featuring photo-printed silk, silver mesh, and tailored separates—was inspired in part by Piano's building, but also by a trip to the museum's archives. "Robert Smithson thought of memory as a shaping factor of design," says creative director Ian Griffiths, listing some of his more specific references. "Trisha Brown's roof dances; Fritz Haeg's eagle's nest on the portico of the Breuer building for the 2008 biennial. They all changed viewpoints about consumerism and the status of women, and made a comment on fashion appearance."

The same could be said of Kara Walker, Jose-



Josephine Meckseper
Cashmere coat, $2,990, wool trousers, $550, both, MAX MARA, *at Max Mara, NYC. Stylist's own tank. Her own ankle boots.*



Taryn Simon
Camel hair coat, MAX MARA, $4,490, at Max Mara, NYC. Her own sweater, pants, and ankle boots For details, see Shopping Guide.

Meckseper and Simon: Hair by Italo Gregorio at Bryan Bantry Agency; makeup by Grace Ahn; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; production by Wanted Media; fashion assistant: Cheryl Sumeleh. Simmons and Walker: Hair by Fernando Torrent for Philip B; makeup by Kristi Matamoros at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Casey Herman at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; production by Wanted Media; fashion assistant: Cheryl Sumeleh

phine Meckseper, Laurie Simmons, and Taryn Simon, the four major American artists seen here, all women whose work challenges notions of commerce, how we present ourselves, and the politics of power.

Piano's design is strikingly asymmetrical—a response, he has said, to the industrial character of the neighboring buildings and the adjacent High Line. Built of concrete, steel, stone, and low-iron glass, the museum has a sculptural presence in this once run-down neighborhood. The move downtown represents a homecoming of sorts for the Whitney, which was established by sculptor and arts patron Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney in 1930 on West Eighth Street in Greenwich Village. The museum relocated in 1954 to West 54th Street and 12 years later to its more recent home, a Brutalist, boxlike structure designed by Marcel Breuer on Madison Avenue in the Upper East Side. The new location puts the establishment back in the context of more recent history: Many of its landmark pieces originated in the '70s and '80s, when artists such as Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat rubbed shoulders, albeit sweaty ones, with Madonna and monied art patrons at clubs like the Roxy and Area, both of which were located near its current address.

That said, moving downtown wasn't always the intention. The board of trustees originally hired Piano to build an addition to the Breuer building, a plan that was completed and approved by the Landmarks Commission in 2004. But by 2006, the board of trustees had begun to reconsider: How could it make even more of the museum's mammoth collection available to the public?

"It was a courageous decision," says Donna De Salvo, the Whitney's chief curator and deputy director. "The whole undertaking has been huge." Along with Piano and Whitney director Adam D. Weinberg, De Salvo "embarked on an unusual collaboration of curatorial involvement," she says. "It was a true marriage of art and architecture, from the size of the reveal and the articulation of the ceiling to the broad sweep of the floors. Above all, this space is about creating the conditions for how one feels when they look at the art." The results are unprecedented. In addition to 13,000 square feet of exterior galleries and terraces and 50,000 square feet of interior exhibition space, there is a cantilevered grand entrance, four elevators commissioned by the late artist Richard Artschwager, and an exterior staircase that whisks you from the eighth-floor café (run by Michael Anthony of Danny Meyer's Union Square Hospitality Group) to the aforementioned majestic sixth-floor terrace. Anthony will also oversee a restaurant on the ground floor, aptly named Untitled—for what restaurateur would want to compete with the likes of Alexander Calder, Jeff Koons, and Richard Prince? And the place is a veritable art fortress, equipped with floodgates and flood barriers, reinforced foundation walls, and drainage systems, making it as watertight as a submarine in the event of another hurricane like 2012's Sandy.

In fact, Piano's building itself is not unlike a submarine—upended over an open space, with the arc of its wingless body sweeping skyward. "I always start with the idea of a plaza being the place where people congregate before entering the building," says the 77-year-old Italian architect, for whom the words *city* and *civic—città*—are the same. "It makes the city a better place to experience. But I also like this idea of taking gravity away and making a building feel like you're flying. That's probably a bit insane, but at the same time it's quite interesting."

MIDAS



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN FRANÇOIS CAMPOS STYLED BY SABINA SCHREDER

TOUCH

DESIGNER TOMAS MAIER, MASTER OF UNDERSTATED LUXURY AT BOTTEGA VENETA, LENDS HIS MAGIC HAND TO AN EPONYMOUS LINE OF AFFORDABLE CLASSICS. BY DAPHNE MERKIN

How do you create great fashion while sidestepping the cacophonous machinery of the fashion system itself? If there's anyone who has figured it out, it's Tomas Maier. "I like making the product," Maier says one blustery December morning as we sit in his cleanly appointed offices on Madison Avenue. "I don't like the whole circus around it." To this end Maier, the creative director at Bottega Veneta since 2001, casts a leery eye on the hyped-up world of runways and red carpets. "My clients," he asserts with a degree of pride, "don't care about that. They recognize that it's just one more way to sell you something.... Ninety-nine percent of those women," he adds, referring to the stars who stride the red carpet peacocklike, "look stuck in things they wouldn't have worn if they chose them themselves." (For the record, BV doesn't "loan" clothes to actresses and other public personalities.)

Maier is one of those daunting people who makes everything he does seem effortless, even though it's clear that he has arrived at his brilliantly pared-down notions of fashion—a form of antifashion, really—only after decades of creating and thinking about clothes. Maier has been designing for 37 years, including a nine-year stint at Hermès. In 1997, he quietly founded his own eponymous label, and late last year he added ready-to-wear to the menswear, swimsuits, and resortwear he'd always featured. He recently opened his third Tomas Maier boutique on Manhattan's Upper East Side (the others are in East Hampton and Palm Beach, and two more are expected to open shortly, in New York's West Village and in Bal Harbour, Florida).

The 58-year-old, German-born Maier knows fashion inside out, and soon after arriving at Bottega Veneta he established his priorities, focusing on quality materials, functionality, and timeless design. Maier's private line is composed of "easy, casual pieces"—think seasonless resortwear epitomized by caftans, A-line dresses, and wrap skirts—and in 2013 Kering, the company that owns BV, announced its decision to invest in the expansions of his label, which is sold in 110 stores in 25 countries, as well as in his boutiques. In keeping with the understatement intrinsic to Maier, the label's logo—a lone palm tree—began as a "not that readable" embroidered emblem on shopping bags, which promptly sold out.

Far left: Printed dress, $995, raffia hat, $590, both, TOMAS MAIER, *visit tomasmaier.com. Designer in his own clothes. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Fernando Torrent at L'Atelier NYC for Philip B; makeup by Samantha Trinh at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Holly Falcone at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; model: Ieva Laguna at Supreme Management

Maier is the son of an architect and has a keen interest in the arts, from painting to photography. He looks **younger than his years, in part because** of the energy that he exudes, and he dresses with the same unfussy insouciance—well-cut jeans and a button-down shirt—that is the hallmark of his private label. Our conversation during the next hour rambles all over the place, but what remains consistent throughout is the crispness and independence of Maier's vision. Like only a handful of other designers, Maier has considered the metaphysics of fashion—the meaning of luxury and the purpose of a handbag—with a refreshing clarity. "How many handbags do we need, anyway?" he asks, touching on the distinction between "necessity" and "desire" that most people in fashion avoid for fear of having the whole industry collapse on their shoulders. Also unusual, he pays careful attention to the relationship between an item's cost and its inherent value, which informs how he distinguishes the higher prices at Bottega Veneta from the "thoughtful price point," as he puts it, of the pieces at his own label. At BV, he says, his objective is to "cater to the exceptional and lasting and heartbreaking"; he gets to indulge his love of artistry and experimentation, to challenge his workshop to do the unthinkable. "Can we do a bag without a seam? That's as beautiful inside as out? I don't take the answer 'No.' The end product takes time to be understood, but that means it will have longevity. It has to be something you want to keep and that becomes more beautiful with use—better when it's worn in. Even better," he adds, smiling, "when it's no longer available."

Maier's other passion—for simplicity and ease—is expressed in his ready-to-wear line: "It's about what I really need and what that should cost." The clothes and accessories are made in Italy of first-rate materials—organic cotton, supple leather—but the designer stresses that "the point is not to make a fashion statement." Rather, it's "one-stop dressing": finding what you need—a perfect boyfriend shirt, a great pair of khakis, a pair of sandals that aren't "too bejeweled"—all in one place. "Time is very precious," he notes, adding that "the last thing I want to do in my time off is go shopping. If I do, I want to do it in one swoop."

Maier specifies that his designs for this line—as opposed to those for BV—are about the "part of life when you don't dress for occasions or require corporate clothing. What you want are clothes that are easy and feel good on the skin. Designers," he goes on, "don't think about that." Although the line began with the vacation idea—with swimsuits, to be exact—it's evolved into something larger and more amorphous that includes an off-white silk jogging suit as well as leather jackets: "What we do when we travel or hang around the house. What I wear when I come home. I'm not going to sit around in pj's or sweatpants with big logos."

Don't, in other words, go into a Tomas Maier store expecting to find eveningwear—or heels, for that matter. "I will never do heels," Maier states defiantly. "The woman I dress wants to be in flats." The woman he dresses also wants an impeccably cut T-shirt for $95 rather than a "$17 shirt with twisted seams" and will drop $1,500 for a well-designed cashmere sweater and between $500 and $1,500 for leather goods. She understands that Maier is a designer who has seen the future and has come back to report that "*luxury* is a completely overused word. It stands for something completely different than in the '90s, when it meant bling and logos. It's a product with integrity, that can stand up for its provenance all the way back to an environmentally correct starting point: Where was it made? Under what conditions? How are the people treated who work in that place?" It almost sounds like a rallying cry, except for the fact that the Tomas Maier woman is likely to move to her own beat. ●

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lives in the city! She's a psychoanalyst! I want to grow up to be just like her: She plays the piano, so I play the piano. She reads Freud, so I read Freud. In the photograph, I'm smiling a huge, painfully goofy smile at whoever is snapping the picture. And Susie is staring at me. Her lips are tight, her eyes narrowed, her forehead creased. If a thought bubble appeared over her head, it would read something like: *Silly, stupid girl.*

I spent years trying to change Susie's mind about me. It was hopeless, though I had no way of knowing this. She wished my mother had never married our father, hence that I had never been born. Psychoanalyze *that.* Growing up with a sister who was profoundly critical of me created a pattern that quite possibly led me all the way to those dim television studios where I strained to be accepted: For much of my adult life, I looked for versions of Susie everywhere. At parties, on dates, in classrooms where I taught, in auditoriums where I delivered speeches, I sought out the Susie-face. I looked for the person—woman or man—who just wasn't into me. On some level, I believed they had X-ray vision; that they saw deeper into me than others, to my true essence. And so I engaged in an endless and exhausting effort to win them over.

I can pin down the precise moment when I realized this had changed. As is true of many seemingly seismic psychic shifts, it had been happening slowly all along, but I became aware of it one recent evening in Connecticut at a crowded holiday party. The host introduced me to another guest and then left us alone to chat. As we exchanged the perfunctory pleasantries—*How do you know Lisa? Do you live nearby?*—I saw her scanning me. Her forehead creased. Her lips tightened. It was Susie-face. I was about to start the tap dance when just as abruptly, I stopped.

"I'm going to get a drink," I said. I wheeled around and headed to the bar. I wasn't worried about being rude. I was done. I felt it right there—the freedom of not caring whether this person who didn't know me had disdain for me. I felt Susie-face's eyes on my back as I walked away. It was all I could do not to fist-bump the people around me. I'd won a hard-fought battle with my 11-year-old self who longed for her big sister's approval and felt deformed and weakened when it was withheld.

There is a beautiful Hindu prayer in which people ask to be led from the unreal to the real. It seems to me that when we inhabit ourselves—when we say, *This is who I am in all my flawed humanity*—we are taking a step toward being most real. And when we buy into the opinions of perfect strangers whose feelings about us may be based on random data ranging from something they read to what we're wearing and even to their own projections, we are being assaulted and governed by the unreal. As I've written this essay, I haven't once thought about how it will be received in the world. If I had, I wouldn't have been able to write it—I'm revealing quite a lot about myself, some of it quite painful and unflattering. But as I come to the end, now I can imagine some possible reactions: *Humblebrag...Who the hell does she think she is?...How dare she dismiss all those online reviews just because she doesn't like them?* The ugly comments from the past may even be flung back at me. *You* are *a spoiled, pretentious crybaby.* But that's okay. I'm no longer dancing for the shadows. I'm just a shot of whiskey—not for everybody.

And so I close the door. I write these words. I don't click over to Google to see what people think. In the silence—in the absence of all those voices—here is where I discover who I am. ●

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stayed out in the country, along with 100 others sleeping side by side in a crowded house. With no electricity or Internet access, she had no idea of the whereabouts of her team. This was the only time *Enab Baladi* missed an edition.

As soon as the violence eased, Waleed, Sharbaji, and other staff began reporting what they saw. They spoke to doctors in hospitals and visited morgues and freshly dug graves. Photos published in the paper showed a trench filled with dozens of the dead, with flowers placed on top of the pile of bodies. Waleed and others filed stories about women who were raped, then forced into arranged marriages or killed by distraught family members who couldn't bear the shame. They collected reports from inside government detention centers, where some of the worst abuses took place, including sexual attacks and humiliation of women.

Enab Baladi's articles spared no one, exposing the brutality of the rebel fighters, the looters, and the government. In a recent article, a teenager from Aleppo confessed to joining one of the sectarian Shia gangs that had sprung up in the lawlessness of the war and to raping and killing Sunni girls, often in front of their families.

Eventually *Enab Baladi* earned enemies on all sides. Between November 2012 and March 2013, three of its editors, all men, were killed in separate incidents. More reporters were being detained. Waleed's colleague Judi was stopped at a checkpoint, where police confiscated her video camera and phone and imprisoned her on suspicion of working for *Enab Baladi.* Waleed, who knew her number and contact information were in Judi's cell phone, turned off her own phone and destroyed its SIM card to avoid having her location traced. As she and other editors discussed on Facebook and Skype what their next move should be, two more female reporters were arrested and accused of working for the paper. Waleed and her family agreed that she had to leave immediately. She packed her bags and drove to the Lebanese border. It was the beginning of a six-month odyssey in which she shuttled among Lebanon, Egypt, and Jordan before finally finding refuge in Turkey, where her family joined her. She realizes it may be years before she returns to Darayya, if ever.

Last January Waleed traveled to the United States and Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, where she participated in the Institute for Inclusive Security's 16th annual colloquium honoring women leaders from high-conflict parts of the world. It was the first time she'd left the Middle East. The IIS is a prestigious think tank, and Waleed spoke at the conference and sat alongside women leaders from Nigeria to Myanmar to Pakistan, many of whom had lost family to conflict and lived under death threats. But you won't find any mention of her in the press materials for the event. She asked the organizers not to use her name. She still holds out hope that her brother is alive in prison; if she assumes too large a public profile, she worries, he'll be tortured or killed. She has not heard from or of Mohammed since the night the Syrian soldiers took him away.

And even in Cambridge, Massachusetts, she continued to work remotely. Each evening, after spending her day sitting on panels with diplomats and senators, lawyers and political activists, Waleed went back to her hotel room, opened her laptop, and began editing the latest batch of articles for *Enab Baladi.* ●

COVERS

Belted dress by *Gucci.* Gold bracelet by *Mateo New York.* Gold bracelet by *Cartier.* Signet ring by *Garland Collection.* Gold ring by *Halleh.*

FIRST LOOK

PAGE 109: Jacket, $6,500, dress by *Burberry Prorsum*, visit burberry.com. Boots by *Christian Louboutin*, similar styles at Christian Louboutin boutiques nationwide.

TRENDS AND ACCESSORIES

PAGE 112: Top by *Thakoon Addition*, collection at Barneys New York. Ring by *Sybarite*, $70,000, at Sybarite Jewellery (London). PAGE 116: Handbag by *Ca&Lou*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Opening Ceremony (NYC), The Webster (Miami Beach), Intermix stores nationwide. PAGE 120: Earrings by *Genevieve Jones*, visit genevieve-jones.com. Boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide. PAGE 123: Sandal by *Tom Ford*, at Tom Ford (NYC, Las Vegas, Chicago, Dallas). PAGE 124: Handbag by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Sandal by *Tabitha Simmons*, collection at neimanmarcus.com. Boots by *Louis Vuitton*, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide. Sunglasses by *Ray-Ban*, collection at Sunglass Hut stores nationwide. PAGE 126: Cross-body bag by *Michael Kors*, call 866-709-KORS. Watch by *Cartier*, $20,400, visit cartier.us. PAGE 132: Handbag by *Lanvin*, visit lanvin.com. Handbag by *Jimmy Choo*, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 138: Watch by *Cartier*, at select Cartier boutiques nationwide, visit cartier.us. Sandals by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, call 866-337-7242.

GYM DANDY

PAGE 152: Shirt by *Altuzarra*, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Jeans by *AMO Denim*, collection at Forward by Elyse Walker (L.A.), fwrd.com, modaoperandi.com. Cuff by *Mateo New York*, visit mateonewyork.com. Bracelet by *Finn*, collection at Ylang 23 (Dallas), visit ylang23.com. Ring by *Ariel Gordon*, visit arielgordonjewelry.com. Pumps by *Gianvito Rossi*, collection at net-a-porter.com. PAGE 156: Shirt by *AG*, at AG (NYC), visit agjeans.com. Jeans by *AMO Denim*, collection at Forward by Elyse Walker (L.A.), fwrd.com, modaoperandi.com. Belt by *Maison Boinet*, collection at Barneys New York. Earrings, bracelet by *Finn*, collection at Ylang 23 (Dallas), visit ylang23.com. Bangle by *Jemma Wynne*, $5,040, collection at Broken English (NYC, L.A.), net-a-porter.com. Bangle by *Jennifer Zeuner Jewelry*, visit jenniferzeuner.com. Ring by *Vita Fede*, visit vitafede.com. Ring by *Ariel Gordon*, visit arielgordonjewelry.com. Pumps by *Jimmy Choo*, at select Jimmy Choo boutiques nationwide, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. Top by *Jonathan Simkhai*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), call 800-558-1855.

Leggings by *Lululemon*, visit lululemon.com. Earrings by *Finn*, collection at Ylang 23 (Dallas), visit ylang23.com. Cuff by *Mateo New York*, visit mateonewyork.com. Jacket by *Maiyet*, at Maiyet (NYC), visit maiyet.com. Blouse, camisole by *RedValentino*, at RedValentino boutiques nationwide. Pants by *7 For All Mankind*, visit 7forallmankind.com. Belt by *Michael Kors*, similar styles at michaelkors.com. Earrings, ring by *Vita Fede*, visit vitafede.com. Necklace by *Suzanne Felsen*, at Suzanne Felsen (L.A.), call 877-655-6143 or visit suzannefelsen.com. Handbag by *Roger Vivier*, at Roger Vivier (NYC). Pumps by *Gianvito Rossi*, collection at net-a-porter.com.

SHOPS

PAGE 160: Rash guard by *Beth Richards*, collection at shopbop.com, revolveclothing.com. Backpack by *Zadig & Voltaire*, visit zadig-et-voltaire.com. Bikini by *Mandalynn,* collection at pacsun.com, dollskill.com, nastygal.com, vidasoleil.com. PAGE 162: Swimsuit by *Baja East*, collection at Maxfield (L.A.). Swimsuit by *Michael Kors*, call 866-709-KORS. PAGE 164: Bikini by *Cynthia Rowley*, visit cynthiarowley.com. PAGE 166: Swimsuit by *Calvin Klein*, collection at amazon.com. Espadrille by *Cole Haan*, call 800-695-8945 or visit colehaan.com. Tote by *H&M Studio*, visit hm.com. PAGE 172: Sunglasses by *Dita*, call 800-499-DITA. Sunglasses by *Adam Selman x Le Specs*, collection at Opening Cermony (NYC). PAGE 178: Sandal by *Isabel Marant,* at Isabel Marant (NYC). Earrings by *Inez and Vinoodh*, $5,580, collection at prettymucheverything.com. Swimsuit by *Tomas Maier*, visit tomasmaier.com. Sunglasses by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005.

MAD WOMAN

PAGE 181: Crepe jumpsuit by *Jonathan Simkhai*, $625, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), net-a-porter.com. Gold and diamond ear pin by *Hirotaka*, $260, visit hiro-taka.com.

ROLE MODEL

PAGE 265: Earrings by *Loewe*, collection at Jeffrey New York. Finger bands by *VPL*, visit vplnyc.com. Slides by *Sportmax*, at Sportmax (NYC).

RIDING HIGH

PAGE 277: Blouse, pants, belt, boots by *Rodarte*, visit rodarte.net, collection at Curve (NYC, L.A.), shopbop.com. PAGE 278: Coat, ankle boots by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 279: Pants by *Ariat*, call 877-702-7428 or visit ariat.com. Boots by *Chanel*, at Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. PAGE 280: Trench coat by *Balenciaga*, $5,850, at Balenciaga (NYC). Crop by *Hermès*, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. Boots by *Ariat*, call 877-702-7428 or visit ariat.com. PAGE 281: Cape by *Miu Miu*, visit miumiu.com. Bracelet by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. Ankle boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com. PAGE 283: Poncho by *3.1 Phillip Lim*, at 3.1 Phillip Lim (L.A.). Boots by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. PAGE 284: Pants by *Ariat*, call 877-702-7428 or visit ariat.com. Belt by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. Gloves by *Gaspar Gloves*, visit gaspargloves.com, collection at amazon.com. PAGE 285: Top by *Mugler,* visit mugler.com, collection at Albright Fashion Library (NYC), Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, The Webster (Miami Beach), visit shopbop.com, modaoperandi.com. Shorts by *Sonia Rykiel*, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Boots by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at select Salvatore Ferragamo stores nationwide.

BODY TALK

PAGE 286: Sweater, skirt by *Balmain*, collection at Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Maxfield (L.A.), Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Belt by *Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane*, at Saint Laurent (NYC). Tights by *Wolford,* visit wolford.com. PAGE 288: Bodysuit by *Fleur du Mal*, visit fleurdumal.com. Boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com. PAGE 289: Bra, slip by *Carine Gilson*, collection at Barneys New York, La Petite Coquette (NYC). Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). PAGE 290: Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). PAGE 291: Jacket, pants by *Pallas Paris,* collection at theline.com. Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). Tights by *Wolford,* visit wolford.com. Boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com. PAGES 292–293: Gown by *Valentino*, $27,000, at Valentino (Beverly Hills). Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). Tights by *Wolford,* visit wolford.com. Boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com. PAGE 294: Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Tights by *Wolford,* visit wolford.com. Boots by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com. PAGE 295: Coat, swimsuit by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). Tights by *Wolford,* visit wolford.com. PAGE 296: Pants by *Tom Ford*, at Tom Ford boutiques nationwide, call 888-TOM-FORD. Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). PAGE 297: Necklace by *Kismet by Milka*, collection at Etc. East (Atlanta), visit etc-east.com. Necklace by *Solange Azagury-Partridge*, $8,400, at Solange Azagury-Partridge (NYC). Tights by *Wolford*, $45, visit wolford.com.

CLEAN ENERGY

PAGE 298: Dress, earrings by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. Earring by *Fallon*, collection at Barneys New York. PAGE 300: Earrings by *Fallon*, visit fallonjewelry.com. Bracelets by *Agnona*, visit agnona.com. Rings by *Dina Kamal DK01*, visit dinakamal.com, collection at Dover Street Market (NYC). Ring by *Cartier*, at Cartier boutiques nationwide, call 800-CARTIER or visit cartier.us. Handbag by *Marni*, at Marni boutiques nationwide. Mules by *N°21*, visit numeroventuno.com. PAGE 301: Pullover, pants, handbag by *Michael Kors*, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide, visit michaelkors.com. Armbands, finger bands by *VPL*, visit vplnyc.com. Bracelet by *Acne Studios*, visit acnestudios.com. Ring by *Dina Kamal DK01*, visit dinakamal.com, collection at Dover Street Market (NYC). PAGE 302: Earrings by *Jennifer Meyer*, collection at Barneys New York. Armbands by *VPL*, visit vplnyc.com. Bracelet by *Acne Studios*, visit acnestudios.com. Ring by *Dina Kamal DK01*, collection at Dover Street Market (NYC). Handbag by *Nancy Gonzalez*, to special order at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 303: Rings by *Bjørg*, visit bjorgjewellery.com. Ring by *Mateo New York*, visit mateonewyork.com. Rings by *Dina Kamal DK01*, collection at Dover Street Market (NYC). Bracelets by *Agnona*, visit agnona.com. PAGE 304: Top, skirt, handbag by *Fendi*, visit fendi.com. Earring by *Loewe*, collection at Jeffrey New York. Armbands by *VPL*, visit vplnyc.com. Cuff by *Bjørg*, visit bjorgjewellery.com. PAGE 305: Top, skirt by *Versace*, call 888-721-7219. Earring by *Fallon*, collection at Intermix stores nationwide. Bracelets by *Agnona*, visit agnona.com. Finger bands by *VPL*, visit vplnyc.com. Ring by *Cartier*, at Cartier boutiques nationwide, call 800-CARTIER or visit cartier.us. Sandals by *Alexander Wang*, similar styles at Alexander Wang (NYC), visit alexanderwang.com.

MIDAS TOUCH

PAGES 310–311: Dress, hat by *Tomas Maier*, at Tomas Maier (NYC).

Prices are approximate. ELLE recommends that merchandise availability be checked with local stores.

Take the 3rd's resplendent full moon—sparklingly ripe with the potential to be a positive turning point—as your cue to make haste on your dearest goals, before Saturn spins two difficult days midmonth and Mercury enters retrograde on the 18th

TAURUS

THIS MONTH FOR TAURUS: *(APR 20–MAY 20)* The coming weeks may prove to be a defining moment in one of your closest relationships, romantic or otherwise. The 3rd's packed-with-potential full moon likely will reveal its strengths, with friendly Pluto on the scene to enhance your intimacy and inspiring Neptune to take your love to a higher octave. You may need to turn your attention to your health on the 15th, when Mars opposes Saturn, and again, perhaps more strongly, on the 22nd, when the Sun does the same. Money demands could also arise at this time, given that Mercury will retrograde in Gemini and your earnings, savings, and spending sector starting on the 18th. Don't be shy about checking in on late payments, and put off all purchases until Mercury returns to direct motion on June 11th. Mid-May will also be your time to shine: Your annual birthday new moon will arrive in Taurus on the 18th. With Mercury in retrograde, you'd be wise to use its powers to fulfill a wish set aside in the past. Mars will energize you, and Saturn will keep you realistic. That's all you need, dear Taurus!

YOUR YEAR AHEAD: Jupiter will remain in your domestic sector until August 11th, so act now to make your home your castle. July 1st may turn out to be a happy touchstone on this front, as Venus links to Jupiter. That lucky alliance will happen again on August 5th, another red-letter day for home and hearth, and on October 25th, aglitter with out-of-this-world romance, for by then Jupiter will have moved into your fifth house of true love for the first time in 12 years. This summer may test a relationship, especially if your birthday falls from May 18th to 20th, but you could receive thrilling career news on June 22nd or near July 31st's full moon (though February 8th's new moon may mark a better time to pursue work goals). Your luckiest day of 2015? August 26th, when the Sun will conjoin Jupiter. Devote it to romance for passionate results.

GEMINI *(MAY 21–JUNE 21)*

Gather your courage, for action planet Mars will enter Gemini for the first time in two years on the 11th, to stay for six weeks. Mars empowers us to make our dreams realities, but the planets may test you first. Your work life could turn hectic near the 3rd's full moon, which may also see you addressing a health or fitness concern. Prominent, hard-angled Saturn signals that these events could prove exhausting, but also that the decisions you make will be good, lasting ones. The personal matter in question might reemerge near the 18th's new moon; act if you must, but try to delay until Mercury, which will retrograde on the 18th, returns to direct motion on June 11th. In any case, be wary of the 15th and 22nd—both draining days. Your luckiest moments will be the romantic first week of the month, when charming Venus will be in your sign; the 6th, when a plum project could bubble up from a forgotten source; and the 23rd and 24th, your best weekend for getaway fun.

CANCER *(JUNE 22–JULY 22)*

Your amour—whether a soul mate, a baby, or a passion project—will be the only thing on your mind near the 3rd's big, tender full moon in your house of true love. Venus, Neptune, and Pluto will amplify this moon's charms, opening the month on a lovely note. Then, Venus' magnetic energy could make for inspired shopping or even a new haircut—but act before Mercury retrogrades on the 18th. That same day's social new moon, set off by poetic Neptune, could see you showing off your makeover, and Saturn's position suggests your mingling will have a motive. Mixing with new people will be the key to personal growth, but retrograde Mercury means you'll have the best luck (for now) revisiting old projects and clients. Work-related crankiness may push your limits on the 15th and 22nd, so don't plan anything vital then; pick the 6th instead, when Pluto will invigorate your Sun. And carve out a luxe weekend on the 23rd and 24th. You'll have earned it.



Cate Blanchett
May 14, 1969

LEO *(JULY 23–AUG 22)*

Creative Neptune and powerful Pluto can spark fantastic ideas for you near the 3rd's strong, positive full moon, whether your attention is centered on your home or on a family member. Relish the results, for your mind will soon be occupied elsewhere: The 11th will usher in a carefree phase for catch-up with friends, and positive developments at the office—new responsibilities or even a juicy offer—could arrive near the 18th's new moon in your career sector. With your social life abuzz all month, you'll have plenty to look forward to after work to balance your schedule. Try to be mindful not to neglect your sweetheart amid the flurry, and tread especially lightly on the 15th, when Mars opposing Saturn could spell roadblocks, and on the 22nd, a difficult day on every level. But there's good news, too, by the sunny weekend of the 16th. Between those thunderclouds, it looks ideal for a just-us-two escape.

VIRGO *(AUG 23–SEPT 22)*

The 3rd's full moon could present a contract to sign. Go ahead if your lawyer says all is copacetic, for a trio of happy planets—Pluto, Venus, and Neptune—will bless the endeavor. Saturn's position suggests the work may be strenuous, but that's right up your alley. Just make sure it pays well. Conversely, travel could beckon over the 3rd to 7th; you'll be at your best on the 6th, when Pluto will enhance your creative sparkle. Be decisive in the first week of May, well before Mercury, your ruler, retrogrades in your tenth house of career honors on the 18th. Your work life will be dynamite, thanks to

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Mars' move into Gemini on the 11th, lighting the truly prestigious part of your chart for the first time in two years. Near the 16th, your luck will continue to burgeon, but lie low on the 15th and 22nd, when you may feel torn between office and home obligations. Time an easy vacation to the 18th's new moon for a fitting reward.

LIBRA *(SEPT 23–OCT 22)*

If you recently requested a raise, the 3rd's full moon could deliver the answer you want—one that would allow you to make a longed-for purchase or investment. Your finances, especially jointly held funds, will dominate the 18th's new moon as well. If you need to reorganize your portfolio, seek counsel on the 19th, 20th, or 21st, but put off any decisions while Mercury retrogrades from the 18th until June 11th. Meanwhile, Venus' move into your prestigious house of reputation on the 7th will fire up your career, initiating three full months of breathless progress. Magic-carpet-worthy sightseeing may also arrive at this time, as Mars activates your travel sector from the 11th to June 24th. Just keep the delay-ridden 15th and 22nd off your itinerary, be sure to label your suitcases, and if anyone telephones from the office, chalk up the dropped call to bad cell service. You deserve time to relax, dear Libra!

SCORPIO *(OCT 23–NOV 21)*

The 3rd's pensive full moon in your sign can help you clarify your goals, especially when it comes to relationships. The gifts it will receive from Venus (to make you happy), Neptune (to inspire you), Mars (to give you courage), and your ruler, Pluto (to help you reach your dreams), will empower and guide you. Then the 18th's new moon in Taurus, your partnering sign, might open a new chapter in your love or professional life, bringing finances into the conversation. With Mars lighting your eighth house of joint funds from the 11th on, you may well find yourself focusing on big-ticket items, such as real estate or college savings. It would be wise to put off your decision making while Mercury retrogrades from the 18th to June 11th. But plenty of fun can be had with pretty-me Venus in supportive Cancer to inspire a horizon-broadening getaway—not to mention a prime day for shopping on the 16th.

SAGITTARIUS *(NOV 22–DEC 21)*

You've been running from pillar to post, but the 3rd's calming full moon will let you catch your breath. It's important to rest and brainstorm now, and not just because support from powerhouse Pluto in your earned-income sector and creative Neptune in your home sector could spark a big moneymaking idea; you may need the extra energy and funds after the 18th's new moon, when Mercury will retrograde and complex work assignments could flow in. Partnerships will get interesting midmonth, too, once Mars enters Gemini on the 11th. Watch out for conflict on the 15th, when your communication wires could get crossed, and on the 22nd, when the Sun will oppose Saturn—a recipe for pure fatigue. It could be that your partner may need to travel or work harder than usual, or that money is tight, but you won't want to spoil a good thing over such slight differences. Remain alert, keep an open attitude, and you'll be fine.

CAPRICORN *(DEC 22–JAN 19)*

You may still be wrestling with home or career questions stirred by last month's eclipses, but May's busy social calendar will help you find cheer and balance. Anticipate an invitation to a traditional but poetic event on the weekend of the 2nd, followed by an A-list soiree on the 6th. The 18th's new moon in your fifth house will continue this flurry of activity, although it will also ask you to complete a goal. (This might involve one of your children, a desired pregnancy, or a creative project.) Expect this hectic pace to continue through the 10th, thanks to Mars, especially if your birthday falls near January 18th. After the 18th, when Mercury will retrograde, you'll be occupied by work projects and may find that delays and obstacles keep thwarting you. A particular low point may be the 22nd, when Saturn, your ruler, will oppose the Sun. Don't worry; you'll be cruising at top speed again soon.

AQUARIUS *(JAN 20–FEB 18)*

The 3rd's brilliant full moon will light your tenth house of honors and awards, sending hard-earned recognition (and possibly more money) your way. It seems VIPs have noticed your fine performance and want to harness your talents. Whether an offer crystallizes now or later, your star will be on the rise. Your domestic life will likewise receive deserved attention, for Mars will continue its tour of your home sector through the 11th. The 18th's new moon will push your home or family goals forward again. Mercury will retrograde on the 18th, so your best projects will tie up loose ends. Saturn's presence suggests the project you choose to tackle could be a bear, so hire the help you need. And lucky you: A rare romantic aspect will arrive on the 12th, due to Mars' brightening of your romantic sector for the first time in two years. Venus will also move through Gemini—your sweet spot—from the 1st to the 7th. Now's the time to look your best.

PISCES *(FEB 19–MAR 20)*

As usual, your top-notch communication skills will be your crown jewels as May opens. The 3rd's full moon will fall in highly compatible Scorpio, and your ruler, Neptune, will be flawlessly angled to it in your ninth house of distant travel, infusing you with energy. More travel and writing assignments appear likely in the two weeks surrounding the 18th's new moon, but be careful which ones you accept, for with Saturn opposed to the Sun on the 22nd, you'll be under serious pressure. (The 15th will be another demanding, stressful day, so plan your agenda accordingly.) Home will become your focal point as a bevy of planets jazz up your domestic life. When Mercury retrogrades on the 18th, you can go back and check off home-related items on your to-do list. Amid all this work, May also promises to be blissfully romantic, with Venus sending shimmering vibrations in Cancer nearly all month. Book a weekend away on the 16th and 17th, when Venus will whisper sweet nothings to heavenly Neptune.

ARIES *(MAR 21–APR 19)*

Worries vis-à-vis your spouse or business partner brought to light by April 4th's eclipse may linger into May, with a greater emphasis on shared finances. Money rulers Pluto and Venus will offer friendly support as you talk it out, but taskmaster Saturn in the same eighth house may require hard work from you. For the best results, keep your expectations scaled down and realistic, for this trend will continue for the next three years. The 18th's new moon could reveal a new source of income, however, and if you feel you're due a raise, this would be the time to ask your manager for a reasonable one. As for key dates, circle these on your calendar: the 15th and 22nd, when you may feel less robust or have difficulty navigating a relationship, and the 6th, when Pluto will be ideally angled to the Sun, making the date optimal for a medical procedure, a very important interview, or another decisive professional action. Mars may also coax you to take off for somewhere sunny—and full of romance. The weekend of the 23rd looks divine. Bon voyage!

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GOING STAG



With one hit song and one hot photo, Nick Jonas—bro band life firmly behind him—has become his own man. And, as Mickey Rapkin learns, it looks damn good on him

Nick Jonas is in the unique position of having to reinvent himself at age 22. As the youngest member of the squeaky-clean Jonas Brothers, he sold 17 million records and circumnavigated the globe, conquering charts and hearts. But when the band called it quits in 2013, Nick was able to hit the reset button on his career and abandon the Disney Industrial Complex forever. He ditched the infamous purity ring—the Jonas Brothers had famously vowed to save themselves until marriage—in favor of six-pack abs and a surprisingly hot solo career that's drawn comparisons to another child star made good, Justin Timberlake. Jonas's self-titled solo record spawned the number one single "Jealous," and the guy knows of what he sings. After being linked with Selena Gomez and Miley Cyrus, he's now happily dating Miss Universe 2012, Olivia Culpo. Here, the Jersey boy clears up the public's misconceptions about those purity rings and pageant winners.

ELLE: What's the craziest thing a woman ever did to meet the Jonas Brothers?
NICK JONAS: We were in Germany. We had tour buses, but we had a decoy vehicle in front. People would think we were in the bus, but we went in the car. We drove 30 minutes to get to the hotel. I went to the trunk to get our bags, and there was a girl *in the trunk*. She'd been there the whole time. Honestly, it was scary.
ELLE: Your father was a pastor. What did the church teach you about women?
NJ: [*Laughs*] Being a pastor's kid comes with a lot of pressure and scrutiny. A lot of my dad's sermons were about respect. It was a beautiful way to be taught about love and two people being equal.
ELLE: There was an entire *South Park* episode about your purity rings in 2009. How did that make you feel?
NJ: There was so much attention on my sex life at 15. It was uncomfortable. If you were talking about a 15-year-old's sex life or a 17-year-old's in any other context it would be totally obscene. I wasn't able to enjoy [the episode] when it came out. [*Laughs*] But now I think it's hilarious.
ELLE: What do you want to say now about the purity rings?
NJ: It shaped my view of the importance of sex. My journey with faith evolved and became more about my personal relationship with God. It was about me being comfortable with my decisions. As a 22-year-old man, I'm a man in all ways, and I'm comfortable with that. It's freeing now to be transparent.
ELLE: What would you change about your first time?
NJ: That's a tough one. I think I would change the song. I don't want to say what song it was, but it was depressing. My iPod was on shuffle. It was a bad draw.
ELLE: Ever had sex to your own music?
NJ: No. Never.
ELLE: Come on.
NJ: That's a no-fly zone! It's so awkward. I've never even tried. I do think about how many people have had sex to my music. And how many babies have been made to "Jealous." It's got a good tempo for sex. [*Laughs*] They should be naming their babies Nick or Nicole. I'm joking.
ELLE: You're dating Miss Universe. What do people get wrong about beauty queens?
NJ: She's just Olivia from Rhode Island. She had this incredible opportunity and she conquered that world. But it doesn't define her. Vanity is a big misconception, or that they're not as intelligent as some people. But a lot of them are very sweet—with a real love and respect for women and for empowering women.
ELLE: Have you and your brothers ever fought over a woman?
NJ: We tried to steer clear of that. It was hard. We're not that far apart in age. There were times that we were both into the same person. You try to be transparent. You never want to let that come between family. Obviously people subscribe to the Bro Code and all that.
ELLE: Meaning a man can call dibs on a woman?
NJ: My opinion is that it's not like that. It's about whoever the girl takes an interest in. It never came to blows, which is good. There are bigger issues in life to face.
ELLE: Could you date a woman who didn't like your music?
NJ: I probably *have* dated women who didn't like my music.
ELLE: Really?
NJ: They probably wouldn't come out and say it. That would be pretty rude. I think that dating other musicians can be complicated at times. Especially when they think highly of themselves.
ELLE: Are we talking about a specific musician?
NJ: [*Laughs*] No. Not necessarily. [*Laughs again*] But it does complicate things. That's probably why I'm no longer with those people.
ELLE: Would you do anything differently about your relationship with Miley?
NJ: I was so young. What's unfortunate is that, as we got older, we ran in different circles. We've always had respect and wished the best for each other. I don't know that I have any regrets. It's more gratitude for having had a good friend in a time of craziness in my life and in hers.
ELLE: Photos of you posing in your underwear recently went viral. Have you always been comfortable naked?
NJ: No. I'm pretty comfortable now. What's bizarre is, I feel like I can change in front of anybody because a lot of people have seen me in my underwear.
ELLE: How does it feel to be objectified? Do you have a better understanding of what women in the industry go through?
NJ: For me, it's not so much feeling objectified but more a pressure to maintain a certain look. I've had a lot of friends—women in the business—that have talked to me about that. For the first time in my life, I can kind of relate.
ELLE: Last question: What did your mom teach you about women?
NJ: I have a distinct memory where she looked at my nails and said, 'Women love a man with clean nails.' I was eight. I thought, I can do that. Good to know.

Randall Slavin/August

"I was already pretty ambitious in going after older women," says Nick Jonas. Get the full story—and more—in our extended Q&A at elle.com/nickjonas.



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